



The .xiii. Bookes OF ÆNEIDOS.

The first twelue beeing the
woorke of the diuine Poet
Virgil Maro, and the thirtenth
the supplement of Maphæus Vegius.

Translated into English verse to
the fyrst thirddpart of the tenth Booke,
by Thomas Phaer Esquire: and the residue
finished, and now the second time newly
set forth for the delite of such as are stu-
dious in poetrie: By Thomas Twyne,
Doctor in Physicke.

¶ Imprinted at London by
William How, for Abraham
Vcale, dwelling in Daules Church
yeard, at the signe of the Lambe.

1584.

The .xiii. Bookes
OF AEYDIOG.

The first twelve being the
moore of the famous Poet
Virgil Maro, and the thirteenth
the Supplement of the same Poet.

Translated into English Verse by
the first theophrastus of the tenth Booke
by Thomas I. and Clarendon, and the rest
translated, and now the second time newly
corrected by the same of first as are the
above in Verse: by Thomas I. and
Doctor in Divinity.

Printed at London by
William I. for Abraham
V. and dwelling in the Strand
year, and the first of the same.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIP.

full Maister Robert Sackeuill Esquire,
most worthie Sonne and heire apparant to the Right
honorable syr Thomas Sackeuill Knight,
Lorde Buckehurst.

THE reguarde of your manifolde
curtesies, wherof you cease not euery
day to giue experiment, not only gene-
rally, so as all men take notice therof,
but perticularly bestowed vpon my poore self, not
vknownne vnto many, and which without great
note of Ingratitude I cannot conceale, hath of-
tentimes driuen mee, and yet doth, to deuise the
meanes, wherby in duetie and seruice, I might
sumway seeme to thankefull. But finding mine
hability euermore inferiour to my good meaning,
and myself euery day farther ouerladen with the
debt of your benefites, I haue almost giuenouer to
strive with you in good turnes contenting my selfe
now, since I am much alreadie, to be more, if it
may be, and altogether beholden vnto you. Wher-
vnto, neither hath the respect of mine owne pri-
uate commoditie only, so far induced mee, as I
must

The Epistle dedicatorie.

must needs, and that truely acknowledge, rather the singular gifts of Vertue and Nature, which are sufficient to induce any to loue and honour those that are absent and unknowne, so much the more eminent in you, as wisdom and learninge haue taught you to know, you were not borne only for your self, but to deserue wel of your countrey, parentes and welwillers. Of which last sort, as I will not professe my selfe the least willing, but rather yeelde vnto none in respect of duetifull deuotion, so must I not forget the worthy mention of your honorable parentes, vnto whom for great causes, and also to your whole race of Sackeuils for priuate respectes, all maner waies I owe my selfe: so that in honouringe them I must needes loue you, and in louing them so honour you, as the rare hope, and onely expected Impc of so noble rootes, and heire of so auntient a familie. Then, forasmuch as it may not bee, that the dedication of the worke of Æneidos now at the latter hand can bringe any addition of credite vnto you, but
rather

The Epistle dedicatorie.

rather be the more acceptable vnder the title of
your worshipfull Patronage, most humbly, with
myselfe, I present the same vnto your good liking.
Trusting, that as Virgil and Maphæus of the-
selues, shalbe welcome vnto you, so they neuer-
theless for the company of my poore name, but
rather my name for the presence of so worthie
writers, the better accepted, as of one that of du-
tie intermitteth not to sollicite the Almightye, for
the aduancement of your good estate vnto all fe-
licitie heere on earth, and also hereafter in the
euerlasting kingdome. At my house in Lewis,
this first of Ianuarie. 1584.

Your Worships most bounden, and willing:

Thomas Twyne.

To the gentle and courteous Readers.

Meruaile not, gentle Readers, nor be not mooued, that I haue rashly attempted to set vpon the residue of *Virgil*, after *M. Phaër*. The manifold examples that commonly are allea-
ged, to deterre men from finishing such workes as haue bin left vnperfect by notable Artificers in all sciences, could not make me afraid: howbeit perchance they may be laid in my dish. I know there be many younge Gentlemen, and others, whose gift this way, so much excelleth my poore abilitie: that there is no comparison betweene them. But peradventure either they lacke good wil, which I assure you aboundeth in mee for my simple skill, or els leasure, wherof I haue more at this present then I would gladly wish: or els they pinch curtesie like women, and one looketh vpon another who shall begin. But I, who haue bin brought vp in the *Vniuersitie*, and meetly trained in other places, haue learned it to be good maners to be doing with that which is before mee. Wherin, though I be vpbraided of some for ouer rashe, saucinesse: what remedy? I trust I haue attained to the Poetes meaning, though my verse be far from finesse. And I know that it is an easier matter to finde fault withall, then to mend it. For in other Poemes and Ditiees of pleasure, it is of lesse difficultie to bring a mans owne sense to his owne Rime: then in this kinde of translation to enforce his Rime to the necessitie of another mans meaninge. Which they can not wel iudge of, that neuer came where it grew. And whereas there is now made an accession of *Maphæus xiiij. Booke*, for that the same Auctour iudged *Virgils* conceit not to be perfected in the former xij. I haue not done it vpon occasion of any dreame as *Garwin Dowglas* did it into the Scottish, but mooued with the worthines of the worke, and the neerenes of the argument, verse and stile vnto *Virgil*, wherin as I iudge, the writer hath declared himself an happie imitatur. Crauing for my good meaning and traueill but only freendly acceptance, wherby ye shall binde mee, as occasion shalbe offred to attempt greater matters, aswell for profit as pleasure, if God prolong my daies with happie successe. And to the end ye may be assured where my poore translation ensueth *M. Phaërs*, I haue caused the Printer to set this
note in the margine, within a few leaues after the beginninge of the tenth booke, wherof I thought it good not to leaue ye vnadmonished.
And so fare ye well hartily, most freendly Readers.

Thomas Twyne.

VIRGILS LIFE, SET FORTH
as it is supposed, by Aelius Donatus,
and done into English.



VIRGIL surnamed **M A R O**, was borne but of meane parentage, especially on the fatherside, who was called **M A R O**, whom some suppose to haue bin a Potter, but moe thinke that he was at the first, couenant seruant with a traueylinge wiseman, and afterward for his towardnesse, by mariadage of his daughter, became his sonne in lawe: whom when his father in-lawe had put in trust with his husbandry, & his cattaille, & bying of woods, and looking to Bees, therby he increased his small substance. He was borne the yere that **Cn. Pompeius**, and **M. Licinius Crassus** were first Consuls the 15. daye of Octobze, in a village called *Andes*, not far from *Manua*. His mother *Maia*, being great with childe with him, & dreaming that she was deliuered of a Laurell bow, which prickt into the ground grew forthwith to a great Tree, replenished with sundrye kindes of fruites, and flowers: the next morning walking forth into the countrey with her husband, slept a side, and was deliuered thereby, in a ditch. The report goeth, that the childe so soone as hee was borne neuer cried, but looked so pleasauntly, that he gaue an assured hope that by his birth some notable thing should chaunce.

There befell also another strange token, for a Poplar tree branch, which was prickt into the ground accordinge as the manner of the countrey at womens traueiles is, so grewe vp in shorte space, that it matched in bignes many great Poplar trees, that were set there long befoze, which was afterwarde consecrated, and called by the name of *Virgils tree*, and had in great reuerence amongst teeming women, and such as were withchild, which daily made prayers, and offrings there. His infancie, that is to say, until he was seauen yeare olde, hee passed in *Cremona*, and when he was thirteene yere of age hee receaued the garment of manstate, when those were made Consuls agayne that were when hee was borne, and it fortunied that *Lucretius* the Poet

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Poet departed the same daye. But Virgil, from *Cremona* wente to *Millain*, and shortly after from thence to *Naples*, where diligently applyinge the studie of the Greeke, and *Latine* tongues: at length betooke himselfe to Physicke, and knowledge of the *Mathematicals*, wherein hee surpassed all other in skill, and departinge to *Rome*, fell in fauour with the Maister of the horse to *Augustus*, and cured the horses of manye, and sundry diseases. Who commaunded therfore that Virgil should haue such allowance of bread, as other of y^e stable had.

During this time, the *Crotoniati* sent vnto *Caesar* for a present, a goodly Horsecolt, y^e in all mennes iudgement would proue both very couragious, and wonderful swift. When Virgil beheld him he tolde the M. of the stable, that he was foaled of a sicke, and infected Mare, and that he would proue neither stronge nor swift, as afterwarde it appeared, wherof when the M. of the stable had enformed the Emperour: he commaunded that his bread should be doubled, for rewarde. Likewise, when there were certen Dogs sent to *Augustus* foorth of *spayne*, Virgil told both what maner ones the siers were, & what stomacke and swiftnes they would be of. Which when he vnderstood: he then comaunded againe that Virgil should haue so much more bread as he had before. The Emperour *Augustus* doubting of himself whether he were sun to *Octavius* or to some man else, and supposing that Virgil *Maro* could resolute him, that knew so well the natures and siers of horses, and dogs: removing all company aside, *Augustus* called him into the priuie chамbre, & asked him there alone, if he knew what he was and what abilitie he had to make men happy: I know (q^{uod} *Maro*) that thou art *Augustus Caesar*, and thou hast almost equall power with the immortal Gods, and that thou mayst make happye whom thou list. Surely (q^{uod} *Caesar*) I am of this minde, that if thou answer mee truly to that I shall aske, I will make thee happye, and blessed. I would to god (q^{uod} *Maro*) that I could answer truly to that thou demaundest. Then sayd the Emperour, some say that I am sun to *Octavius*, and some suspect that I am some other mans Sonne. Wherat *Maro* smyling, I will soone tell you that (q^{uod} he) if you pardon me in answering that you commaund. The Emperour swore by an Oth that he would take neuer a word in yll part, yea and that he should not depart unrewarded. Therewithall *Maro* fixinge his eyes fast on the Emperours: it is an easie matter (q^{uod} he) by other lyuing thinges

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things to discern the disposition of the parents, through skill of Mathematicks, and Philosophie, but in men it is not possible. Howbeit I am able to giue some probable iudgment, what trade of life thy father exercised. To this Augustus gaue diligēt care what he wold say. When Virgil, so far as I can perceauē (q̄ he) thou art a Bakers sūne. The Emperour thereat was astunned, and maruailed much in his mind how that could come to passe. Marie then (q̄ Virgil) I wil tell you why I iudge so. When as I fortoold certaine things which could neither be known, nor vnderstood but by such as be very wel lerned: thou that art prince of al the world commaundedst that I shuld haue a certen of bread giue me for a reward, which is the vse eyther of bakers, or els of such as are bakers childrē. This merie iest, pleased the Emperour wel, but hēceforth (q̄ he) I shalt not be rewarded by a baker, but by a most valient prince, & esteemed him much, & commended him to Pollio. He was of body and stature bigge, of colour tawnie, hardfaoured, sicklye, for he was many times grēued with payne in the stomack, iawes, and head, and sometimes he did spet blood. He frequented but little the vse of daintie meates and wine. Some report, that he was prone to the detestable sinne with boyes. But the better sort suppose rather that he loued them as Socrates loued Alcibiades, and Plato also. Aboue the rest he loued most Cebetes, and Alexander, whō in the second Ecloge of his Bucolikes he tearmeth Alexis, giuen vnto him by Asinius Pollio. When they came vnto him, they were neither of them vnlearned. For Alexander was a good Grammarian, and Cebetes a Poet. Some likewise affirme that he had carnal companye with Plotia Hieria. But Asconius Pedianus sayeth that hee was wont to declare to some aunciēt men, that indeed he was requested by Varius ioyntly to keepe her, howbeit he earnestly refused so to doe. In all other respects he was of life, language, and conuersation so vpight: that through all Naples he was called, commonly Virginitie. And when haply he was sene at Rome, (whether as he came very seldom) going abroad in the open strētes if any followed, or noted him: he would turn aside into the next house. When Augustus offred him the goods of one that was banished, he vtterly refused thē. He was worth in substance an hundred Sestertia, which were giuen him through the liberalitie of his friends, & he had an house in Rome in a place called *Esquilie* neare to Mecoenas Gardaines, although he was accustomed much to withdraue himselfe into *Campania* and

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sicil. Whatsoever he requested of Augustus: he neuer had deniall therof. Euery yere he sent monie abundantly to succour his parents, which died when he was of lawfull yeares, his father being blynde whē he died: & his two brethren the one surnamed Silo died while he was a child, & Flacchus when he was come to manstade, whose death he bewayleth vnder the name of Daphnis. Among other studies (as I haue sayd before) he chiefly applied himself to Phisick and Mathematickes. He neuer plead at barre more then one cause, and that but once, whom Melissus reporteth to haue ben very slow of tongue, & as though he were altogether vnlearned: when he first began Poetrie, he made this Disthic, or these two verses vpon one Balista a scholemayster, that for report of thēuerie was couered with an heape of stones.

Vnder this hugie hill of stones Balista tombe doth lie,
Waifarer safe both night and day thy iourney now mayst hie.

After this he wrote Moretum, Priapus, Epigrammes, Diræ, and Culex when he was yet but fiftene yeare olde, the argument whereof is this. A sheapheard wearied with heat, and sleeping vnder a Tree, when a serpent was cumming fast towards him, there came a Gnat flying out of the fenne neareby, and lighted on the sheapheards forehead betwene his temples, and there stung him. Then he lifting vp his handes crushed the gnat, and when he espied the Serpent, killed him also, and made a tombe for the Gnat with this superscription.

Thou littie Gnat, the sheapheard for thy due desert to bee,
This buriall, for losse of life, here yeildeth vnto thee.

He wrote Æna also, whereof some men doubt. But shortly after when he had begun Romane matters misliking the sharpenesse, and roughnesse both of the argument, and names, he fell to the Bucolicks but chiefly to celebrate the name of Asinius Pollio, Alphenus Varus, and Cornelius Gallus, because that in y^e deuision of land beyond Padus amongst the old souldiours after the conquest that Philip made, at the commaundement of the Triumuir, or the three conspiratours, they had saued him harmlesse. Afterward he made his worke called Georgica in the honour of Mecœnas by whose meanes, when he was yet scarce knowne vnto him, he was assisted agaynst the old souldiours of Claudius, or rather as some suppose, against the violence of Arius the Centurion, by whom in that hurlyburly about deuiding of landes, he was very neare slayne. Last of all he toke the Aeneidos in hand, a worke of a diuerse, and manifold argument, and resembling, in a maner both

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both the woꝝkes of Homere. Besides that it containeth indifferently both woꝝdes, and matter as well Greeke as Latine, and that chæse is which he most endeoured, it comprehendeth both the originall of the citie of Rome, and Augustus the Emperour. When he wrote the Georgica, it is reported, how that every morning hee was accustomed to write a certaine number of verses, which he would all the day long overlooke, and so abridging them, bring them vnto a very few, not unfitly saying that he brought forth verses, as the femall Beare doeth her young, bringing them into due fashion by licking. The woꝝke called Aeneidos he wrote first in twelue Bookes in prose (as some thinke) and afterwarde digested it into verse. And other some iudge y if he had lined longer, he would haue lengthned it vnto triiij bookes euen vnto the time of Augustus, and would haue touched many other things therein, and with great diligence haue set forth Augustus time, since that in writing, least he should be vainly troubled with any thing, he left some thinges imperfect. And some thinges hee wrote in very slender verse, which (as he was wont, to least) he sayd he put in for iesters, and Minstrels, to hold vp the woꝝke, vntill the sound pillars were framed. He absolued his Bucoliks in three yere, at Asinius Pollios request. The same at that time ruled the Province beyond *Padus*, by whose meanes and sute, when the Cremonenses, and Mantuans lands were distributed vnto Augustus auntiet souldiours, yet notwithstanding Virgil lost not his. This Pollio, Virgil loued entirely, and was likewise of him very welbeloued agayne, & greatly rewarded, for when he was vpon a time desired by him to supper, and there sodaynly surprised with the singular beautie, and diligence of Alexander, Pollios bove: he receiued him of gift. Likewise he loued dearely C. Asinius, Pollios sunne, and Cornelius Gallus a noble Orator and a singular Poet, who translated Euphoriion into Latine, and wrote in foure bookes his loue of Cytheris. Who at the first was in good credite with the Emperour Augustus, but after ward vpon suspicion of conspiracie agaynst him, he was slayne. Of whom Propertius speaketh thus:

Whilst Gallus in the tentes, the ensignes doth defend:

Before the Eagle bloody signe, he found his fatall end.

Virgil loued this Gallus so well, that the fourth booke of Georgikes from the middle to the ende contained his prayse, whiche afterward at Augustus commaundment he changed into the fable of Ari-

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Statius. He finished the Georgikes in seuen yere at Naples, and the Aeneidos he made partly in sicilia, partly in campania, in eleuen yeaere. And his Bucoliks he made with so good successe that they were oftentimes sung openly by Musicians in playes. When Cicero had heard certain of the verses, and by and by through sharpe iudgement perceived that they proceeded from no common beyne: hee willed that the whole Ecloge should be read from the beginning. Whereto when he had attended diligētly, in y end he said these words, Of mighty Rome a second hope, as though himselfe were the first hope of the Latine tongue, and Maro would be the second, which wordes also he reciteth in the Aeneidos. The Georgikes, when Augustus returned from the Aetiaca victory, and for recreation sake sojourned at Atella, he read there vnto him continually the space of foure dayes, and when his voyce fayled him at any time: Mecoenas supplied his roynth in reading. He pronounced with meruailous sweetenesse, and great delectation. Seneca writeth, that Iulius Motanus the Poēt, was wunt to say, that he would take away by force some things frō Virgil, if he coulde set them forth with the same voice, cōtinuance, and gesture. And that the selfe same verses if he pronounced them, woulde sound well, but without him: would be drie and dambe. Of the Aeneidos scarce yet begun, there was spread such a fame, that Sextus Propertius doubted not thus to foretell.

Giue place you Romane writers all, and Greekes giue place likewise,
I can not tell what greater worke then *Ilias* doth arise.

When Augustus by fortune was absent from the Cantabrick expedition, and partly by requestinge and partly by manacinge letters, merely required of Virgil that he shuld send to him if it were but the very title or some one full sentence of Aeneidos, for those were his words: he refused so to doe. To whom yet not long after when the matter was fully perfected, he recited thre bookes, namely the Second, the Fourth and the Sixt. And that especially, because of Octavia, who being there present at the recitall, at those verses of her sun, Marcellus thou shalt be, it is reported shee fainted for sorrowe, and when by much labour she was recouered agayne, she commaunded that Virgil should haue to the valne of fīue pōnds for euery verse. He read his bookes also to diuerse, but not oft, & those places only where of he stood in any doubt, thereby to heare the iudgement of men. It is sayd that Erotes his secretary, whom he also made frē, when he was
very

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very aged was wont to report, that once in the reading of his worke he made two of his half verses out of hande, and that Misenus Aolides added, was better none then he.

Likewise vnto this verse, In kindling men with noyse, with lyke heat he adioined, And fighting fields to cheare with brasse, and that he was commaunded straitwayes to write those two additions so in the worke. He perused both his Bucoliks and Georgiks. And when he was 52. yeare old, to the intent to finish the Aeneidos, he was determined to withdraw himself into Greece, and Asia, and there to employ whole thre yeares in correcting and perusing, that he might bestow all the residue of his life only in the studie of Philosophie. But when he was in his iourney, and met with Augustus at Athens who was returning forth of the East countreyes towards Rome: he purposed to goe home agayne with him. And trauailing to Megara, a towne nigh Athens, only to see it, toke there a sicknesse, whiche continuall trauaile on sea augmented, and encreasing more and more vntill he came to Brundisium within few dayes after dyed there, the xxi. day of September when Cn. Plautius, and Q. Lucretius were Consuls. And when he felt himselfe mortally assaulted with the maladie: he called often, and very earnestly for his deske, that he might burne the Aeneidos. Which being denied him, he willed notwithstanding by his last testament that it should be burned, as a worke both faulty and vnperfect. But Tucca and Varrus told him, that Augustus would in no wise suffer that. Wherevpon he bequeathed the same worke, and his other writings vnto Varrus and Tucca vpon this condition, that they should set forth nothing but that which he would haue set forth, & such verses as were vnperfect: they should so leaue them. He willed also that his bones should be bozne to Naples, whereas hee had liued long time, and merily. His bones therefore were translated to Naples at Augustus commaundement, as he appoynted, and were buried in the way to Puteoli, at the seconde stone, and vpon his Tumb was written this disthick, which he made himselfe.

Mee Mantua bred, Calabres tooke, Parthenop now doth hold,
Of pastures I haue sung, of fields, likewise of captains bold.

He made heires of halfe his goods Valerius Proculus his halfe brother by another father, & of the fourth part, Augustus, of y^e twelfth part Mecoenas, of al the remainder L. Varrus, and Plocius Tucca, who after his decease, as he requested, at Cæsars commaundment corrected

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the Aeneidos. For now it is judged the Aeneidos worth to be burned, whereof these verses of Soliman the Canibagian are certant.

These verses into flaming fiers command to be flung
Virgilius did, wherein the deedes of Trojan Duke he sung.
But Tucca milles and Varius eke, thou Cesar doost forbid,
And Latine stories to preserve doost better meanes provide.
Vnhappy Pergame towne in double fier we might was roft,
And Troy by second flame to smoking dust was brought almost.

There remaine also many noble verses made by Augustus vpon the same matter, whose beginning is this.

And shall a wicked word so vile a deepe in small voice
Command; and shall it into fier be throwne, is there no choice?
And shall the noble Muse of learned founding Maro die?

And shortly after.
But faith of lawes must needes be kepte, and what last Will doth
saye,

And what it doth comaund be done, that needes we must obaye.
Nay, rather let the sacred force of lawes be broken quight,
Then that so many traуayles great sustained by day and night
One day should quight consume. And as thereafter followeth.

Wherefore Varrus at Augustus commandement did set forth nothing, as Virgil willed he should not: but generally perused all, leauing also those verses as they were, still vnperfect. Whiche verses diuers after ward tooke in hand to make vp, but they could not for the difficulty thereof, for they be al Hemistichia, that is to say half verses, besides this: Whom Troy vntimely bare thee, which seemeth to carie with it perfect sense. Nisus the Grammarian sayd that he had hearde of his elders, that Varrus had chaunged the order of two booke, and that which was then the Second he transposed into the thirde place. And that he changed also the beginning of the first booke, taking these verses cleane away:

I that my slender Oten pipe in verse was woont to sound
Of woods, and next to that I taught for husbandmen the ground
How fruit vnto their greedy lust they might constraîne to bring,
A worke of thanks: loe now of Mars and bloody warres I sing.

Virgil also amongst other, being one of the pillars of the Latin tongue, lacked not flaunderers. In his Bucolicks, Paro, but very foolishly, mocketh at two Ecloges, and thus he beginneth to scoute.

If

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And if any of thy Gowne be warme, vnder what beacheen shade: And
 aid in the next. *Salmon* at *Salmon* and *Salmon* and *Salmon*
 i. Whose Beastes are these Dametas, tell, is this good *Larbus* speech?
 ii. No, but tis *Egons*, for our clownes in countrey so do teach. *And*
 iii. Another also when he read this place out of the *Georgikes*: Eare
 naked, naked lowe: he added, then cold, and feuer thou shalt take.
 There is also extāt a boke made by *Carpilius Pictor* vnder this title
 The *Aenoidos* scourge. *M. Vipranus* sayd that *Mecoenas* had set by
 a finder out of an euill imitation, and that he was neyther loftie in
 stile, nor low, but that he made that worke with commune bulgare
 wordes. *Herennius* only gathered together his faultes, and *Perilius*
Faustinus, that which he stole of others. There are also certayne bo-
 lumes of *Quintus Octavius Auitus*, in the whiche are obserued what
 verses, and from whom he stole them. *Asconius Pedanus* in his booke
 which he writeth agaynst the slaunders of *Virgil*, setteth downe a
 fewe thinges which were objected agaynst him, and this chiefly, that
 he tied not wel his historie together, and that he borrowed muche of
Homere. But this fault (as they saye) he was wont thus to defende,
 saying why do not they likewise attempt the like theft? But they if
 they weyghed it uprightly, should vnderstande that it were an easier
 matter to pull the club out of *Hercules* hande, than to take a verse a-
 way from *Homere*, and that notwithstanding he determined to with-
 draw himselfe for a time to amend every thing that his ill willers
 found fault withall. *And* *Pedanus* also reporteth, that he was very courteous, and a louer
 of all good and honest men, and so farre from *Cynic*, that if he sawe
 any thing done, or spoken learnedly by any, he reioyced thereat, none
 other wise than if it were his owne: that he disprayed no man, prai-
 sed good men, and was of so gentle nature: that there was no man,
 vnlesse he were ouer stubborne and malicious, that not onely fauou-
 red him, but also hartelye loued him. He seemed to haue nothing
 priuate to himselfe. His Library stode as ready open to other men
 as to himselfe, and he oftentimes vsed the saying of *Euripides*: All
 thinges amongst friends are commune. He hadde all the poets
 of his tyme so friendlye; and beholding into him, that although
 they much enuied one another; yet him they all reuerenced, as *Var-
 rus*, *Theca*, *Horace*, *Gallus*, *Propertius*. But *Anfor*, because he
 took not part with *Antonius*, did not regarde him. *Comficius*
 could

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could not abide him, such was his froward nature. Hee so much contemned glozy, that when some ascribed to themselves certaine of his verses, and therefore were accounted the better learned, hee took it not only not displeasantly, but he much reioyced therat. And making a couple of verses contayning the prayse and felicitie of Augustus, which were set vpon the gates without name, the verses were these.

All night it raynes, the lights at morning tide retorne agayne,
And Caesar with almightie loue hath match and equall raigne.

For authour of these verses Augustus long made enquirie, but hee could not finde him. At length when none came, Bathyllus an indifferant good Poet, ascribed them vnto himself, and was therefore encouraged, and rewarded by Caesar, which Virgil not taking well, set vpon the same gates this beginning foure times: So you, not for your selues. Augustus required that these verses shoulde be by some finished, which many assaying in vaine: Virgil thus replied, to the forewritten Disthic.

These verses I did make, thereof another tooke the prayse.

So you not for your selues, poore birds, your neasts do build in trees.

So you not for your selues, ye sheepe, do beare your tender fleeces.

So you not for your selues, your hony gather, little Bees. (squees.

So you not for your selues, your neckes poore beastes with harrowes.

Which being once knowne: Bathyllus for a time was all the iestinge stocke to the whole Citie of Rome. When on a time he had the woorkes of Ennius in his hande, and being demaunded by one what he did with the: answered y he gathered gold out of Ennius dounge.

For that authour exprest worthy sentences & matter, vnder words not of the finest. Vnto Augustus that demaunded of him how a Citie might best be gouerned: he answered, if the wisest men did holde the helme, and good men were set in authoritie ouer euill, and so that the best men maye haue their due honour, and the rest be not iniuriously delt withal. Then Mecoenas, what thing is it (q he) that neuer bringeth lothsomnesse to man? The likenesse, answered Virgil, or the abundance of euery thing, annoieth vs, except of vnderstanding. Hee asked moreouer, how a man might alwayes preserue his happy and fortunate state? To whom then Maro, if by how much he excell other in Honour and Riches: he indeuour to excell them in Liberalitie and Justice. He was wunt also to say, that there was nothing more meete nor commodious for a man than Patience, and that there

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there was no fortune so sharpe which by wisely tollerating a valient man might not overcome. Which opinion of his, he hath expressed in the first of the Aeneidos.

O Goddesse Juno, where destinies drawes & drives: let vs go there,
What euer it is, who conquer fortune will, must fortune beare.

There was familiar with Augustus one named Filistus, an Orator, and meeteley wel learned in Poetrie, and had a pleasant, and variable wit, and vsed to carpe the sayings of all men, not to th'intent thereby to learne the truth (for so Socrates was wont to doe) but thereby to appeare the better learned. The same, whersoever he had occasion to meete with Virgil or be in his companie, vsed to prouoke him with reproches, and floutes. Wherefore, either he departed commonly with silence, or els with blushing held his peace. Then when as in presence of Augustus, he saide that Virgil was dumbe, and that if he had a tongue he could not defend himself: hold thy peace babler (for he) for this taciturnitie of mine causeth Augustus, and Meccenas to bee the patrones of my cause; and when I list I will speake with such a trumpet, that shall euery where, and very long be heard. And thou with thy prattling dost not only breake mens eares, but walles also. Then the Emperour looked vpon Filistus with a fierce countenance, and rebuked him. And Virgil, Caesar (for he) if this man knew a time to holde his peace: hee would seldome speake. For a man ought alwaies to be silent, vntil such time as his silence shal either hurt himselfe, or his talke may profit others.

When Vugustus had obtained the Empire, hee debated with himselfe whither it were better to resigne by the Dominion, and commit the state to yeerely Consuls, and the gouernment of the Common-wealth to the Senate. In which case he called to counsell twwayne, of two seuerall opinions, Meccenas, and Agrippa. Agrippa in longe discourse shewed, that although it were not very decent for him to do yet would it be profitable, which contrary, Meccenas very much dissuaded him from. By occasion wherof, Augustus minde was brought into great perplexitie, for their sundry opinions, were confirmed by sundrie reasons. Wherefore hee demaunded of Maro, whether it were expedient for a priuate man, to vsurpe a gouernment in his common wealth or not? Then Virgil, vnto all (for he) that haue vsurped the state of their common wealth, & gouernment hath bin wearysom both vnto them, and to the subiectes, bycause that of necessity through hatred

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hatred of the people, or suspicion growing to them of their own great iniustice: they do liue in much feare. But if the citizens could finde eny one, whom they do loue entierly: it should be profitable to the citie, if he were set in auctoritie. Wherfore, if you do continue to execute iustice to all men, without regard of eny person, as you haue already begun, it shalbe most profitable both for your selfe, and all the worlde that you ruled, for you haue so much the goodwill of all men, that they honour you, and repute you for a God. Whose opinion Caesar allowing: retained still the Empire.

But since wee haue now breifly spoken of the auctour, it seemeth good wee speake of the kind of verse, which commonly is handled two maner wayes, that is to say, before the worke, and in the worke. Before the worke are, the Title, the Cause, the Intention. The Title, in which is asked, whose it is. The cause, from whence it rose, and for what cause chiefly the Poet took this in hand to write. The Intention, in the which is knowne his drift, & where about the Poet goeth. In the worke three things are marked, the Pumble, the Dore, the Explanation. Although therfore by falsification, many workes are caried abroad vnder other mens names, as the tragedie of Thiestes made by this Poet, which Varrus set forth for his owne, & many such like: yet we cannot doubt but that clearly the Bucolickes are Virgils, especially since the Poete, doubting some such matter, both in the beginning of the Aencidos, and in another place witnesseth that they are his, saying:

I that my slender Oten pipe in verse was wont to sound. Likewise
I that the rimes of Sheapheardes sung, and rash in tendre yeeres,
Thee Tyrtius &c.

That they be fitly termed Bucolickes, and so accounted, if nothing els declared, yet this might be prowe sufficient, that in Theocritus they be called by the same name. But we must shew also some reason. There be three kindes of Sheapheardes that are famous in Bucolickes. Wherof the vilest sort are termed *Caprarij*, or Goatheardes. The *Opiliones*, or Sheapheardes are next of dignitie, but the *Babulci*, or Cowheardes are the best and chiefest. Wherof therfore was it most conuenient that the Sheapheardes verse should be named, but of that degree which is found most excellent amongst Sheapheardes?

The cause may be two waies considered, of the beginnings of the verse, and of the minde of the writer. Of the beginning, and Original

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nall of y^e Bucolick verse: diuers haue assigned diuerse causes. There are some that saye this kinde of verse was first instituted to Diana, by the Sheaphearbes of Lacedæmonia; when through occasion of warre, which at that time the Persians made vpon all Greece, the virgins could not do sacrifice according to their custome. Others some saye, that the same kinde of verse was made to Diana by Orestes, when he wandered about sicilia. What euer they all saye, this is most certen, that the Bucolik verse, tooke beginninge of great antiquitie, when men ledde only Sheaphearbes liues, and therefore the simplicitie of such personages doth represent a shewe of the golden worlde. Wherefore Virgil begunne very commendably with those verses, as it were, with that life, which was first in the earth. For afterwarde the feildes were tilled, and last of all, for earable and fertyle ground: contention rose, and warres ensued, which Virgil, that he would expresse: sange first of Sheaphearbes, next of Husbandmen, and last of warriours. It remaineth now that wee consider what cause moued the Poet cheisly to write the Bucolickes. Either he was entised by the sweetenes to haue Theocritus verse in admiration, or else for orders sake hee sought to expresse the lyfe of man, as wee haue said before. Or rather that Virgil would setfoorth the thre kinde of Elocution, which the Greekes call Carecters, Ischnon that is, low, Adron which is loftie, Meson, that is the mean or middle. Wherefore being likely that he which was right cunning in all the kindes: endited his Bucolickes in the first, the Georgikes in the second, and the Aeneidos in the thirde. Or therfore it is to be supposed we wroat the Bucolickes first, to th'intent in that kinde of verse which is more free and rough then the rest, he might take oportunitie to currie the Emperours saueur, & to recouer his land which he had lost, for this cause. The thirde day of the Ides of March, whē C. Cæsar was slaine, and the old souldiours had takē vp Augustus Cæsar being but a child to be their captayne, the senate not much repugning against it, a ciuile war rising therof, the Cremonenses with o^rther of the same faction, aided the aduersaries of Augustus Cæsar. Whereby it came to passe that whē Augustus had the victorie he commaunded y^e the old souldiours should be brought into the Cremonenses feildes, to deuide, and possesse them. And when their feildes were not sufficient for them all: their neighbours the Mantuans, amonge whom was Virgil, lost a great part of their landes, by cause they lay neare

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neare vnto the *Cremonenses*. But Virgil, presuming on the familiaritie which he had with Augustus, and on his owne verses: durst resist Arius the Centurian. He strait waies, like a souldiour, put his hand to his sword. And when Virgil had betake himselfe to flight: he left not of following him, vntill Virgil had cast himselfe into a riuer, and so escaped. But afterward through the fauour of Mecoenas, & Pollio, and Augustus himself, he was restored to his landes. The Intention of the booke which the Græcians call *Scopus*, is grounded of the imitation of Theocritus the Poet, who was both a Sicilian & a Syracusan. The intention also is to be reduced into the praise of Cæsar, & other princes and noblemen by whose meanes he was brought againe into his former seat, & liuinge. Wherby that the end might containe both delectation, and profect: he did althing according to ordre, and precept.

This question is sometime asked, why he wrote no more then ten Ecloges, which wilbe no meruayle vnto him that shall waigh the antiquitie of the pastozall Scenes, which cannot be stretched beyond this numbꝛe, and since this Poet more circumspect the Theocritus as the matter it selfe declareth, seemeth to doubt least that Ecloge which is intituled Pollio, will not appeare rusticklike enough, which hee beginneth after this maner, saying:

Sicilian Muses, of thinges sumdeale greater let vs singe.

And so likewise doth he in other twayne. And this we forgetel to be obserued in all the Bucolikes of Virgil, that they are neither wholly destitute of figures, neither altogether ful of figures, that is to say Allegories. These things are scarce to be graunted vnto Virgil, for the prayse of Cæsar, and to recouer his landes, since Theocritus, whom Virgil sought by all endenour to imitate: wrote altogether plainly and simply.

As touching such thinges as accustomably are handled in the verse are these: Numbꝛe, Order, Explanation. The numbꝛe of the Ecloges is apparant, for there are Ten, of which, seuen are thought properly to deserue the name of Bucolickes. For the last three ought not to be called Bucolickes, namely Pollio, Silenus, and Gallus. The first therefore containeth a publique complaint, and a priuate thanks geuing for land, and is called Tityrus. The second, the loue of a boy, and is termed Alexis. The third, a contention of Sheapheards, and is called Palsomon. The fourth, Genethliacum, and is named Pollio. The fifth, Epitaphium, and is termed Daphnis. The sixt, Metamorphosis,

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pholis, and is called, Varus, and Cilenus. The seventh Pharmaceutria. The eight, the loues of diuers seres, and is named Damon. The ninth containeth a complaint for his lost landes, and is termed Moeris. The tenth, the desier of Gallus, and is called Gallus. As touchinge the order of them, we must vnderstand this, that only in the first and last Ecloges the Poete would kepe due order, for in the one he began, as he witnesseth in the Georgickes:

O Tityrus, of thee I singe, vnder the broad Beech tree.

In the other he shewed the end, when he sayth,

This finall trauayle mine, graunt *Arethusa* vnto mee.

But amongst the Eclogs that there is no sheapheardly, or prescript order obserued, it is most certen. Wherefore there are some, that say the Bucolikes begin not at Tityrus, but:

Our *Muse* in *syracusan* verse vouchsafed first to play.

There remaineth now Explanation, vnto which before we come I must admonishe this, that the verse of a Bucolike is but a slender verse, and so farre differing from the stile of the Heroike: that this kinde of verse hath his peculiar diuision, and cuttings, and is distinguished by his owne proper lawes. For, since a verse is proued by three thinges, cutting, scanning, and tuning: it is no Bucolike verse vnlesse the first foote do containe a full part of the sence, and the third foote be Trochæus and a cutting, and the third being rather a Dactile then a Spondeus: do finish a parcel of sence, the fift and sixt foete consist of whole words. Which beinge obserued by Theocritus, yet wearied at length through difficultie of his worke: he neglected it, & only in the beginning it is vncertaine whether diligence, or chaunce did keep these cuttings. For, Tityre, a Dactile finished part of the Oration: tu patu, læ re cu, closed by the thirde Trochæus, though in a compound worde: bans sub, and when hee had put the fourth Spondeus for a Dactile, tegmine fagi, when he had ended the partes of oration, he absolued the whole Cōma, wherein the diligence of Theocritus almost in all his verses is wondrousfull. And he that shall diligently with sharpe iudgement consider the aboue written, shall easely vnderstand what is the intention of the Georgikes, and what the ende, and likewise also in the *Aeneidos*.

There are three kinde of stiles in a Poeme, ether Attiue, ether Imitatiue which *Gracians* call *Dramaticum*, wherein are persons brought

in

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in speaking, without speaking of the Poet, such as Tragedies, and Comedies are. For Dran in Greeke signifieth to do. In which kinde first Tityrus was written, then next Quo te Moeri. Or els Enerratiue, which the Greekes call Diegematikon, in which the Poet himselfe speaketh without interpretation of person, as the first three bookes of Georgikes. Likewise Lucretius verses. Either els commune, and mixt, which the Greekes do terme Micton, where both the Poet himselfe doth speake, and persons likewise are brought in, such as is the Aeneidos of Virgil.

FINIS.



THE ARGUMENTES OF the thirteene bookes of Aeneidos, expressed in verse.

1. AENEAS, in the first, to Liby land arriueth well.
2. The fall of Troy, and wofull dole, the second booke doth tell.
3. The thyrd of wandringes speakes, and father dead, and laid full low.
4. In fourth Queene Dido burnes, & flames of raging loue doth show.
5. The fift declarcth plaies, and how the fleete with fier was cought.
6. The sixt doth speake of ghosts, and how deepe Plutoes reygne was sought.
7. The seuenth booke, Aeneas bringes vnto his fatall land.
8. The eight prepareth war, and power how foes for to withstand.
9. The ninth of battels telles, and yet the captaine is away.
10. Aeneas greuous wrath Mezentius, in the tenth, doth slay.
11. The eleuenth in vnequall fight Camilla castes to ground.
12. The twelfth with heauenly weapons giues to Turnus mortall wound.
13. The thirteenth weds Aeneas wife, and brings him to eternall life.

AGENERALLSUM

whereof all the xij. Bookes of

Aeneidos do entreate.



WHEN Troy was destroyed by the Greekes, and most of their Nobilitie slayne, Aeneas beinge Sonne to prince Anchises, and begotten of VENVS, a man of most valient courage and vertue (after great slaughter made on his enemies) was forced to flee his countrey, and taking with him his Images and Goddes, whom he than worshipt for his auouries, withdrewe himselfe to the sea, with his sonne Ascanius and his olde father Anchises and family to whom a great number of Troians, from euery quarter resorted, and ioyninge together vnder him, erected a Nauie of twentie ships and departed to seas, perswaded by their Goddes, that they should come to a land, where their kingdome should flourish. First he arriued in *Thracia*, and would haue remayned there, but vnderstanding that yonge *Polydorus* his cosin was murthered there by the kinge thereof, for his Golde, he forsooke that couetous land, after he had builded a citie called by his name *Aeneas*. From thence he sailed into *Candy*, where he was ietled a while, but he felt his prophecie wrong expounded, and was put from thence by a pestilence. Than remembringe that his auncient forefathers came out of *Italy* and being better instructed by his Gods, that *Italy* should be his place and kingdome appointed: hee cut another course to the land of *Chaonia*, where one *Helenus* raigned, being his kinsman a *Troia*, of whom he learned many thinges touching his Prophecie, and was newly refreshed with men, armour, and treasure. He passed from thence to the yle of *sicil*, and was there well receiued of king *Acestes* his cosin, and there he buried his old father *Anchises*, by which time, vij. yeres were almost expired. Than hauinge but a short iourney to *Italy*, hee went thitherwards out of *sicil*, and by the waye was taken with an horrible tempest, and driuen from *Italy* an extreme course, to the countrey of white *Moores* in *Affrike*, and after extreme desperation, was honourably there enterteyned of the Queene *DIDO* a widow, with whom he ioyned in loue, and remayned till his Gods

comman-

The sum of *Aeneidos*.

commaunded him forth, and thence he returned in all hast into *sicill*. There for his fathers honour he deuised games of actiuitie, & set forth his Obite or yeeres minde, with great solempnitie and triumphe, building a citie called *Acesta*, where he left much of his people, and with the residue arriued in *Italy* at *Cumas*, but by the way he lost *palinurus* his cheife maister and Pilot. At *Cumas* that time vnder a gorgeous temple, sibly the Prophetisse inhabited deepe in the ground, of whom at length he obteyned, to be conducted to *Limbo*, and to speake with the soule of his father *Anchises*, and passed with her through all the places infernall, and at last to the feildes of blisse, which the Pagans tooke for their *Paradise*: where he conferred with his father, and of him was instructed of all his predestinations and fortunes: but before he descended with sibly, he buried his noble Trumpettour *Misenus*. At his comminge vp he buried his murle, and called that coast of her name *Caieta*. Then he came saufe into *Tyber* with all his ships, and landed his people, & shortly compouded to marry *Lavinia* the daughter of king *Latinus* there raigninge, who beforetime was promised to king *Turnus*, vpon which occasion arose war betweene the two kings, where in most of al *Italy* conspired against *Aeneas*: but he with helpe of a poore king called *Euander*, and of one *Tarchon* capitaine of a great people of *Etruria*, who had expulsed *Mexentius* their king for his tyranny, did so valiantly behaue him selfe, that after most greuous conflicts, he slew king *Turnus* in combat, & wan the Ladie and the kingdom by conquest. Of whose issewe afterward proceeded the greatest Princes of the world, by whom *Rome* was founded, that sometime was ruler of the vniuersall earth, and yet amonge all christen kingdoms beareth no litle sway of authoritie, and dominion.



THE FIRST BOOKE OF *the Æneidos of Virgill.*

The Argument.

When Troy was taken, Aeneas the sonne of Anchises and Venus, a man endued with singular godlinesse, and like valencie, whilst in the seventh yeare of his wandring, he sailed vpon the Tyrrhene sea from Sicil, towards Italy, a mighty tempest beinge raised by Aeolus the kinge of windes at Iunos request: was driuen to the shoare of Afrake, where entring on the land, he slew with bow and arrowes seuen great Giants & deuided them equally to each Ship one, for so many saile hee had gathered together of his dispersed fleet, and hartned his souldiers ouerwried now with tranatle, with the hope of future rest: manfully to indure the labours that were yet to come. In the meane while Venus pleadeth her sonne Aeneas, and all the Troians cause befoze Iupiter, and imputeth all those calamities vnto Iuno: but Iupiter on the other side, disclosing al the order of the destinies, recomforteth his daughter with hope of happy posteritie, and power of the Romanes, wherewith Venus being wel satisfied: meeteth with her sonne Aeneas, being ignozant of the place, and roming by and downe in the countrey, and sheweth him how that his dispersed ships be safe, and telleth him that Carthage is not farre of, a Citie which Dido builded in that place, wherfoze Aeneas by his mothers meane beinge shrowded in an hollow cloude accompanied with Achates: entreteth into Carthage, where both he findeth his mates safe, and is curteously entertayned of Dido the Queene. Venus notwithstanding not ouermuch trusting to Iunos entertainment, noz the vnconstancie of women, laying Ascanius a sleepe in the woods of Ida: adoreseth Cupide in his steede, who amongst embracings, and kisses, pitiuily inspi-
reth the Queene with the loue of Aeneas.



That my slender Otten Pipe in verse was wont to
sounde

Of woods, and next to that I taught for husbandmen the
ground,

How fruite vnto their greedy lust they might constraîne
to bring,

A worke of thanks: Lo now of Mars, and dreadfull warres I singe,
Of armes, and of the man of Troy, that first by fatall flight
Did thence arriue to Latine land, that now Italia hight.

Other
bookes
made by
virgil be-
foze that
great
worke.

The first Booke

But shaken soze with many a storme by seas and land ystost,
And all for Iunos endles wꝛath that wꝛought to haue had him lost.
And sorowes great in warres hee bode, ere hee the walls could frame
Of mighty Rome, and bring the gods t'aduance the Romaine name.

He calles
for diuine
power.

Now Muse direct my song to tell for what offence and why:
What ayled so the quene of gods to dꝛyue thus cruelly,
This noble pꝛince of vertue mylde from place to place to toyle,
Such paines to take? may heauenly mindes so soze in rancour boile:

There was a towne of auncient time Carthago of olde it hight,
Against Italia and Tybers mouth lay lose at seas aright:

Both ritch in wealth and sharpe in war, the people it helde of Tyre:

This towne aboue all townes to raise was Iunos most desire,

Forsooke her seate at samos yle and here her armes shee set,

Her chare, and here shee mindes to make (if all gods do not let)

An empire all the world to rule: but heard she had befoꝛne

From Troy should rise a stock, by whom their towres should al be toꝛne,

That far and wide should beare the rule, so scarce in war to feele:

That Lyby land destroy they should, so foꝛtune turnes the wheele.

For feare of that, and calling est the old war to her minde,

That shee at Troy had done befoꝛe for Greekes her frēds so kinde.

Pe from her hart the causes olde of wꝛath and soze disdainē

Was slaked yet, but in her brest high spite did still remaine.

Now Paris Venus beauty praised, and hers esteēmed at naught.

Shee abhors the stock and Ganimede whom Ioue to heaue had raught,

Thus flamed in her moode, shee kest through all the seas to throwe

The sely poꝛe remaine of Troy that Greekes had laide so low,

And them that wilde Achilles wꝛath had spared aliue at last

From Italy shee thought to keepe, till destnies should be past.

And many a yeaꝛe they wandꝛed wide, in seas and sundꝛy pyne,

So huge a woꝛke of weight it was, to build of Rome the lygne.

Scant from the sight of sicil yle, their sailes in merry aray

Went vnder winde, and through the seas, & salt some made their way:

When Iuno her bethought againe of her immoꝛtall wound

Unto her selfe. And shall I thus be conquerd, and confound?

And shall I leaue it thus quoth shee? shall yet this Troian kinge

For all my woꝛke to Italie this people safely bringe?

I trow the destnie wils it so, but did not Pallas burne

A flete of Greekes, and in the seas them all did ouerturne

Alike as
therwise
called
Lybia,
did woꝛe
ship Iuno
which
was ene-
mie to
troians.

The en-
tent of
this woꝛk
is only to
tell the
beginning
of Rome.

Iuno fret-
ting with
her selfe.

of *Aeneidos*.

For one mans sinne, and for the fault of Ajax made to fall?
Shee threw the fiers of mighty Ioue from skies vpon them all.
And drownd their ships, and hee him selfe with whirlewinde set a fier
All smoking on the rocks shee kest his carcas to erpier.

But I, that quene of gods am calde and sister of Ioue in throne
And eke his wife, how long I war with this poore stocke alone?
So many a yere: and who shall now dame Iunos godhead know,
Or shortly vpon mine altars who due honours will bestow?

Thus rolling in her burning brest shee straight to *Aolia* hied,
Into the countrey of cloudy skyes where blustering windes abide.
King *Acolus* the wastling windes in caues hee locks full low:
In prison strong the stormes hee keepes forbidden abrode to blow.
They for disdain with murmour great at euery mouth do rage,
But hee a loft with mace in hand their force doth all aswage.
If hee so did not: lands and seas and skyes they would so sweepe
Within a while, that all were gone. Therfore in dungeons deepe
Almighty Ioue did close them vp and hilles hath ouerset,
And made a kinge, that should know when to louse them, when to let.
Whom to intreat this Iuno came, and thus to him shee spake:

Aolia a
windy
countrey.

King *Acolus*, for vnto thee the great god hath betake
And giuen thee leaue to lift the fouds and calme to make them still:
On *Tyrrhen* sea there sailes a flete that beares mee no good will.
To *Italy* they minde to passe, a new *Troy* there to bylde.

Let out thy windes and all their ships do drowne with waters wyld. An angri
Disperse them al to sundry shores or whelme them downe with deepe. goddesse.
Of goodly Ladies seuen and seuen about mee I do keepe,
Wherof the fairest of them all that cald is *Deiopey*,
Shalbe thine owne for euermore, my minde if thou obey,
And of a goodly sonne (quod shee) shee shall thee make a syer.

To that said *Acolus*: O Quene what needes all this desier?
Commaund me dame, I must obey, my duty it is of right,
By you this kingdome first I gat, and grace of Ioue on hight.
You make mee sit among the gods at bankets this ye know,
You gaue mee might these stormy windes to straine, or make to blow.
Hee turnd his sword when this was said, and through the hill he pusht
And at that gap with thronges atones the windes forth out they rusht.
The whirlewindes to the land went out, and then to seas they flewe,
Both East and West, and from the sands the waues aloft they threw.

By

The

The first Booke

A sodayn
Storme.

Drowning
is misfe-
rable.

A piteous
tempest.

A frende
in expe-
ritie.

The stormy South againe the clines the waters driue so hie,
That cables all began to cracke and men for dread to crie.
Anon was taken from Troians eyes both sight and light of sonne
And on the sea the grim darke night to close all in begonne.
The thonders roard, and lightninge lept full oft on euery side:
There was no man but present death before his face espide.
Aeneas than in euery lim with colde began to quake,
With hands vp throwe to heauens aloft his mone thus gan he make.
O ten times treble blessed men that in their parents sight,
Before the loftie walles of Troy, did lose their liues in fight.
O Diomedes, valiaunt lord, and guide of Greekes most stout,
Could I not of thy force haue fallen, and shed my life right out:
In Troian feldes? where Hector ferce lyeth vnder Achilles launce
King Serpedon and many a lord, how blis-full was their chaunce?
Whose bodics with their armes and sheeldes in simois waters sinkes.
As hee thus spake, the Northerne blast his sailes brake to the brinkes,
Vnto the skies the waues them lift, their ores bin all to forne,
Away goeth helme, and with the surge the ship side downe is bozne,
In come the seas, and hie as hilles some hang in floods aboue,
Some downe the gaping water sends against the sands to shoue.
There thre at once the Southerne winde into the rocks hath cast
(So they call stones that in the seas like altars lie full fast)
And thre the Easterne winde also (that pittie it is to thinke)
Out of the deepe into the sholdes, and quicksands made to sinke.
And one that men of Lycia land, and trustie Orontes helde,
Afore his face there fell a sea that made the puppe to yelde.
And hedlong downe the maister fells, and thise the keele aground
The water whirld, and at the last the wilde sea swallowd round.
Than might you see both here and there, men with their armor swim,
The robes and painted pompe of Troy lay flæting on the brim,
And now the ships where Ilionce, and where Achates strong,
And where as Abas went, and where Alethes liuing long,
The wether had won, and through the ribs the seas came wonders fast
When sodenly the god Neptune vpstart him all agast.
With wonder how so great a rage should hap to him vntolde,
And forth his noble face he puts the waters to behold,
There saw hee how Aeneas ships through all the seas bespred,
And Troian folkes ydround with flood, and stormes salne ouer head.
Anon the craft therof hee knew, and Iuno his sisters yre.

Strait

of *Aeneidos*.

Strait by their names hee calls the windes, who than began retire.
 Are you so bold you blasts (quod hee) without my licence here
 The lands and skies and seas also with such a storme to stire?
 I will be quite: but first is best the floods to set in stay,
 And after this for your deserts be sure I shall you pay.
 In haste begone, go tell your king the seas is not his charge,
 But vnto mee that lot befell with mace threeforked large.
 Not here, but in his caues of winde, his court go bid him keepe.
 There let him if hee list, you blasts enclose in prison deepe.
 This spoken with a thought he makes the swelling seas to cesse,
 And sunne to shine, and clouds to flee, that did the skies oppresse,
 The Mermaids therewithall appeares, and Triton flætes aboue,
 And with his forke they all the ships from rocks do softly moue.
 Then lets he lose the perlous sands that ships away may slide,
 And on the sea full smooth his chaire with wheeles hee made to ride.
 And like as in a people stout whan chaunceth to betide
 The multitude to make a fray of wit full often wide,
 That stones, and weapons flies abroad, and what come first to hande,
 Some sad man comth, that for his right is loued of all the lande:
 Anon they cease and silence make, and downe they lay their rage,
 To harke at him, and he with speech their wood mindes doth allwage.
 So fell this deadly fray at sea, when Neptune had controlde
 The waters wilde, and through the seas his chaire abroad had rolde.
 The men of Troy vnto the shore that next was in their sight
 Made haste to draw, and on the coast of *Africa* they light.

Far in the shore there lieth an yle, and there besides a bay,
 Where from the chanell deepe the hauē goeth in and out alway.
 On either side the reaches hie, to heauen by clime to grow,
 And vnder them the still sea lyeth, for there no breath can blow.
 But græne wood like a garland growes, and hides them al with shade
 And in the mids a pleasaunt caue there stands of nature made,
 Where sits the *Nymphes* among the springs in seats of mosse and stone
 When ships are in, no cables neede nor ankers neede they none.
 Then from the ship to walke a land *Aeneas* longed sore,
 And those of all the number seuen and brought with him to shore.
 There by a banke their weary limmes of salte sea did they stretch,
 And first *Achates* from the flint a sparke of fier did fetch,
 Which he receiued in matter mixte, and drie leaues laide about.

Obediēce
of waters

They
were dyt-
ten to
Alike,

Case als
ter tras
uall.

Bij

Than

The first Booke

Than bittailes out they laid a land, with seas welnere ymard,
 And coyne to drie they set, and some with stones they bruised hard,
 Ther whilest Aeneas by the rocke was gone to walke on hie,
 To see where any ships of his astray he might espie,
 If Caicus armes vpon the sayle, or Capis haps to shewe.
 No boat in sight, but on the shore three Harts there stood arowe:
 And after them the heard behinde along the valley fed.
 Hee stayed, and of his bow and bolts Achates strait him sped.
 The cheefe that hiest bare their heads, adowne with darts he kess,
 And to the woods he followed than with like pursuite the rest.
 Hee left them not till seuen of them were salne with bodies great,
 To match the number of his ships that now had neede of meate.
 Than to the hauen hee doth the flesh among his men deuide,
 And pipes of wine departed eke that was about that tide,
 Which good Acestes had them giuen when they from *sicile* went.
 And than to cheere their heauy harts with these wordes hee him bent.
 O mates quod hee, that many a woe haue bidden and borne ere this.
 Moyses haue wee seene, and this also shal end when gods will is.
 Through Scilla rage (you wot) and through the rozing rocks we pass,
 Though Ciclops shore was full of feare, yet came we through at last.
 Blucke by your harts & driue from thence both thought and fear away,
 To thinke on this may pleasure be perhaps another day.
 With paines and many a daunger sore by sundry chaunce we wende,
 To come to *italia* where wee trust to finde our resting ende,
 And where the destnies haue decreed Troys kingdomes eft to rise,
 Be bolde, and harden now your selues take ease when ease applise.
 Thus spake hee tho, but in his hart huge cares him had opprest,
 Dissembling hope with outward eyes, full heauy was his brest,
 Then all bestird them to the pray, the bankets gan begin,
 The skinnes from of the flesh they pluckt, and eke thentrailes within.
 Some cut their shares and quaking yet on broches gan to boyle,
 Some blew the fier to burne, and some their caldrons set to boyle.
 Good cheare they made and fed them fast as on the grasse they sat,
 With wine and bittailes of the best, and red deare good and fat.
 When meat was done and hunger past, and trenchers by were take,
 Great searsh and talking for their friends that were behind they make.
 In hope and dread of them they stand, and whether a liue they be,
 Or what is else of them become, or shall they them euer see.

Good
 comfort
 of a cap-
 taine.

Under &
 name of
 Aeneas, is
 described
 in Virgil
 & parte of
 a perfit
 wise man
 & ballant
 captaine
 if ye
 marke it.

But

of Aeneidos.

But chiefly good Aeneas did the case full soze lament
Of stout Orontes and Amicus whom the seas had hent,
And other whiles he sighed soze for Licus pitteous fall,
And mighty Gias and Cloanthus mournd hē most of all.

And now an end therof there was, when Ioue him selfe on hie
Beheld the seas where shippes do saile, and broad londs vnder skie.
And from the tops of heauens aboue hee cast his eyes adowne,
And staid to looke on Affrike land and who there bare the crowne.
And vnto him as to and fro his carefull minde he cast:
Came Venus in, and sad shee was vnlike her custome past.
With teares about her eyes so bright she thus began to playne:
O king (quod she) that ouer vs all both gods and men dost raigne
For euermore, and with thy dints of lighting makest a fright:
What hath my sonne Aeneas wrought or spoken againe thy might?
What hath the simple Troians done? that after tormentes all,
From Italy to keepe them of the world is made to small:
Somtime ye saide there should arise (whan yeares were comen about)
The men of Rome that of the ligne of Troy should be so stout,
That seas and londs should to their rule both far and nie suppress.
What makes O mighty father now your will away to dresse:
In hope therof ywis I tooke the fall of Troy so light,
And thought amends should now be made and pleasure paine to quite.
But now I see the same mischance the poore men yet to chase.
What ende therof shall we awaite at your almightie grace?
Antenor through the mids of Greece had fortune safe to steale,
And to Lyburnus kingdome came as destnie list to deale.
Euen to the middes therof, and head wherout Tymaues springes,
Where issues nine the sea makes in, for noise the mountaine ringes.
Yet for the men of Troy to dwell a cittie bylte he there,
Padua by name, and gaue them lawes and armes of Troy to beare.
Now lieth he there in pleasaunt rest, no wight him doth diseale,
But wee your stocke whom to the starres of heauen admit you please,
Our ships destroyed (I abhor to thinke) and for the cruell spight
Of one alone, wee be betrayed and spoiled of our right,
Ne to the coasts of Italy for ought we can attaine.
Is this the fathers loue wee finde? so stablish you my raigne?
The maker of the Gods and men to her all sweetely smiles
With countenance such as from the skies y stormes & clouds exiles.

W iij.

And

The first Booke

Prophe-
cies spo-
ken by
Ioueto
Venus of
things
that after
ensued.

Romulus
& Remus
werenour-
rished of
a shee
Wolfe.

And sweetly kist his daughter deare, and therewithall hee speakes :
 Feare not (quod he) thy mens good hap, for none their fortune breakes,
 Thy kingdome prosper shall, and eke the walles I thee behight,
 Thou shalt see rise in *Lazine* land and grow full great of might.
 And thou thy sonne Aeneas stout to heauen shalt bring at last,
 Among the gods be sure of this, my minde is fixed fast.
 And now to thee disclose I shall (for soze I see thee dout)
 The long discourse of destenies that yeres shall bring about.
 Great war in *Italy* haue he shall, ere hee the people wilde
 May vnder tread, and learne to liue, and then the cittie bilde.
 That sommers thre, ere hee shall sit as king them shall renew,
 And winters thre, before he can the *Rutyls* al subdew.
 Than shall *Ascanius* (now a childe) whose name *Yulus* hight,
 (Was *Ylus* cald when *Troys* estate and kingdome stode vp:ight)
 Till space of thirtie yeares expire his kingdome shall obtaine,
 And hee from *Lauyne* shall translate the olde state of the raigne,
 And strongly fortifie the towne of *Alba longe* shall hee,
 Where whole thre hundred yeres the stocke of *Hector* kings shall bee.
 Till *Ilia* Quene, with childe by *Mars* two twinnes to light shal bring
 Whom wolues shal nurse, & proud therof he growes that shalbe king.
 He *Romulus* shal take the rule, and by the walles shal frame
 Of nightie *Rome*, and *Romaines* all shal call then of his name,
 No ende to their estate I set, ne termes of time or place,
 But endles shall their empire grow, and *Iunos* cruell grace
 That now with feare the ground beneath turmoiles, and eke the skies,
 Shall leaue her wrath, and worke with mee, and take more sad auise,
 To loue the *Romaines* lords of peace, and people clad in gowne.
 Let it be so : let time roll on, and set forth their renowne.
 Then shal be borne of *Troian* blood the emprouer *Cesar* bright,
 Whose empire through the seas shal stretch & fame to heauen vp:ight
 And *Iulius* his name it is of mighty *Iule* deriued :
 Him laden ful of *Esterne* spoiles by him in wars atchiued,
 In heauen thou shalt bestow full glad, and bowes men shal him hight
 Then downe goth war, men shal be milde, in armes shal not delight,
 Then truth and right and *Romane* gods shal sit with lawes in hand,
 The gates of war with bolts and bars of hard steale fast shall stand.
 And therewithin on armour heapes sits *Batail* rage, and wailes
 With brazen chaines an hundred bounde, his wastling not auales.

Thy

of Æneidos.

Thus much hee sayd, and downe anon the sonne of May he sent,
That new Carthage, and all the coasts of Affrike should be bent
The Troians to receiue a land, least Dido there the Queene
Might from her shore expell them of, ere she the cause had seene.
And downe he flies him through the skies, with winges as swift as
And on the land of Lyby stode, and did his fathers minde. (winde,
With that the Moores laid downe their rage (as god did bid) and eke
The Queene her selfe gan turne, and to the Troians wared meeke.
But good Aeneas all that night his minde about hee tost,
And in the morning went him out to search and see the cost,
To learne what land they were come to, what people dwelt thereon,
If men or saluage beasts it hold, for tild he could see none.
This would he know, and to his men the truth of all to tell.
Therwhilest within a water came his ships hee made to dwell,
Whom trees & woods with shadowes thicke and eke the rock doth hide.
Than forth he goth, and toke but one Achates by his side.
And launces two they bare in hand of mettall sharpe and light,
And as they went amid the wood he met his mother right,
Most like a maide in maidens weede, she maidens armour beares,
As doth Harpalicee the Queene that horses wilde outweares.
So wight of fote, that Heber streame so swift she leaues behinde,
For hunterlike her bow she bare, her locks went with the winde
Behinde her backe, and tuckt she was that naked was her knee.
She cald to them and said, good sirs, I pray you did you see
To stray this way as ye haue come, my sisters any one?
With quiuer bound that in the chace of some wild beast are gone?
Or with a cry pursueth a pace the sony boze to paine?
So Venus said, and Venus sonne her answerd thus againe.
None of thy sisters haue I seene nor heard, I thee assure
O maide, what shall I make of thee, thy face I see so pure.
Not mortall like, ne like mankinde thy voice doth sound, I gesse
Some goddesse thou art, and Phebus bright thy brother is doubtles,
Or of the noble Nymphes thou comest, of grace wee thee beseech
What euer thou art, and helpe our neede, and now vouchsafe to teache
What land is this? what coast of heauen be wee come vnder here?
Where neither man nor place we know, so straied we haue in fere,
Out of our course wee haue beene cast with windes and floods yshake.
Afoze thine altars many a beast to offer I vnder take.

Mercurie,
the sonne
of May.

The first Booke

As for mine altars (quod she tho) no such estate I beare,
The manner is of virgins here this short aray to weare.
In purple weede wee vse to walke with quiver light vnbounde,
The realme of Affrike here thou seest, and men of Tyrus ground.
Here is the citie of Agenor, scarce be the lands about,
Queene Dido rules and weares the crowne from Tyrus she came out,
And lately from her brother fled, the cause is long to lere.
The story long, but touch I will the chiefe and leaue it there.
Sicheus was her husband tho: the richest man of ground
In all that coast, and deepe (good hart) in loue with her was dꝑound.
For her to him her father gaue a virgin yet vntwight,
And to her brother came the crowne of Tyrus than by right
Pigmalion, a sinfull wretch of all that euer raignde,
Whom couetise did blinde so soze, and rage of fury strainde,
That vna ware, with priuie knife before the altars pure
He slew Sicheus, and of his sisters loue he thought him sure.
And long he kept the deede in close, and she good soule full sad,
The crafty theefe made wondrous meenes & tales her minde to glad.
But in a dreame (vnburi'd yet) her husband came t'appere
With visage pale, and wondrous hewes, full deadly was his chere,
And told her all, and wide his wound disclosing shewd his brest,
How hee before the altars was, for what intent opprest.
And bad her flee the wicked soile ere worse might her befall.
And treasoz vnder ground he shewd to helpe her therewithall,
Both golde and siluer plenty great vnknownen til than, and so
This Dido did, and made her freends and ordeind forth to go.
Than such as for his wicked life the cruell tyrant hates,
Or bin afraid of him for ought, them gets out of the gates
In ships that readie lay by chaunce, the gold with them they packt
They spoild also Pigmalion, this was a womans acte.
Than past they forth and here they came, where now thou shalt espie
The huge walles of new Carthage that now they rere so hie.
They bought the soile and birsa it cald whan first they did begin,
As much as with a bull hide cut they could inclose within.
But what are you faine would I know, or what coast come yee fro?
Where would you bee? demaunding thus he answerd her vnto
With sighing deepe, and from his brest heauy his tale he set.
O lady mine (quod he) to tell if nothing did mee let,

And

of Æneidos.

And of our paines ye list to heare the stozies out at large :
 The day were short, and ere an end the sunne would him discharge.
 Of auncient Troy (if euer Troy beside your eares hath past)
 Of thence be woe : by sundrie seas and coasts wee haue ben cast.
 And now the tempest hath vs brought to Lyby land by chaunce,
 My name Aeneas clepid is : my countrey gods (t' aduaunce)
 In ships I bring : vnto the starres well blased is my fame,
 Of Italy I seeke the lond, and Ioues of-spring I am.
 A Troian flete I tooke to sea with twentie vessels wide,
 My mother goddesse taught my way, as destinie did mee guide.
 Now seuen therof do skant remaine, the rest with wethers gone,
 And I vnknown in wildernesse here walke and comfort none.
 From Asia and from Europa quite thus driuen I am: with that
 Shee could no longer bide him speake, but brake his tale therat.
 What euer thou art (quoth shee) for well I wot the gods aboue
 Doth loue thee much to saue thy life to this place to remoue.
 Go forth to yonder Palais straight, assay the Queene to see,
 For safe thy companie a land be set beleue thou mee.
 And safe thy ships are come to shore, with forthen winde at will,
 Onles my cunnige failes mee now whom wont I was to skill.
 Behold the flocke of fire and fire that yonder chærlly flies
 Of Swannes, whom late an Eagle ferce did chace through all the skies,
 Now toward lond, or on the lond, they seeme their course to keepe,
 And as for ioy of danger past their wings aloft they sweepe
 With myzt and noise : right so thy men and all thy ships a row
 Be come to hauen, or neare the hauen in safegard, this I know.
 Now get thee forth, and where the way thee leades hold on thy pace.
 Skant had she said, and therewithall she turnd aside her face,
 As red as rose she gan to shine, and from her heauenly heare
 The flauour sprang, as Nectar sweet, downe fell her kirtell there,
 And like a goddesse right she fled. When he his mother wist,
 He folowed fast and calde (alas) what meane you, thus to list
 In fained shapes so oft to mee begiling to appeare ?
 Why hand in hand imbrace we not, and iointly speake and heare ?
 Thus plaining sore he still his pace vnto the citie holdes.
 But Venus as they went, a weede about them both she foldes,
 Of myst and cloud and aire so thicke, that no man should them spie,
 He do them harme, no? interrupt, no? aske them who no? why.

Her

An old
supersti-
tion of
diuination
by birds,
called au-
gurium.

Venus in-
closed the
both in a
cloude.

The first Booke

Her selfe by skie to Paphos yee'de where stonds her honoz seates,
 And temple ritch, and of encense a hundzed altars sweates,
 And where of flowres and garlands fresh her flore is alway spred.
 They in that while went on their way wherto the path them led.
 And now come vp they were the hill that nere the citie lies,
 From whence the towres and castels all bin subiect to their eyes.
 Aeneas wondzed at the worke where sometime sheepe were fed,
 And on the gates hee wondzed eke, and noise in streetes vsprad.
 The Moores with courage went to worke, some vnder burdens grones,
 Some at the wals & towres with hands were tumbling vp the stones.
 Some measurd out a place to build their mansion house within,
 Some lawes and officers to make in parlament did begin.
 An other sort a hauen had cast, and deepe they trench the ground.
 Some other for the games and plaies a stately place had found,
 And pillers great they cut for kings to garnish forth their halles.
 And like as bees among the floures, whan fresh the sommer falles
 In shine of sun applie their worke, when growen is vp their ponge,
 Or when their hives they gin to stop, and honie sweete is spronge,
 That all their caues and cellers close with dulcet liquoz filles,
 Some doth onlade, some other byings the stuffe with ready willes,
 Some time they ioyne and all at once do from their mangers set
 The slouthfull dzones that would consume, & nought will do to get.
 The worke it heates, the hony smelles of flowres and Tyme ywet.

A happy men whose fortune is your walles now thus to rise
 Aeneas said, and to the tops of al hee kest his eyes.

Encompast with the cloude he goth (a wondrous thing to skill)
 And through the mids of men onseene he comth and goth at will.
 Amids the towne a groue there stode full gladsome was the shade,
 Where first the Moores by wether cast, and stoymes into that trade
 Had made a marke, and digde the place, where shortly they had founde

At the fou-
 dation of
 Carthage
 a horses
 head was
 found, like
 as at the
 buildinge
 of Rome
 the head of
 a man.

A horses head of courage hie, so Iuno did compound,
 That by that signe they vnderstood their stocke should prosper stout
 In wars and fame, and light to finde in time by lands about.
 And in that place Queene Dido had a gorgeous temple set
 With ritches great, no spare of cost should Iunos honoz let.
 The brassen grees afore the dwores did mount, and eke the beames
 With brasse are knit, and baults & dwores of brasse and mettall streames.
 There in that wood a sodaine sight his feare began to flake,

And

of Æneidos.

And there Aeneas first him dares to trust, and comfort take.
For, as within that temple wide on every thing hee gazed,
And waited whan the Quene should come, and stood as one amazed
To see the worke, and how to state so soone the towne was brought,
And wondred at the precious things the craftsmen there had wrought:
Hee seeth among them all the iests of Troy, and stories all,
And wars that with their fame had filde all kingdoms great and small.
King Priame and Atreides twaine, and wroth to both Achille.
Hee staide with teares, and said alas, what land hath not his fille
Of our decay (Achates mine) what place is void: beholde
Where Priam is, lo here some praise is left him for his golde.
Here is a sight for man to mourne, and sample take in minde.
Cast of thy care, for of this fame some comfort thou shalt finde.
So said, but yet with picture vaine a while his minde hee fed
With many sigh, and large streames out from his eyes he shed.
For there hee saw, how in the fight the walles of Troy about
Here fled the Greekes, and them pursued the youth of Troian rout.
Here they of Troy be chased afore Achilles wilde in chare.
Not far aloofe was Ryses campe that white in banners bare.
Hee mournd to thinke how soone betraide they were, and fast a sleepe
Tytides them in bloody fight destroyed with slaughter deepe,
And brought away their horses stont, ere once they had assaid
The taste of Troian pastures, or their feete in water laid.
Another way was Troylus seene to run with armour broke,
Unlucky lad, and match vnmeeete Achilles to prouoke.
His horses fled, and hee along in chare was overcast.
Yet held hee still the raines in hand, and ere a while is past,
By heare and head vnto the ground Achilles hath him hent,
And with his speare to cruell death in dust he hath him sent.
Therwhiles vnto the temple great of angry Pallas went
The wiues of Troy, with heare vnfolde a veil they did present
With humble teares, and on their brest to knock they nothing spares.
Shée turnes her face, and fast her eyes vpon the ground she stares.
Thre times about the walles of Troy was Hector haled on ground,
His carkas eke Achilles had for gold exchanged round.
Then from the bottom of his brest a hougry sigh hee drew,
Whan of his freend the cruell spoile, and chare, and corps he knew.
And Priamus hee saw to pray with hands abode on knee,

The bat-
tels and
siege of
Troye
painted at
full in the
temple.

And

The first Booke

Shée
would be
knownen
for a wo-
man.

The orat-
tion of
Ilioneus
to Dido.

And eke him selfe among the lords of Greece he saw to bee.
 And armies out of Inde there came and Memnions blacke aray,
 And from the realme of Amazon with thronges and targets gay
 Penthesilee *Virago* fiers, amidst the millions standes
 In armour girt, her pappe set out with lace of golden bandes,
 A Quene of war, though maide she bee, with men she likes to trie.
 While thus about this Troian duke Aeneas led his eie
 With marvel much, and earnest stode him still in one to bew,
 To temple comes this Dido lo, the Quene so faire of hew.
 Of lordes and lusty yonkers fine about her many a rout.
 Most like vnto Diana bright when shée to hunt goth out
 Upon *Enroas* bankes, or through the cops of *Cynthus* hill,
 Whom thousands of the ladie Nymphes await to do her will.
 Shée on her armes her quiver beres, and all them ouershines,
 And in her brest the tikling ioy her hart to mirth enclines.
 So Dido came, and freshly glad among the pzease shée past.
 And forward shée their worke set forth and cherly bids them hast.
 When shée into the temple came, before the goddesse gate
 Amidst her gard, her downe shée sat in seate of great estate.
 There iustice, right and law she gaue, and labours did deuide
 In equall parts, or els by lot let men their chaunce abide.
 When sodenly Aeneas seeth with great concourse to throng
 Both mighty Anteus and Serehus, and Cloanthus strong.
 And other Troians many one, whom wethers wide had spzed
 And driuen abroad in sondry sortes to diuers coastes yled.
 Astoind with him Achates was, for ioy they would haue lept
 To ioyne their hands, but feare againe them held and close ykept.
 They looked on, and through the cloud they hid, did all beholde
 What chaunce they had, & where their ships, & what shoz might them
 What make they there, for men yculde of al the nauy chiefe (holde,
 With cries into the temple came, to seeke the Quenes relæse.
 When they were in, and license had before the Quene to speake,
 The greatest lord sir Ilionee, thus gan the silence breake.
 O Quene, to whom is giuen of god to bilde this citie new,
 And for your iustice peoples proud and saluage to subdue,
 Wee Troians poore, whom through the seas all tempests tossed haue,
 Beseeke your grace our seely ships from wicked fier to saue.
 Haue mercy vpon our gentle stocke, and graciously relieue

Our

of *Aeneidos*.

Our painfull case: wee come not here with weapons you to grieue,
To spoile the coast of *Lyby* land, nor booties hence to beare.
Wee conquerd men be not so bolde, our pride neede none to feare.
There is a place the Greekes by name *Hesperia* do call,
An auncient lond and stout in war, and fruitfull soile withall.
Out from *Enotria* they came that first did till the same,
Now *Italy* men say is calde so of the captaines name,
To that our course was bent,
When suddenly there rose at south a winde and tempest wood
That toward shore enforst to fall, and so tooke on the flood,
That in the rockes we be disperst, wee few this coast haue caught.
What kind of men be these of yours? what manners wild ytaught
This countrey keepe: to lodge in sand wee can not suffred bee,
They fight, and none to tread a land they can content to see:
If mortall men you do despise and care for none in fight:
Yet haue respect to gods aboue that iudge both wrong and right.
Wee had a king *Aeneas* cald, a iuster was there none.
In vertue, nor in seates of war, or armes could match him one.
Whom if the destnies keepe alive (if breath and aier of skies
Hee drawes, nor yet among the goasts of cruell death hee lies)
There is no feare it shalbe quit the fauour now you shewe,
You first his kindnes to prouoke shal neuer repent I know.
In diuerse yles some cities be that *Troian* armour beares,
Of *Troians* blood there is also *Aceltes* crowne that weares.
Now giue vs leaue our shaken ships to lay a land wee pray,
And timber to repare them eke, and ores to passe our way:
That with our king if wee can make, and eke our felowes mee:
To *Italy* by your reliefe with glad chere wee may goe.
But if that comfort all be past, and mightie father thee
The *Lyby* seas hath had, nor of *Ascanius* hope may wee:
Yet at the least to *sicil* yle, and seates that will not swarue,
From whence we came let vs depart, and king *Aceltes* serue.
So said sir *Ilione*, the rest of *Troians* cried the same
At once with murmur great.

When *Dido* shortly full demure her eies do bene set, and thus
Cast of your care you *Troians*, set your harts at ease for vs.
Great neede, and yet the raw estate of this my kingdome new,
Compels mee thus my coast to kepe, and wide about mee biew.

Who

The first Booke

The fur-
ther from
the son, &
duller
wittes.
The co-
mon peo-
ple ima-
gined the
son to be
caried a-
bout in a
charet w
horses.

Who knowes not of Aeneas? who? or hath not heard the name
Of lusty Troy: and of the men and all that war the same?
Woe Moores be not so base of wit, ne yet so blunt of minde,
Ne from this towne the sunne his stædes so far away doth winde.
Go where you please, to Italy to old Saturnus felde,
Or get you into sicile land that king Accstes welde.
I will you helpe, and see you safe, and giue you goods to go.
Will you remaine euen here with mee? can you content you so?
This towne is yours, I haue it made, set vp your ships anone:
A Troian and a Moore to mee indifferent shalbe one.
And would to god your king had hapt this way also to bend,
And were him selfe Aeneas here, forsooth I wil out send
Along the coasts and wildernes, perhaps he may be found,
If any where in townes hee strates, or woods of Affrike ground.
With this the Troians comfort toke, and now Achates strong,
And lord Aeneas through the cloud to breake they thought it long.
Achates to Aeneas first him drew and to him said:
Thou goddesses son what meanst thou thus? how long shal we be staide?
All thing thou seest is safe and sure, our flete, our friends, and all.
Woe misse but one whom in the mids of floods we saw to fall
And drownd, but in the rest I see your mothers tale is trew.
Skant had he spoke, and sodainly the cloud from them withdrew,
And vanisht into aier alone, and left them bare in light.
Aeneas stood and freshly shinde, al men behold him might,
Most like a god with face and helw, so: than his mother deare
Set forth her sonne with shoulders faire, and comly shind his heare.
And with a roset youth his eyes and countenance ouer cheard,
And white as burnisht Iuorie fine his necke and hands appeared.
Ful like as if the siluer cleare, or pearles are put in golde.
Than to the Quene hee steps, and said (all sodainly) beholde
Hee that you seeke, lo here I am, Aeneas Troian I:
Escaped from the Lyby seas where lost I was welme.
O Quene that in our woes (alone) such mercy dost extende
To vs the poore remaine of Troy, that welme brought to an ende
By seas and lands are tost and tierd, of all thing bare and yeld,
Our towne, our house, our peoples eke: you worthy thanks to yeld
It lieth not Dido in our power, nor what is enery where
Of Troian blood, not all that through the wide world scattred were.

The

of *Aeneidos*.

The almighty gods (if pitie they regard, or if there bee
Of iustice any whit, or soule that vertue loues to see)
Do pay thy meede: what happy world forth such a treasor brought?
What blessed father thee begat, and mother such hath wrought?
While floods into the seas do run, while hilles do shadowes cast,
And while the stars about the skies doth turne and tary fast:
Shall neuermore with me thy name thy praise and honor end,
What land soeuer calth me too. So said, and than his friend
Sir Ilionee by hand he tooke, and than Serestus strong,
And Gias and Cloanthus eke, and other his lordes in throng.

The Quene astonied gan to bee, whan first she saw the sight,
And waied the chaunce of such a lorde, and thus her words she dight.
Thou goddesse son, what fortune thee through al these dangers driues?
What force vnto this cruell shore thy person thus arriues?
Art thou not hee Aeneas whom from Dardanus the king,
Anchises gat on Venus hie, where Symois doth spring?
Ere this I well remember, how that Teucer from his raigne
Expulled was, and to the towne of sidon flee was faine,
Some helpe at Belus hand toptaine, his kingdome to restore.
Than ward my father Belus wide in cypers land so soze,
And conquerd all and kept the state, that time I heard the fall
Of Troy, and eke the name of thee, and kings reheased all.
Their enemies of the Troians than great praise abroad did blow,
And of the auncient race of Troy to come hee would be know.
Wherfore appoche, and welcome al, my houses shall you host,
For like mischaunce with labours soze, my selfe sometime hath tost.
And fortune here hath set me now, this land thus to subdew,
By profe of paine I haue ben taught on painfull men to rew.
Thus talked shee, and than Aeneas to her pallais brought,
Whan on their altars they had done such honors as they thought.
Yet ceased not the Quene to send vnto his men that tide
A skore of bulles, and eke of brawnes a hundred rough of hide,
And with the dammes a hundred more of lambes both good and fat,
The gladsome giftes of god.
The inner court was all beset with riches round about,
And in the mids the feastes they gan prepare for all the rout,
With precious clothes & conning wrought, & proudly enbrodyed wide.
And on the bourdes the mighty piles of plate there stode beside,

The first Booke

Utheron was grauen in golden worke the stozies all by rowe,
 And deedes of lordes of antike fame a long discourse to know.
 Aeneas than (for in his minde could loue not let him rest:)
 His friend Achates for his sonne Ascanius hath him drest
 Into the ships, and bad him tell the newes, and bring him there
 As fast as may, for in Ascanius first was all his feare.
 And gifts with him he had to bring from Troy destroyed yfet.
 A royal pal, that al with gold and stones was ouerset,
 And eke a robe with borders rich, sometime it was the weede
 Of Helene bright, whan Paris her from Greece to Troy did leede.
 Her mother Leda's gift it was, a wondrous worke to beu.
 A scepter eke that Ilione king Priams daughter treu
 Was wont to beare, and more a bryoch that from her necke went down
 With precious pearles, and double set of fine golde eke a crown.
 These things to set Achates hast vnto the namie makes.
 But Venus strange deuises new, and counsailes new she takes,
 That Cupide shall the face and helw of swete Ascanius take,
 And beare the presents to the Quene her heart a fier to make
 With seruent loue, and in her bones to sting the priuy flame.
 Suspect she doth the Moores, that haue of double tong the name,
 And Iunos wrath her frets, and in the night her care returnes.
 Therfore shee thus exhorte her son Cupide that louers burnes.
 My son, that art my stay alone, my great renowne and might,
 My son, that of the thonderblastes of hye Ioue setst but light,
 How through the seas Aeneas mine thy brother hath ben thzown
 By cruell Iunos wicked wrath, to thee is not vnknown.
 And often mournd with mee thou hast therfore, but so it is.
 With Dido Quene he lodgeth now, and faire he flattered is.
 But wherto Iunos Jnnes will turne, is matter hard to know,
 In such a time of daunger great thou maist not bee to slow.
 Therfore preuenting al mischaunce, I list to worke a wile,
 And with the flame of loue I meane the Quene now to begyle.
 Lest by some misaduenture bad her minde she haply turne,
 But for Aeneas loue with mee somedeale I like she burne.
 And how this thing ywrought shalbe, giue eare and know my minde.
 Now goth the child, my cheefest care vnto his father kinde
 Into the town, and from the seas the presentes forth he brings
 That from the flames of burning Troy was kept as worthy things.

Venus
 transfoz-
 meth Cu-
 pide her
 son into
 likeness of
 Ascanius.

Him

of Æneidos.

Him purpose I a sleape to make, and into hie Cithere,
 O: to my seates in Ida mount, all onaware to beare,
 That from this craft he may be far, ne let herein do make,
 Thou for a night, and not beyond, his fortune and figure take
 Her to begile, and of a childe thou childe put on the face,
 That whan within her lappe the Quene thee gladly shal embrace,
 Among the royall pompe of meate and wine of Bacchus blisse,
 And clippes thee swete, and on thy lipps doth presse the pleasant kisse :
 Disperse in her the secret flame and poyson swete inspier.
 Loue doth obey, puts of his winges, and after her desier
 Puts on Ascanius shap forthwith, and like the same he went.
 But Venus on Ascanius swete a restfull slomber cast,
 And in her bosome vp she beares, and forth with him she pass
 To Ida woods, where beds of Tyne and Phaozam so soft,
 And lusty flowres in greenewod shade him breathes and comforts oft,
 And now is Cupide on his way, Achates with him peid,
 The royal presents to the court they bare as they were bydde.
 Whan in they came, the Quene her set in chaire on carpet gay,
 Of kingly state, with hangings riche in golde and proud aray.
 And now the Lord Aeneas eke and youth of Troian rout
 Together came, in purple seates bestowd they were about.
 The waiters gaue the waters swete, and princely towels wrought,
 And eke the bread in sondrie gyse on baskets fine they brought.
 And fifty ladies far within there was, that had the charge
 Of all the feast to be set forth, and fiers on altars large.
 A hundred more to wait and carue, and like of age and trade,
 A hundred gentlemen, the bourdes with deinty fare to lade.
 And many lords of Moores among, at euery bourd to dine
 Came in, and were commaunded sit on picturd carpets fine.
 They wondred at the presents there, they wondred at Iule,
 His countnaunce quick, and wel that god his eyes & tong could rule.
 But specially the Quene was caught in meruell to behold
 Upon the chyld, vpon the pall, the giftes and robe of gold.
 No sight her eyes could draw therfrom, and as shee looked more :
 The more shee fell into the flame, that after paind her sore.
 But chiefly to the noble boy she moues, who in a while
 Whan he his father false with loue and kissing did begyle :
 Vnto the Quene he drew, and her with eyes and brest and all

Wantō-
nes after
good fare

The first Booke

About her necke embraceth swete, and whole on her doth fall.
She on her lap sometime him sets, good Dido nothing knowes
How great a god vpon her sits, what cares on her hee throwes.
He thinking on his mothers art, by small and small doth make.
The Queene forget her husband dead, and him from minde to shake.
And where of loue she nothing feeles her hart she kept so true:
Her wonted heat and old desires he steeres and doth renue.
Whan men from meat began to rest, and trenchers vp were take,
Great bolles of wines along they set, and crownes on them they make.
Great there in all the chambers wide, of noise the hall it ringes,
And tapers toward night they burne hie hangd with golden stringes.
And with the light of torches great the darke ofdriue atones.
The Queene commaunds a mightie bolle of golde and precious stones
To fill with wine, whom Belus king and all king Belus line
Was wont to hold, than through them al was silence made by signe.

O loue, quoth she, for thou of hostes and gesses both great and small
Men say the lawes hast put: giue grace I pray, and let vs all
Both Moores and also Troians here this day for good be met,
That all our offsprig after vs this time in ioy may set.
How Bacchus maker of the mirth, good Iuno goddesse dære,
And you O Moores go do your best these Troians for to cheere.
Thus said she, and whan the grace was done, the boll in hand she sipt,
And in the liquor sweet of wine her lips she skantly dipt:
But vnto Bitias she it raught with charge, and he anon
The fomy bolle of gold vpturnd, and drew till all was gon.
Than all the lordes and states about: And on his golden harp
Iopas with his bushie locks in sweet song gan to carpe,
Of stories such as him had taught most mighty Atlas olde.
The wandring Moone, and of the Sonne the daily toile he told.
How mankind was begon and beaft, wherhence the fier and shoures
Proceeds, and how the stars arisen and fallen in certain houres.
The waine, the plough stars, & the seuen that storms & tepest loures.
What meanes the sonne that to the seas hee westward hieth so fast
In winter daies, and why the nightes so short in summers wast,
The Moores with cries cast vp their hands, so doth the Troians eke,
And all that night of them the Queene new talke began to seke.
Full oft of Priam would she know, of Hector oft enqueres,
In what aray Aurotas son came in, she gladly heres.

Songs
of astro-
nomie for
princes.

What

of Aeneidos.

What houses Diomedes brought, how great Achilles was
Shee learned all to long, and of long lone shee bibbes (alas.)
And from the first (quoth she) my gess, vouchsaue I pray to tell
The treasons of the Greekes, and how your towne and people fell.
And of your chaunce and frauailes all, for thus these seuen yeere
About the lands and all the seas thou wandrest as I heere.

DIO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, 25. Maij finitum. Inchoatum

9. eiusdem. 1555. in foresta Kilgerran South-

wallic. Opus 11. dierum.

C iij

The

THE SECOND BOOKE OF the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

Aeneas at the request of Dido, beclareth the destruction of Troy, which was after this manner. The Greekes in the tenth yeare of their sledge, when their force was quailed, & distrusting their owne abilities, fel vnto craft, & subtilties, & counterfaiing a flight the night before the towne was burned: hid them selues in the Ile of Tenedos, leauing in the Troiane fields a wooden horse of such inestimable bignesse, that it could not be receaued in at the *Gate* gates, in whose wombe they had enclosed the most valient souldiers of all their nobilitie. The Troians perswaded partly through the subtiltie of *SINON*, and partly afraid by *LAOCONS* punishment: pul downe part of their towne wall, and so bringe in this horse into their Castle. But in the dead time of the night, the Grecians returning from Tenedos, entred into the citie through the same breach which was made to bring in *the* Horse. *SINON* openeth the wombe of the Horse and letteth forth the armed men, who immediatly spoyle al with fier, & sword. Whiles these things were doing, Aeneas is warned in his dreame by Hector to prouide for him self by flight, & to delouer his countrey Gods from the fier. But he preferring an honorable death, before a cowardly flight: in vaine betaketh him to armes, wherein at the first assault the Troians had the vpperhand, vntill, following the counsell of Chorcebus, they put on Greekish armour, and so one of them slew another. Then Priamus pallasce is besleged, and Priamus slaine by Pyrrhus, Achilles sonne. Thus, when Aeneas had assayed all things in vaine, when he was now quite out of hope: betaketh the reliques to his father Anchises, and taking him by on his shoulders, with Ascanius his sonne, and Creusa his wife: committeth himselfe to flight. The Grecians folow fast after, and in that tumult he lost his wife Creusa, vpon occasion to seeke whom, when as he wandzed about all the towne: he met with her ghost, who certified him that she was dead. Hee returnes againe to his companie, whether as now were gathered together a great numbze of men and women, ready to follow him whether so euer he would carie them.



They whistled all, and first with eies ententiuie did behold.
When Lord Aeneas where he sat from hie benche thus

hee told...

A doleful worke me to renew (*O* Quene) y dost cōstrain,
To tel how Greekes y Troian welth, & lamētable raigne
Dido

of *Aeneidos*.

Do ouerthrow, which I my selfe haue seene and been a part,
So small therof, but to declare the stories all: what hart
Can of the Greekes or soldour one of all Vlisses rout
Refraine to weepe: and now the night with hie heauen goth about,
And on the skies the falling stars doe men prouoke to rest:
But if such great desier to know, such longing haue your brest
Of Troy the latter toyle to here, to speake or yet to thinke
For all that it my minde abhors, and sorowes make mee thinke:
I will begin, For saken of Gods, and tierd with warres at last,
The Lords of Greekes, when all in vaine so many yeeres had past,
A Horse of tree by Pallas art most like a Mount they frame
With timber boards, and for a bow to leane they blow the fame.

Pallas
goddesse
of wisdome
& iudgement,
whom the
Greekes &
Troians
did hono^r.

There is an yle in sight of Troy and Tenedos it hight,
A welthy land while Priams state and kingdome stood vp right,
But now a bay, and harbor bad for ships to lie at roade,
So that they went, and hid them close that none was seene abroade.
Whe thought them gon, and with the winde to Grece to haue been fled,
Therefore all Troy for ease of labours long, abroad them sped,
With open gates they ranne to sport, and Greekish campes to see,
And places long of souldiours kept wherof they now be free.
Here lay the men of Dolop land, here scarce Achilles fought,
Here stood their ships, and here to trie were wont the armies stout,
Some gazed at the straungy gift that there to Pallas stood,
And wondred at the Horse so great: and furst for counsell good,
Tymetes straight would into towne and market haue it brought,
God wote if craft or whither so of Troy the fortune wrought,
But Capis and a few beside that wiser were of skill,
Bad throw the treasons of the Greekes and giftes suspected yll
Into the seas, or with a fier ymade to burne outright,
Or helw the ribs and serche within what thing yhid be might,
The commons into sundry wits deuided were and stood,
Till from the towne Laocoon came in hast as hee were wood,
And after him a number great, and ere they gan to throng
Hee cried, O wretched citizens, what rage is you among?
Belæue ye gone the Greekes? or do you thinke that any giftes
Of them be good: so know you well that false Vlisses driftes?
In this tree (for my life) is hid of Greekes an hideous rout,
Or this is but an engin made to skale our walles without:

City

And

The seconde Booke

And sodenly to slip them doونه and on the citie fall,
 Or other worse deuise there is, take heede ye know not all.
 What euer it is, I feare the Greekes, and trust their gifts as small.
 Hee said, and with a corage good his mighty speare hee driues
 Against the side beneth his ribs, that where it hits it cliues.
 It shakes aloft, and still it stood that through the belly round
 The vautes within and crooked caues of noise did all rebound.
 And if the will of gods had not, had not our hartes ben blinde:
 Enough was don all by to breake, and all the craft to finde,
 And Troy y^e shouldst haue stond as yet, & Priams toures haue shinde.

Caused
 him selfe
 of pur-
 pose to be
 taken.

Behold the shepherds in this while a yongman haue ycaught,
 And piniond with his hands behinde vnto the king him draught.
 That for the nonce had done him selfe by yelding to be take
 To compasse this, and to the Greekes, Troy open wide to make.
 A fellow lie, and stout of minde, and bent in both to trie,
 To win by guile, or if he faile, with certeine death to die.
 On euery side about him drew the Troian youth to see,
 And some of them to skorne him gan, but now take heede to mee:
 You shall perceiue the treasons false of Greekes, and of this one,
 Coniecture all.

Sinons la-
 mentaciō.

For as vnarmed in the mids all bered there hee stode,
 And with his eies on Troian men did looke with piteous mode:
 Alas (quoth hee) what ground may mee, what sea may mee receiue?
 What shal I caritif miser doe? what hope may I conceiue?
 That neither with the Greekes dare bide, and now the Troians heere,
 (As worthy is) my blood to shed for vengeance do requere.
 With mourning thus our mindes gan turne, our force we left alone
 And bad him tell what man hee was, what ment hee thus to mone,
 What newes he had he should expresse, and fortify his minde to breake.
 Hee at the last set feare a side, and thus began to speake.

A fine
 dissimu-
 ler.

All thing (quoth hee) O king, what euer it is I will confesse,
 For mee a Greeke I can denie among them borne doutlesse.
 This first: for though that fortune fals hath Sinon captiue brought,
 Yet lier shal she neuer make, nor faine or flatter ought.
 In speech if euer to your eares the name of Palamede
 Hath come, and of the glory great that of his fame did sprede.
 Whom by a treason false the Greekes in spite by wicked law
 Ungiltie did condempne (alas) for hee from war did draw,

To

of Aeneidos. 101

To death him put, and now him dead they moorne to haue againe.
 His squier, I was and kinsman nere, my father (to be plaine)
 To him for pouertie mee put in armes, my youth to frame,
 Whiles yet his kingdome stood on twight and (truth to say) some name
 And hono: eke wee bare with men: but whan through false enuie
 The wicked wretch Vlisses had betraid and done him die:
 For wo my life in corners darke, and wailing forth I drew,
 Lamenting sore the fall of mine vngilty friend so true,
 And foole I could not hold my peace, but if that fortune serued,
 If euer to my countrey come I might, as he deserved,
 With him I threathned to be quite, and great things did I craue.
 Here was the cause of all my wo, this did Vlisses make
 New crimes against me to inuent, and cause mee be suspect
 To all the campe, as one by Troy of treason than infect,
 For would not rest till Calchas had by his pigracious wit,
 But what do I reherse these things to shew that be not fit?
 If all the Greekes in one estate you hate, if I it will
 It is ynough: you haue mee here, take vengeance if you list,
 Vlisses and Atreidas twaine great gods for that would spend
 Than kindled be wee more to know the circumstance and end,
 Not thinking of so great a craft, and Greekes deuise so fell,
 All trembling on his tale hee goth with fained hart to tell.
 Full oft the Greekes would haue bene gon, and Troy haue left at last,
 For wery of the war they were, that long in vaine had past.
 And gon they had, but often times rough seas, and cruell tide,
 And winter storme, and sotherne winde them staied and made to bide.
 But chiefly whan this timber horse was raised and stood on ground,
 Such noise among the clouds was heard that all the skies did sound.
 Euripilus to Phoebus straight for counsell all amasd
 Woe sent, and hee returning home this heauy answere blaasd.
 With blood (O Greekes) ye wan the winds and with a virgin slaine,
 Whan first the seas to Troy ye toke, and now through blood againe
 Seeke to returne, a Greekish soule for wind you must bestow.
 That word whan to the commons eares was soone abroad yblow,
 All men agast, and trembling feare on euery person falles
 To thinke who now this death should die, and whom Apollo calles.
 Vlisses here his time espied, and Calchas forth he drew
 The prophet great, and him befoze the states of Greekes anew

We toke
 vpo him
 to bee
 kinsman
 to pala-
 medes a
 Grecian
 & always
 did fa-
 uour the
 Troians,

Agamem-
 non slew
 his
 daughter
 to haue
 good
 winde.

The seconde Booke

Had bitter plaine what man it was Apollo to befalling mid dinde o't
And here and there men misadventure: for priam by emperors, simple aie
Then smeld the compass of this world, and some the warning sent o't
Then daies in silence Calcas with and feared not to come, id by valid
That by his tale should any man to cruel death be deen, als conod on
Till at the last Villes cries him to withoaten toll
As couenant was, with open voyce, and me to death they name
All men agreed, for by him selfe he shoud beake the same, and thum
And to be sure with gilds and helpe they all cried out on me, on E elod on
And now the day was nere at hand when dore I should be at rone
The garlands by my head were set, and frates (as blage is.) and dill
From death my selfe I drew, and brake my bonds I knowledg this,
And in a slimy lake of mud all night lay hid as wole,
Till they were past and whist, and I out the not disclose
And now my native countrey deere for euer haue I lost, for almost coe
Nor see my children sweet I shall, nor father loved most, as indur tuer
Whom they perhaps for mine escape all gilles put to paine, all in
And with the death of them paye foules this fault reborne againe
That I then, by the mighty gods and heauen that truth doth heare, V
By (if there both among mankind remaine yet any where) must and
Unfained faith: O King I pray) haue mercy on mine estate, and to
Relieue my kin whom cares oppresse that all men kindly hate, on in
Than pardon wee for pille gane, this wailing smartes vs so, no in
King Priam first his men commaunds to vnbind him free to go, on
What euer thou art forget the Grekes, from hence I haue not care
Thou shalt be ours, and now the truth of my request declare
What meane they by this monster big, this hoile who did inuent?
Wherfore & religion sake? or for the warres some engin bent?
Thus said: and he with Greekish wiles and treasons falsly freight,
His loosed hands to heauen about with great cry held on height,
O euermourning fiers of god, whose wrath no wight can beare, old dill
On altars, and you swords also (whose force I fled) I sweare, and
And you to witnes now I call, and by the garlandes gay
That like a beast to slaughter brought (quoth he) I bare that day:
Not by my will, I am compeld great secretes here to spreade,
Not by my will my countrey I hate, but since their cruell daede
Hath forst mee thus, it lafull is, all gods me pardon shall, and to
Though mystries be whom they conceale, I blaze and vtter all.

Thou.

Of Endimion and T

Thou Troy therefore (which I preferre) with like faith same thou must
 Performe thy word, if treasures greates great fortune bring. *the*
 The hope of Greece and comfort all since from the war began as so
 In Pallas ayde was ever set, and not in waite, till when *the*
 Titides, and of such of all the father's lilles, had *the*
 By treason Pallas temple take, by night like proper maid, *of*
 They slew the watch, and in the night, and all with blood embred.
 Away they brought with sinfull hands her statue with blisse endued.
 From that day forth good fortune flew, nothing to man's endues,
 No hope ne for of they finde, the goddesse quite both them refuse.
 No by no doubtfull signes of wrath shee Pallas did affright,
 For shee at her ymages to the temple was brought, and there ypright
 A flying flame stont out her eyes upstart, and other all
 Her body ran with sweat, and from the ground (wee wondered all)
 Three times alone she leapt, and thrise her shield and speare she shoke.
 Anon to flight, and to the seas bids Calcas men to looke.
 This statue is lost (quoth he) by Greekes that Troy not now be feard,
 But least this goddesse from our campe they se the, is to be feard.
 And now that to their countrey land the long seas haue they past:
 'Tis but a while, for there a new their godes to win they cast,
 And with a fresh force gods and men, when winde may serue to drue,
 All be aware a new they come, thus Calcas can contriue.
 And so amends to Pallas wrath so vert with sore offence:
 By visions warned this ymage here they set ere they went hence,
 But it so huge in timber worke, so nere the skies to lift,
 For feare of you did Calcas make, for this was Calcas drift:
 That to your town, ne through your gates ye might it not receaue,
 For yet the people worship should, but Pallas honours leaue.
 For if by chaunce ye should attempt this gift of hers to stile,
 Destruction great and long (the god on his head to helme ther while)
 Withouten doubt on Priams blood, and all his emptier falles,
 But if by your deuotion great it had stand on your walles:
 All Greekes should for your fortune quake, and conquests far and wide
 Ye should obtaine, and we and ours those destinies must abide.
 By this deceit, and through the craft of Sinon false perierd,
 This to beleue he salthod taught, and wee with teares allowd,
 Whom neither all Titides force, nor feare Achilles fame,
 Not ten yeres war, nor yet of Greekes a thousand ships could tame.

Some
 time they
 caried
 their
 ydols to
 warres.

Some
 time they
 caried
 their
 ydols to
 warres.

pitie des
 crossed
 them.

The seconde Booke

Laocon &
smote the
horse
was kil-
led with
his child-
ren by
serpents.

An other monster worse than this, and worse to dread, our eyes not
Amazed made, and quite from doubt confounds our hearts so wise, and
For as by chaunce that time a priest to Neptune chosen he is,
Laocoon a mighty bull on the offering altar he is:
Behold from Tenedos aloft in calm seas through the deep
(I quake to tell) two serpents great with foldings great do creep.
And side by side in dragons wise, do chose their way they make.
Their heads above the stream they hold, their fiered manes they shake,
The salt sea waues before them fast they shouen, and after trailes
Their ugly backs, and long in links behind them drag their tails.
With rushing noise the founteys springs, and now to land they pass
With blood red lookes, and glistering fiers their sparkling eyes out cast,
Where hissing out with spitting tongues their mouths they light for eye.
Thee dead almost for feare do flee, they straight with one desire
On Lacon set, and first in sight his tender children twaine
Eche one they tooke, and winding wraps their tender limbs to straine,
And gnawing them with greedy mouthes (poore wretches) see they fast.
Than hee him selfe to their defence with drawn sword making hast,
In holde they caught, and wrething gript his body about at twise,
And twise his throte with rolles they girt themselves in compass wise,
And than their heads and skalebright neckes him ouer aloft they lift.
Whā frō their knots himself to outwine, with hands he sought to shift,
Their poisons rancke al ouer him runnes, and lothsom filth out flies.
Therwith a grisly noise he castes, that mounts vp to the skies.
Likewise as from the mortall stroke some wounded bull at stake,
The slaughtering are hath fled by chance, and roaring loud both make.
But they anone the dragons twaine all gliding swift they leapt,
And to the goddesse sacred seat in Pallas temple crept,
There vnderneath her shield and seete they crouching close them kept.
Than trembling feare through al our hearts was spread, a wonder new
Wee thinke how Laocoon for sinne was paid with vengeance dew,
For hurting of that holy gift, whom he with cursed speare
Assailed had, and worthy was (men said) that plague to beare.
Bring in the holy horse they crie, this goddesse wrath to appeas,
And her of mercy great beseeke.
Than wide abroad we breake the wals, away through them we make,
With corage all men fall to worke, some sort doth vndertake,
His seete on sliding wheeles to slip, some thwart his necke begin

They o-
pen their
walle to
bring in
the horse.

The

of Æneidos.

The cables bind, and on the walles now climes the satall ginne
 With armour freight, about him runnes of boyes and girles the skull
 With songs and himpnes, and glad goth he that hand may put to pull.
 It enters, and a front the towne it slides with thzetting sight.
 O countrey soile: O house of gods: thou *Ilion*, O the might
 Of doughty Troian walles in war, for there foure times a ground
 It swaied, & four times through the wombe was harneis hard to sound.
 Yet we went on, and blind with rage our worke we would not let,
 But in this cursed monster brought, by Pallas tower to set.

Than prophecies aloud to preach Cassandra nothing spares
 As god enspired, but neuer of vs beleueed who nothing cares.
 And wretches wee that neuer day beside that day should bide,
 The temples strowd, and through the towne great feasting made y^e tide.

Cassandra
 a prophe-
 tesse,
 daughter
 to king
 Priam.

This while the firmament doth turne, and darke night by doth rise,
 And ouerhides with shadow great both londs, and seas, and skies,
 And falsshed of the Greekes withall: and now along the walles
 The weery Troians laid at rest, the dead sleepe on them falles.
 Whan with their fleete in goodly aray the Greekish armies soone
 From Tenedos were come (for than full frendly shone the Moone)
 In silence great their wonted shore they toke, and than a flame
 Their Amiral ship for warning shewed, whan kept all gods to shame
 Sir Sinon out by stelth him stirs, and wide he sets abode
 His horses paunch, and he disclosed straight laith out his lode,
 Therfander, Stelenus, and false Vlisses, captaines all,
 And Athamas, and Thoas eke, by long ropes downe they fall.
 Neptolemus Achilles brode, Machaon chiefe of pride,
 And Menelae with numbers moe full gladly forth they slide.
 And hee him selfe Epeus there this mischiefe first that found,
 The towne inuade they do forthwith, in sleepes and drinking drownd.
 They slew the watch, and than the gates broad by they breke, & stands
 Their fellows ready to receiue, and thicke they ioyne their bands.

The in-
 uenter of
 the horse
 was in it
 him selfe.

That time it was, whan slumber first and dead slepe deepe opprest
 On wery mortall men doth creepe, through gods gift sweete at rest.
 Unto my sight (as dreame I did) all sad with dolefull cheere
 Did Hector stand, and large him weepe with sobs I might wel heere,
 With horses haled, as bloody drawn sometime he was in dust,
 And all to swolne his worthy feete where through y^e thongs wer thrust.
 Alas to thinke how soze berated, how from that Hector soze

Mid-
 night,

Hee

The second Booke

Aeneas to
Hector in
vision.

He chaunged was, that in Achilles spoyle came home before,
Whan among the ships of Greece the fiers so fierce he stonge.
But now in dust his beard bedaubd, his hear with blood is clonge.
With naked woundes, that in defence of Troiane walls sustaine
Hee often had: and mee to weepe for pity was constrainde,
With heauy voice me thought I spake, and thus to him I plaine.
O light of Troy, O Troian hope at neede that neuer faile,
What contrey thee so long hath kept? what cause hath so pzenaide?
That after slaughters great of men, thy towne, thy people tierd,
With sondry paines and daungers past, thee long (so sore desired)
At last we see? what chaunce vnkind thy face before so bright
Hath made so foule alas? and why of woundes I see this sight?
He nothing hereto spake, nor mee with vaine talke long delayed,
But heauy from his brest hee fet his deepe sight, than he said.
Flee flee thou goddesse sonne, alas, thy selfe saue from these flames,
The walls are won (quoth he) the Greekes of Troy pul down y frames,
For Priam and our contrey deere our duty is don, if hand
Or mans reliefe might Troy haue kept, by this hand had it stand.
And now religions all to thee with Goddes doth Troy betake,
New fortune thou and they must seeke: thou vnto them shalt make
More mighty wals, whā through the seas long iourneis hast y take.
So said, and with his hands me thought he from their altars drewe
The mighty gods, and all their fiers aye lasting out he threw.
By this time diuers noyse abroad through al the town is fierd,
And wailinges loude, and more and more on euery side appeerd.
And though my father Anchises house with trees encompass round
Stod far within, yet byim we heare the noyse, and armours sound.
Therewith I woke, and by the tolwe I clymbe by staires on hie.
And laied myne eare, and still I stod about me round to spie.
And euen as fier in boystrous wind some contrey ripe of corne
Doth burne, or as a mountaine flood with great force down hath borne
The grain, y grasse, the toyle of men y plowes & beasts haue wrought,
And trees it hedlong draues withall, for stones it forceth nought,
The plowman wayling from the rocke beholds and heares the sound:
Right so this wofull sight I saw, and Greekish treasons found.
And now the great house downe was falne by fier that wild doth flie
Of Deiphobus furst, and next, his neyghbour burnes on hie
Vcalegon, and shoues and strondes with blasings shines about.

And

of Æneidos.

And striking shoutes of people rise, and Trumpets blown are out.
 Amazed I mine armour took, nor what to do I wust,
 But hedlong ran, and through the throngs to fight I thought to thrust.
 And to the castleward I hied more aide to call mee nie.

With anger wood, and faier me thought in armes it was to die.

Behold where skaping from the Greekes, & through their weapōs past

Doth Panthus ronne, that of the towre was Phoebus præst, and fast

His reliques with his conquerd gods hee bary, and him beside,

His newe smal hee haling drew, and swift to shoreward hied.

Panthus: where goth y worst? what shift? what towre is best we take?

Shant had I said, whan hee all straught in cries this voice out brake.

Our vtter houre is comen alas, sell destnies death hath brought.

We haue ben Troyes whan Ilion was, our glories great to nought

The spiteful gods haue ouerturnd our pompe, our town, our toures,

The city burnes, and who but Greekes are lords of vs and oures.

The hougry horse abrode his men in harneis poureth out,

And sinon ouer all triumphes, and fiers he throweth about

With conquest wide, and euery gate is fild with peoples armde,

With thousands such as out of Greece so thicke they neuer swarmde:

The straites in euery streat they keepe, the wates with weapons pight,

And stout in rankes they stond with stele fast bent to death in fight:

Shant doth the watche that keepe the towres, resist with feeble might.

This whan I heard, no lenger hold my selfe I could, but right

Into the flames and weapons flew, where most resembling hell

Men roaring made, and where with cries to heauen the people yell.

Than Ripheus him selfe adioynd, and mighty most with launce

Came Iphitus vnto my side, by moonelight met by chaunce.

And Hipanis, and Dimas eke, and about mee flocke they more,

With yong Chorceb duke Migdons son, that few daies than before

To Troy was come, Cassandras loue with woode desier to win,

And socour than for Priam brought to assist her Troian kin.

Unhappy man, that what his spouse him rauing told in traunce,

Would not regard.

Whom as I saw to battel bent, thus bold mee clustre about:

I thus began, O lusty youth of valiant hartes and stout,

In vaine, if into daungers most attempting after mee

You minde to run, the state of things and fortune here ye see:

The temples left and seates alone, and altars quite forsake,

Aeneas to
his cōpa-
ny about
him.

The

The second Booke

The Gods wherby this empier stood are gon, you undertake
A citie burnt to seeke to saue, what shall we do? but die
Like men, and in the mids of armes and wepons let vs flie.
One chiefe reliefe to conquerd men is desperatly to trie.

Whan this the yong men heard me speake, of wild they wared wood,
And than like wolues whom hunger driues to rauine for their food,
In cloudy mistes abroad to raunge, their whelpes with hungry iawes
Them bides at home, and they for rage do run to feede their malues.
Euen so through thick and thin we slang, through foes & wepons pight
To doubtles death, right through the stretes encompass all with night.
Who can the slaughters of that night with tong declare? or who
With worthy teares can tell the toyle that death men draue vnto?
The citie falth, that auncient long and many a yeere the crowne
Hath bozne, and euery street is strowed with bodie beaten downe,
And heapes in euery house there lieth, and temples all are filde
With bodie dead, and not alone the Troians poore are kilde.
Somtime when tirid ben their harts their manful stomacks steeres,
And downe their conquerours they quell, on euery side appeeres
The fearfull dreed, and wailing wide, and face of death at hand.

There furst against vs of the Greekes with men a mighty band
Androgeos vs met, and thought his contrey men we were,
All on a ware, and like a frend he cald vs void of feare.
Set forwards sirs: what trifling thus so long you linger makes?
Whan other men the burning towne doth sacke, our fellows takes
The spoyle of Troy while you for slouth scant from your ships can pas.
He said, and straight (for answere none that liked him giuen ther was)
All sodenly amidst his foes him selfe betrap he knew,
He shrank therwith, and stopt his tale, and soote he backward drew,
As one that vnethought hath hapt some snake among the briers
To tread, and quickly sterling backe with trembling feare retiers,
Whan swolne with angry teene he seeth his blew necke bent vp: right.
So quaking whan Androgeos vs spied, he toke his flight.
But we pursued, and thicke with armes them all encompass round
On euery side, and them affraied (and nothing knew the ground)
We ouerthrew, and fortunes lucke our first assay succedes.
For ioy wherof, triumphing fierce Chorcebus nothing dreedes,
Now mates (quoth he) where fortune first hath shewed reliefe, & where
Our valiant hands our aide hath wel begon, proceed we there.

Yong me
proud of
the first
good luck

And

of *Aeneidos* 20th T

And let vs chaunge our sheldes with Greekes, & arme in Greekes aray
 Let vs set on; what skilles it force or falshood enemies say
 Our enemies lo their weapons yeldes against them selues to fight,
 So sayd, and on his head he puts Androgeos helmet bright,
 And with his gorgeous shield him selfe he clad full gay to beare,
 And on his side the Greekish sword he comly gytt did weare,
 So Ripheus, so Dymas doth him selfe, and therewithall
 The youth of Troy w Greekish spoiles them deckes both great & small.
 Than mist among the Greekes we gon, our selues vs doth not gyde,
 And many a skirmish fore that night we blindly fought and tryde,
 And many a Greeks to Hell we sent, some other away for feare
 To shipboard ran, and some to shores with coursing here and there.
 Some foule afrayed their hougry horse agayn do clyme, and take
 Their wonted seates, & in his paunche their harbrow old they make,
 Alas, what may mankinde preuaile whan gods him doth forsake
 Behold, where haeld by heare and head from Pallas temple sure,
 King Priams doughter drawen we see Cassandra virgin pure,
 And vp to heauen in vaine for helpe her glistring eyes she cast
 Her eyes: for than her tender hands with boltes were settred fast.
 That sight Chorcebus raging wood could not him hold to see,
 But euen among the mids he lept, with will to die, and wee
 Him after sued, and thicke in throngs of armes our selues we thrust.
 There from the temples top aloft, with Troians weapons furst
 Our owne men vs did whelm, where doth most piteous slaughter rise,
 Our armours fals mistake, and Greekish sheldes deceiued their eyes.
 Than all the Greekes whan from them take the virgin was, for yre
 By flockes on euery side with cries inuade as wilde as fyre.
 Atridas twaine, and Ajax chiefe, and egre in armies stout,
 And after them their battayles all, and youth of Dolop rout.
 None otherwise than whan somtyme the whirlewinds out are brast,
 And sondry stormes from sondry coasts are met, and strugling fast,
 Conflicts, both east, & west, and south, that woods with cracking quakes,
 And Neptunes forks the somy seas from bottomis wild by rakes,
 And they also whom through the darke, that night we chasyd had,
 And ouercame by chaunce before: they first with corage glad
 Appeard in sight, and first our sheldes and armours fals eschrid.
 They knew, and marking by our soundes our seuerall tongs espied,
 There downe by heapes the numbre vs threwo, Chorcebus first of all

Horace
 ad illum
 .1199

Polyce in
 aparance

God led
 them.

Horace
 in iudicio
 agitur
 .1199

Passion
 of loue &
 wpath.

Craft
 hath yll
 ende.

Horace
 in iudicio
 agitur
 .1199

The seconde Booke

Gods will
must be
don.

my wife
and her
sister

of the
city

The gret
assault at
the kings
palais

my wife
and her
sister

Androma-
che was
Hectors
wife.

At mighty Pallas sent of Peneleus hand doth fall.
And fall doth Rhipheus to ground, the iustest man that was
Of Trojan kinde, and one that most of right and law did pas.
But god of them did other wise than dispose: and them beside,
Both Hispanis, and Dimas eke were lost andaine that tide.
Their own men throught them weapons threw, nor the Panchus pure
Thy vertues great, nor Phoebus crowne, from death could than assure.
Yet by the flames extreme I swore that all Troy brought to dust,
At your decayer I witness take (if trueth protest I must)
I neuer man ne weapon shund of Greekes, ne from you swarued,
If gods will were, my death I sought, and sure my hand deserued.
Than out we brake, both Iphitus and I, and Pelias kinde,
The one for age, the other Vlisses wound made come behinde.
And by the cries to Priams court our king forth with inclinde
There now the battaile great was by, as if no place els where
Had felt of war, as die did none through all the towne but there.
So raging Mars and Greekes by run to houses tops wee see,
And postes puld downe and gates by broake beset, that none should flee.
The walles with scaling ladders laide, and stulps of scaffolds hie,
And by by staires they clyme, and backe they drue the dartes that flie
With sheeldes: and battilmentes aboue in handes they cathe and hold.
Against them Troians down the towres and tops of houses rold,
And rafter by they reave, and after all attemptes, at last
Those toles for shift at death extreame, to fend them selues they cast.
The golden beames, their auncient fathers frames of comely sight
They tumbled downe, some other alow with weapons pointed bright
At gates and euery doze both warde, and thicke in rancas they stand,
Anon the pallais of our king to helpe wee toke in hand,
Our aid to put, and adde reliefe to men with labours spent.
A wall there was, and through the same by postern gate there went
An entry blinde, that secret serued Priams lodgings wide.
Wherthrough sometime whan yet in state their kingdomes did abide,
Full oft Andromache was wont her selfe alone to passe
Unto the kinge and Quene her father and mother in law that was,
And yong Astianax her childe his graunssier to thee brought.
Therthrough I skope, and by the tops of houses hie I past,
Where downe the sely Troians darts in vaine for fainting cast.
A towre that steepe by right did stand and hie to skies by reard

Aboue

of Aeneidos. 9d T

Above the roofes from whence all Troy full broad in sight appeared,
And whence the ships and campes of Greekes & tentes in times of wars
Men wonted were to view, that towre with gannes and mighty bars
Whe underheaved, and where the ioyntes and timber beames it bound,
Beneth together at once we lift, at last it lose from ground
We thogd, and with the thog for best, with ratling noyse and fall
Downe ouer along the Greekes it light, and far and wide withall
Great slaughter makes, but other bysteps for the, no: stones this while,
No: kindes of weapons cease thereon.

Before the porch all ramping first at thentry doze doth stand
Duke Pyrrhus in his brasen harneis bright with burnisht brand,
And glistring like a serpent shines whom poisoned meedes hath filld,
That lurking long hath vnder ground in winter cold ben hid,
And now his cote of cast all fresh with youth renewed and pride
Upright his head doth hold, and swift with wallowing hacke doth glide
Wresthigh against the sunne, and spits with tongs threforked fier.
And hugy Periphas with him, with him Achilles squier
Antomedon, his maisters stedes that wonted was to chace.
Than all the youth of seyrre land ensues, and to the place
They enter thicke, and fiers about on houses hie they sing.
Him selfe in hand among the cheefe a trouble great doth bring,
And therewithall he through the gates and dozes with dints doth drue,
And dozne the brasen postes doth pull and timber planks doth clue,
And now the bars a sonder brast, and ioyntes vp heued doth fall,
An entry broad, and window wide is made now through the wall.
There houses far within appeares and hals are laid in light,
Aperes king Priams parlours great that auncient kings had right,
And harneyll men they see to stand at thentry dozes to fight.

But the inner lodgings all with noyse and woful wailing soundes,
With bounding thick and larmis loud the buildings all rebounds.
And howling women shoutes, and cries the golden stars do smite.
Tha wading here & there w dzed through chambers wide affright,
The mothers clip their contrey postes, and kissing hold with might.
But Pirhus with his fathers force on preaseth, heither walles
No: keepers him therout can hold, with rammes and engins falles
The postall postes and thresholds vp are throwen & dozes of halles.

Than forceling forth they shoue, & through they push, & down they kill
Them first that meetes, and every floze with souldiours fast they fill,

Pyrrhus &
sonne of
Achilles.

A won-
derful
briefe des-
cription
of a city
inuaied.

The second Booke

Not half so ferre the fomy flood whose rampier bankes are torne
 With rage outrommes, when birches thwart and piers are overborne
 With waues, and forth on feldes it falls, and waltring downe the vales;
 And houses down it beares withall, and herdes of beastes it hales.
 Neptolemus my selfe I saw, with slaughters wood to rage,
 And brethren twayn Atreides ferce, they furies none could swage.
 Quene Hecuba and her hundred daughter lawes, and Priam there
 With blood I saw defile the fiers, him selfe to god did nere.
 And fifty paramours he had, and childrens ysewe, told
 No number lesse: the stately spoiles and postes full proude of gold
 Abroad are thron, and what y fier doth leaue the Greekes doth hold.

The fatall end of Priam now perhaps you will requier.
 When hee the citie taken saw and houses tops on fier,
 And buildings broke, and round about so thicke his foes to rage,
 His harnais on his shoulders (long on worn till then) for age
 All quaking, on (good man) hee puts, to purpose small, and then
 His sword him gytt, and into death and enemies thicke he ran.
 Amids the court right vnderneath the naked skies in fight,
 An altar huge of life there stode, and by the same by right
 An auncient Laurell tree did grow, that shade abroad was shed,
 And it, and all the farre gods with broad shade oversped.
 There Hecuba and her daughters all (poor soules) at the altars side
 In heapes together affrayd them by, like doves when doth betide.
 Some storne them headlong drie, and clipping fast their gods did hold.
 But when the Priam thus beclad in armes of youth so bold
 Espied: what minde alas (quoth she) O wofull husband yet
 In harnais dight: and whither away with weapons run ye now?
 Not men nor weapons vs can saue: this time doth are to beare
 No such defence, no not if Hector mine now present were.
 Stand here by mee, this altar vs from slaughters all shal helde
 Or die together at ones we shall. So said she, and gan to welde
 Him aged man, and in the sacred seat him set and helde.
 Behold where slaying from the stroke of Pirhus fers in fight
 Polites, one of Priams sornes; through spees and weapons pight,
 Through galleries along doth run, and wide about him spies
 Soe wounded than, but Pirhus after him lyes with burning eyes
 In chafe, and now weluere in hand him caught and held with spere
 Till right before his parents sight he came, than sold him there

of *Aeneidos*.

To death, and with his gushing blood his life outright he shed.
 There Priamus, though now for wo that time he halfe was dead,
 Him selfe could not refraine, nor yet his voice nor anger holde.
 But, vnto thee (O wretch) he cried, for this despite so bolde,
 The gods (if any iustice dwels in heauen or right regard)
 Do yeeld thee woorthy thanks, and thee do pay thy due reward,
 That here within my sight my son hast slaine with slaughter vyle,
 And not ashamd with lothsome death his fathers face to fyle.
 Not so did hee (whom falsly thou belieest to be thy fier)
 Achilles with his enmie Priam deale, but my desier
 When Hectors corps to tombe he gaue for golde, did entertaine
 With truth and right, and to my realme restorde me safe againe.
 So spake, and therewithall his dart with feeble force hee threwe,
 Which sounding on his brassen harneis hoarce, it backward flew,
 And on his targat side it hit, where dintlesse downe it hing.
 Then Pirrhys said, thou shalt go now therfore and tidinges bring
 Vnto my father Achilles soule, my dolefull deedes to tell.
 Neptolemus his bastard is, not I, say this in hell.
 Now die, and (as he spake that word) from the altar selfe he drel
 Him trembling there, and deepe him through his sons blood did embue.
 And with his left hand wrapt his lockes, w right hand through his side
 His glistring sworde outdrauen, he did hard to the hiltes to glide.
 This ende had Priams destnies all, this chaunce him fortune sent,
 When he the fier in Troy had scene, his walles and castels rent,
 That sometime ouer peoples proud, and lands had reingd with fame
 Of Asia emprouer great, now short on shore he lieth with shame,
 His head besides his shoulders laid, his corps no more of name.
 Then first the cruell feare mee caught, and sore my sprites appalde,
 And on my father deere I thought, his face to minde I calde:
 When slaine with grisly wound our king, him like of age in sight
 Lay gasping dead, and of my wife Creusa bethought the plight.
 Alone, forsake, my house dispoild, my childe what chaunce had take
 I looked, and about mee beu'd what strength I might me make.
 All men had mee forsake for paines, and downe their bodies drew
 To ground they leapt, and some for wo them selfs in fiers they threwe.
 And now alone was left but I, when Vestas temple staier
 To keepe, and secretly to lurke all couching close in chaier
 Dame Helen I might see to sit, bright burnings gaue mee light

Neptole-
mus and
Pyrhus
were bre-
thren.

* Helen
was cause
of al this
war and
slaughter

Wig

Where

The second Booke

Where euer I went, the waies I past, all thing was set in sight.
 Shee fearing her the Troians wraath, for Troy destroyed to wreke,
 Greekes turments, and her husbands force whose wedlack she did breke,
 The plage of Troy, and of her contrey monster most vntame:
 There sat she with her hatyd head, by the altars hid for shame.
 Straight in my brest I felt a fier, deepe wraath my hart did straine
 My contreis fall to wreke, and bring that cursed wretch to paine.
 What shall shee? into her contrey soile of sparta, and hie Micene?
 All safe shall shee returne? and there on Troy triumphe as Queene?
 Her husband, children, contrey, kin, her house, her parents old
 With Troian wiues and Troian lordes, her slaues, shall she beholde?
 Was Priam slaine with sword for this? Troy burnt with fier so wood,
 Is it herefoze that Dardan stondes so oft haue sweet with blood?
 Not so: for though it be no praise on woman kinde to wreke,
 And honour none there lieth in this, nor name for men to speke,
 Yet quench I shall this poison here, and due desertes to dight.
 Men shall commend my zeal, and ease my minde I shall outright:
 This much for all my peoples bones, and contrey flames to quite.

Venus
 letted him
 to kill
 Helene.

These things within my selfe I tost, and fierce with forces I ran.
 When to my face my mother great, so brim no time till than
 Appearing shewed her selfe in sight, all shining pure by night,
 Right goddesse like, with gloze such as heauens beholdes her bright.
 So great with maiestie shee stood, and mee (by right hand take)
 She staied, and red as rose with mouth these words to mee she spake.
 My son, what soze outrage so wilde thy wraathful minde vp steeres?
 Why frettest thou? or where a way thy care from vs withdraun apierces?
 Not first vnto thy father seest? whom feeble in all this wo
 Thou hast forsake? nor if thy wife doth liue thou knowest, or no,
 Nor yong Ascanius thy childe? whom thronges of Greekes about
 Doth swarming run, and were not my reliefe, withouten doubt
 By this time flames had vp deuourd, or swordes of enemies kilde.
 It is not Helens face of Greece this towne (my son) hath spilde,
 Nor Paris is to blame for this: but gods with grace on kinde,
 This welth hath ouerthrowne, and Troy from top to ground outwinde.
 Behold, (for now alway the cloud and dym fog will I take
 That ouer mortall eies doth hang, and blind thy sight doth make)
 Thou to thy parents heast take heede (dread not) my minde obey.
 In yonder place where stones from stones, and bildings huge to steepe

Thou

of *Aeneidos*, 5d T

Thou seest, & mirt with dust and smoke thicke streames of reekings rise:
Himself the God Neptune that side doth turne in wonders wise
With forke thzetinde the walles vprytes, foundations all to shakes,
And quite from vnder soil the town with groundworke all vp rakes.
On yonder side with furies most dame Iuno fiercely standes,
The gates she keepe, & from their ships the Greekes her frendly bands
In armour gyrt she calles.
Lo there againe where Pallas sits on fortes and castles towres,
With Gorgons eies in lightning cloudes inclosed grim she loures.
The father god him selfe to Greekes their mightes and courage steres
Him selfe against the Troian blood, both gods and armour reres.
Betake the to thy flight (my son) thy labours end procure,
I will thee neuer faile, but the to resting place assure.
Thus said she, & through the darke night shade her selfe shee drew from
Appeares the grisly fates than, Troys ennies vgly dight (light,
The mighty powers of Gods.

Gorgon
was a
monster,
that kilde
men with
looking
only.

Whan verily right broad I saw whole Ilion castles sinke
In fiers, and vpsodown all Troy from botom turne to bzinke.
And like as on the mountaine top, some auncient oke to fall
The plowmen with their axes strong do strine, and twibles fall
To grub, and round about hath hebd: it thzetning from aboue
Doth nod, and with the bzaunches wide al trembling bends to moue,
Till overcome with strokes at last, all cracking down to fall,
One wound it ouerthrowes, and ground it drawes and rockes with all.
Whan down I went as god me led through flames and foes to trie.
All weapons as I pas, giue place, and flames away do flie.
But whan into my fathers mansion house I came, and there
Him first I thought to thift, and by the mountaines next to bere:
My father after Troy destroyed no longer life desires,
Nor outlaw would he none become. O you whose youth requiers
To liue, and blood in lust vpholds (quoth he) your limmes to weelde
Take you your flight.
For as for mee, if Gods aboue would life haue had me led,
This place they would haue kept mee: ynough to much, and ouerhed
Of slaughters haue wee seene, our citie bzent we do suruiue.
Go sooth, let me remaine (I pray) for mee do you not strine.
Mine owne hand shal my death obtain, my foe will rue my plight,
My corps he can but spoyle, for of a graue the losse is light.

His fa-
ther wold
not flee.

The second Booke

Anchises
was stricken
with
lightning
in his
youth.

This many a yere to Gods abhorred vnweldy life I finde,
Since time whan mee the father of Gods and king of all mankinde
Weblasted with his lightning winde, and fiers on me did cast.

Thus spake hee, and in his purpose still he first remained fast.

Woe theragainst with streaming teares, my wife also shee stood,

Ascanius, and our household all, we prayed that in that mood

All things with him good father turne he hold, nor slaughter make

Outright of all, nor vs to death and destinies sell betake.

Hee still denied, and stiff his minde nor purpose would forsake.

Againe to weapons fourth I flew, and death most miser call,

For counsell what? or what reliefe, or fortune now can fall?

Thinke you that I one foote from hence, you father left behinde

Can pas? or may there such a sin escape your mouth vnkinde?

If nothing of so great a towne to leaue the Gods be bent,

And first in minde you haue decreed Troye ruines to augment

With losse of you and yours, agreed, at this doore death doth stand,

And here anon from Priams blood comth Pyrrhus hote at hand,

That children in their fathers sight, and father on the altar killes.

For this O mighty mother mine, through fiers and foes and billes

Haue you mee kept till now for this? that in my parlour flores

Nine enemies I must see to kill my folkes within my dores?

Ascanius my childe? my wife Creusa? my father olde?

All sprauling slaine with blood in blood embzued shal I beholde?

Weapons seruants, bring mee weapons, our last houre doth vs call,

And yeeld mee among the Greekes to fight, let me to battails fall

Afresh, for neuer shall wee die this day vnuenged all.

Than mee with sword againe I girt, my left arme vnder sheeld

I put, and out at dores I ran with rage to fight in fælde.

Behold at thentry gate my wife, embracing both my secte,

Doth kneele, and by to mee she holdes my childe Ascanius sweete.

If toward death thou goest, take vs with thee to chaunces all,

If socour ought or hope thou findest in armes, than first of all

Defend this house, to whom forsakst thy childe Iule alas?

To whom thy father leauest, and mee sometime thy wife that was?

Thus wailing al our house shee filde, thus cried she through the halles,

Whan sodenly (right wonder great to tell) a monster falles.

For euen betweene our hands and right before our face in sight,

Beholde, from out Ascanius top a flante ariseth bright,

And

A pitiful
meeting.

of Æneidos.

And harmeles lickes his lockes, and soft about his temples fæde,
 The straight his burning hear gan shake, al trëbling dead for dæde,
 And waters on the sacred fiers to quenche anon wæ shæde.

A bidd of
 fier came
 out of his
 song hed.

But than my father Anchises glad, to heauen doth lift his eyes
 With hands vpthrowne against the stars, and voice exalted cries.

Almighty Ioue (if mans respect or praiers dost regard)

Behold vs now this ones, and (if our deedes deserue reward)

From henceforth father helpe vs send, and blesse this grace with more.

Whant from his mouth the word was pass, tohan skies aloft to roze

Begin, and thonder light was thzowen, and down from heauen by shade

Astreaming star descends, and long with great light makes a glade.

The looking, bzin behold it might, and ouer our house it slips,

And forth to Ida woods it went, there downe it selfe it dips,

As pointing out the way to flee, than straking light along

Dofh shine, and broad about it smokes with sent of sulphur strong.

Than straight my father ouercome, him selfe aduancing welds.

And prayeth his gods, and woꝛship to that blessed star he yelds.

Now now no more I let, leade where ye lyst, I wil not swarue.

I contrey gods our house behold, my neuw safe pꝛeserue.

This token yet is yours: yet Troy in your regard remaines.

I yeld me son, noꝛ further stay with thee to take all paines.

So spake hee, and now about our walles the fiers appꝛoching sounds

At hand, and nere and nere the flames with seruent rage redounds.

Deare father now therfoꝛe your selfe set on my necke to beare,

My shoulders shall you lift, this labour mee shal nothing deare,

What euer chaunce betides, one daunger both wee must abide,

In safety both a lyke wee shalbe sure, and by my side

My childe Iule shall go, my wife shall trace aloofe behinde.

You seruantes what I say take heede, impꝛint it well in minde.

There is a hill whan out the towne ye come, and temple old

Of Ceres long vnbled, there beside ye shall behold

An auncient cypers tree to grow, that foꝛ religions sake

Our fathers there did set, and there long time did honoꝛ make

In that place out of diuers waies wee all shall seeke to meete.

You father take your contrey gods in hand, our comfort sweete.

For mee, that from the battailes fresh am come and slaughters new,

I may not them foꝛ sin pꝛesume to touche, till waters dew

With floods hath washt mee pure.

A token
 frō heauē
 to bld
 him flee.

He ap-
 pointed
 wher they
 shal meet.

Tooke
 his ymge
 ges with
 him.

Do

Thus

The seconde Booke

Anchises
espied
enemies
comming
after.

He lost
his wife.

Thus said I, and on my shoulders broad and thwart my necke I kest
A weede, and in a lions skin ful read my selfe I drest.
And vnder burden fast I fled, my childe my right hand kept
Iule, and after mee, with pace vnlike in length, he kept.
My wife ensued, through lanes and crokes and darknes most we past.
And mee, that late no shoutes, nor cries, nor noyse, nor wepons cast
Could feare, nor clusters great of Greeks in throngs agast could make:
Now euery winde and puffe both moue, at euery sound I quake,
Not for my selfe, but for my mate, and for my burdens sake.
And now against the gates I came, which out of daunger sound,
I thought I well escaped had, whan sodenly the sound
Of feete we heare to tread, and men full thicke my father skand.
Flee flee my son (he cried) lo here they come, lo here at hand,
Their harneis bright appeares, and glistring theelbes I see to shine.
There what it was I not, some chaunce or God (no freend of mine)
Amazed than my wit, for while through thicke and thin I pas, I pas
And from the accustomed waies I draw to seke to scape (alas)
My wife from mee most wofull man Creusa beloued best,
(Remaine she did, or lost her way, or sat her dolone to rest,
Onknowen it is) but after that in vaine her all we sought,
Nor of her losse I knew, nor backe I looked or bethought:
Till vnto Ceres temple old and auncient seate, ech one
Was come, and there togethers met wee all, but shee alone
Did lacke, and there her friends and childe and husband did begile.
What man or god (for anger mad) did I not curse that while:
O: what in all that towne vpturnd saw I so sore befall:
My father and my childe Iule and Troian gods withall
Vnto my men I toke, and in a crooked vale them hidde,
Againe vnto the citie gytt in glistring armes I yede,
All chaunces there againe to trie my minde I fired fast,
All Troy for her againe to seeke, my life to daungers cast.
First backe vnto the walles and gate I turne, and thentry blinde
Where out I came I sought, and steps of feete I marke behinde,
Where night to see could serue, and fiers that glistring shines about:
Great feare on euery side I see, the silence makes mee doubt,
My house at home, if haply there, if haply there she heelde,
I went to loke, the Greekes were in, and houses all they filde.
Deuouring fier doth all consume, from house to house it lies.

The

of *Aeneidos*.

The wind encreaseth flames, and by the rage to heauen doth rise.
 To Priams court I turne, and to the castle view I cast.
 The temples great were spoyld, and Iunos holy dozes were brast.
 Amids the floze the keepers stode, the chiefe of capteines stout,
 Both Phenix and Vlisses false with them their fraine about
 The pray did keepe, and Greekes to them the Troian riches brought,
 That from the fiers on euery side was raught: all temples sought
 And tables from the gods were take, and basons great of gold,
 And precious plate and robes of kingly state, and treasours old,
 And captiue childern stode, and trembling wiues in long aray
 Where stowed about and wept.

I ventred eke my voice to lift, and through the glimsing night
 The waies with cries I fild, and Creusas name full loud I thright.
 In vaine I cald and cald, and oft againe and yet I cried.
 Thus seeking long with endles paine and rage, all places tried,
 At last (with wofull lucke) her spzite and Creusas ghost (alas)
 Befoze mine eyes I saw to stand, more great than wonted was.
 I stoinid, and my heare vpskood, my mouth for feare was fast.
 She spake also, and thus fro me my cares she gan to cast.
 What meane you thus your raging minde with labours soze to moue
 O husband swæte: these things without the powers of gods aboue
 Hath not betide: mee now from hence to leade, or by your side
 You shall see neuer more, hee doth resist that heauens doth gyde.
 Long pilgrimage you haue to pas, huge felde of seas to eare.
 Onto Hesperia land you shall ariue do you not feare,
 Where Tyber fild through fertill soyle of men doth softly flyde.
 There substance great, and kingdome strong, and Quæne to wife beside
 You shall enioy, for mee thy Creusa deare do wæpe no more.
 To Mirmidons nor Dolop land shall I not now be boze,
 Nor to the ladies proud of Greece shall I be seruant scene,
 Of Dardan and of goddesse Venus doughter law.
 But mee the mightie mother of gods wil not from hence to moue.
 And now farewell, and of our childe, for both, kepe thou the loue.
 Thus whan she said, I wæping there, & more things would haue spoke,
 She left mee, and with the wind she went as thin from sight as smoke,
 Threë times about her necke I sought mine armes to set, and thrise
 In vaine her likenes fast I held, for through my hands she flies
 Like wauering wind, or like to dzeames that men sal swift espies,

Her soule
appeared
vnto him.

She pro-
phced to
him of an
other
wife.

Than

The seconde Booke

Then to my company at last when night was gon I drew,
And there a multitude of men full huge and number new
I found, with maruell much, both men and women yong and old
A rable great exylde, and piteous commons to behold
From euery coast were come, and with their goods and harts assent,
What lond or sea so euer I would them lead they were content,
And now from vp the mountaine tops the dawning star doth rise,
And brings againe the day, the Greekes (as best they could deuise)
The gates posselt and held, all hope and helpe was gone; at last
I yelded, and my father toke, and vp the hill I pass.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgetran
mense Iulij. Anno. 1555. Opus
viginti dierum.

THE THIRDE BOOKE OF the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

When Troy was utterly subuerted, Aeneas hauinge gathered together in flight his company, that remained after the great fier and slaughter, and hauing obtained of Atander a floete of twenty sayle: arriued first in Thracia. Wheras, when he began to build a citie, being terrefied through the prodigious tokens of Polydorus, & was slaine by Polymnestor: he departeth to Delos, & there taking counsel of & Oracle of Apollo, and aduertised that he must go to & land from whence his auncestors first descended: through the false interpretation of Anchises his father, arriued in Creta where he began also to lay the foundations of a Citie. And being there afflicted with a great plague of pestilence: was warned by his household Gods in his slepe, that he should leaue Creta, and goe to Italy. In which iorney, by a tempest he was driuen to the Ilandes Strophades, and there much troubled by the Harpyes, & shortly after arriuing at Aetium: made playes in the honour of Apollo. From thence he sayled by Corcyra into Epyrus, wheras Helenus & son of Priamus ragged, & marded Andromache after the death of Pyrrhus. By whom he was courteously entertained, and admonished of the perils which he should sustayne both by sea and land. Fro thence he sayleth to Tarentum, and passing along by the first shoare of Italy: arriued on that side that lieth neare to the Mounte Aetna, and there hee receaueth Achermides who was left in the Cyclops den by Vhisles: anon from thence he hope seth sayle as Helenus commaunded, and passeth by Scylla & Carybdis. And coastinge along the shoare of Sylicy taketh land at Drepanus, where Anchises partly weakened by age, and partly by trauaile ended his life. From thence sailing towards Italy: hee was driuen into Affrike by a tempestuous weather raised by Aeolus, as is expessed in the first booke.



When Asia state was ouerthrowen, and Priams kingdome
flour
All giles by the power of gods aboue was rooted out,
And downe the fortresse proude was faine that Glorious
Iron hyght,
And flat on ground all Neptunes Troy lay smoking broad
in sight.

The thirde Booke

To diuers londes and diuers coasts, like outlawd men, compeld
By tokens of the Gods we were, to seke from thence expeld,
And vnderneath Antander hill, and mountes of Ida name,
In Phrygi lond our nauy great we wrought and by did frame,
Uncertein wherupon to stay, where destinies vs doth gyde,
And power of men assembleth fast. Scant sommer first we spied:
Whan sayles onto the windes to set my father Anchises cries.
Than parting from my contrey shores and hauens with weeping eies,
The felde where Troy did stand I leaue, forth outlaw fare I right,
My son my mates & frends w me through deepe seas toke their flight }
My sayntes my cuntrey Gods also that are full great of might.

Thracia.

There lieth a land far loof at seas, where Mars is lord, and wheare
The large felde and fertill soyle mee Thracia cald, doth care.

Sometime Lycurgus feare therein did reigne and emper hold.

An auncient stay to Troy, and like in faith and frendship old

While fortune was. To that I went, and on the crooked shore

Foundations first of walls I laid with destinies lucke full sore.

And of my name their name I shoope, and Aeneas them call.

Unto the mother of Gods that time, and heavenly persons all

Great sacrifice I made, for lucke my woorkes to prosper new,

And to the king of heauen himselfe a bright bull downe I flew.

A banke by chaunce by mee there stode, where bright as horne of heu

With rods vpriht and braunches thicke a Myrtill bushe there grew.

A tree
called a
Myrtill.

I drew mee neare, and from the ground the greene bush by I pull,

Byne altars to adorne therewith with bows and shadowes full.

A dreadfull sight and monster (maruell great to tell) I found.

For from the twig that first I brake and rootes I rent from ground,

The blacke blood out both breake, & downe with trickling drops it frils

Defiling foule the soyle, with that for feare my body chilles.

My limmes do quake, my blood for dread doth shrink with frosty colde.

Another braunche againe to plucke with force I wared bolde,

The cause therof to learne, and see what thing therunder lay.

That other braunche againe doth blade, and blacke doth mee beray.

Felde
Nimphes
otherwile
called
fateries.

Great things in minde I kest, and straight the feld Nimphes I adore,

And Mars the father great that prince is of that lond and shore,

Good fortune mee to send, and turne that sight to good they shuld.

But whan the thyrd time twigs to take with greater might I puld,

And knees against the sand I set with force, what shall I do?

Speake

of *Aeneidos.*

Speake out, or silence keepe: a piteous wailing vs vnto
Was heard from out the hill, and voice thus groning spake me to.
Why dost thou thus Aeneas mee most wofull miser teare?
Abstaine thy graue to file, from sin thy gentle hands forbear.
I am to thee no straunger borne, nor thus deserue to speede,
This blood thou seest from out this stub p'wis doth not procede.
Flee, flee (alas) this cursed shore, flee from this greedy land,
For I am Polidore, in this place slayne I was with hand,
This bush of dardes is growne, & sharp with pricks on me they stand.

I voyed
to Aeneas
made by
Polidorus
his ne-
wew there
slayne.

Than more with doubt and dread opprest my minde from me was past.
I staid, and my hear vpstert, my mouth for feare was fast,
This Polidore sometime, with gold of weight full huge to tell
His father Priam king (good man) by stealth had sent to dwell
Unto the king of Thrace, whan first to Troy he gan mistrust,
Whan hee the citie sieged saw, that needes defend hee must.
But hee whan Troy decay began and fortune fourth was past,
The stronger part he toke, and (Agamemnon ayding fast)
All truth hee brake, and Polidore of chops, and than the gold
By force into his hands hee caught, and held, What can be told:
Or what is it that hunger sweete of gold doth not constrain
Men mortall to attempt: whan feare my bones forsooke againe,
Unto the peoples lordes I went, and first vnto my tier,
The monsters of the Gods I shew, their counsels I requier.
All they with one assent do bid that cursed lond forsake.
To leaue that hostrie vile, and ships to windes at south betake.
Anon therfore to Polidore a herse we gan prepare,
And huge in heygth his tombe we reare, all altars hanged are
With weedes of mourning helwes, and Cipres trees and blacke deuise,
And Troian wiues about with hear vnfold as is theyr gife.
Great fomy bolles of milke wee threw luke warme on him to fall,
And holy blood in basons brought wee poure, and last of all
Wee shright, and on his soule our last with great cries out wee call,
Than whan the seas we see to trust and winde with pipling sweete
Is out at south, and to the seas to sayle doth call the flete:
My mates their ships set forth, and shores with men they mustred all,
To seas wee flee, and as we flee, both townes and hilles do fall.

A false
kinge.

They
make Pos-
lidorus
obey.

There is a lond in mid sea set whom Neptune dære doth loue,
And mother of the Mermaides eke, that lond sometime did home

They were
to the
Origia.

The thirde Booke

In floodes, and to and fro did stray, till Phoebus it did binde.
 With landes about, and first it fast, and bad besie the winde,
 With *Ciarus* and *Miconce* (two countreys) strongly stayed.
 When in we came, our weary ships in haven at rest wee layed.
 And went to worship Phoebus towne, and giftes with vs we beare.
 King *Amus*, king of men and Phoebus priest against vs there,
 His head with holy labels layd and crowne of laurell greene.
 Came out, and welcome bad his friend *Anchises* long vnsene.
 Than hand in hand wee set, and lodging toke in houses hie.
 I worship eke the temple there that to that God I spie
 Of auncient stone: O Phoebus bright giue me some house to dwell,
 Giue walls to weary men and town from whence may none expell.
 Haue mercy vpon our blood and saue of Troy this last remaine,
 The leauinges of *Achilles* wilde and Greekes abietes vnsaine.
 Who shall vs leade: or where apoint our place it may the please:
 Our rest to take, giue token God, enspier our hartes with ease.
 Scant this I said, when trembling fast with fode in shew to shoue
 The Laurel trees gan quake, and doores, and thresholds all do moue.
 The mount therewith doth bend, and vp the gates with roying brekes,
 Adown to ground all flat wee fall, and strait a voice there spekes.
 Ye Troians tough, the ground that you first bare from parents bold:
 The same shal you receiue againe, seeke out your grandame old.
 For there *Aeneas* house shall stand, whom contreis all shall drede.
 And childerns childe and all their ligne that of them shal procede.
 This Phoebus said, and wee for loy great noyse and murmur make,
 And what those walls should be wee scan, and counceel great we take.
 What place it is that Phoebus bids to seeke, and where to finde.
 My father than the stories old of auncient men to minde
 Doth call, and than, you lordes (quoth hee) lay now to mee your care,
 And marke mee well, for now of mee your great hope shal you leare.
 Candy from hence in mid sea lieth, Ioues pland great it is,
 Where *Ida* mount doth stand, and where first sprang our stock ere this.
 A hundred mighty townes they keepe, most frutefull soile to till:
 From whence our auncient granfir great (if true report I fill)
 King *Teucus* issued first, and on the coast of *Rhoeta* hyt.
 And there his kingdom first began, Troy was not vp as yet,
 For *Ilion* toures did stand, but there in low vales did they dwell.
 Cibeles wilddenes doth haunt therin with sounding bell.

And

Kinges
time were
preestes.

He ma-
beth his
prater to
Apollo for
knowledg
whither
to goe.

Apollos
answere
doubtful.

Anchises
enters
pretesihe
prophecie
to lead to
Candy.

Cibele a
goddesse.

of *Aeneidos*.

And Coribantes beat their brasle the moone from clips to cure.
 From thence wee haue that seruice time we keepe with silence pure,
 For Lions in that ladies chare their yokes to draw do beare.
 Come on therfore, and where the Gods do call, let vs go there.
 Please wee the windes, and swyth to Candy kingdomes let vs wend,
 The course is not so long (if loue vs lucke vouchsaue to send)
 Our ships on candy shore to stand the third day shall we see.
 So speaking, on his altars there due honours kill did hee,
 A bull to thee O Neptune first, a bull to Phoebus bright,
 A blacke beast to the winter storme, to western slawes a white.

Coribantes
people
beat
bras-
sle
wher
the
moone
is in the
clips.

There flieth a fame that of his fathers kingdoms quite forsake,
 Idomeneus duke therof expelde his flight hath take.
 And all the coast of candy lieth wide open for their foes,
 Unfenced, and the townes of people voyd, so rumour goes.
 Anon therfore our hauens we left, and through the seas we flie,
 By green Donisa, and Naron hills where men to Bacchus crie.
 Olearon, and Paron white as snow, and skatrid wide

They
heare that
Candy is
voide of a
kinge.

Of cicladas we compas lands, that rough seas makes to ride.
 The mariners their shoutes vp set, eche man his mate doth bold,
 To candy let vs cheereely fare, to seeke our granfiers old.
 A mery cole of winde them fast pursueth, and swyth doth driue,
 And at the length on candy coast our ships wee do arriue.

Their
course to
Candy out
of Thracia

My town therfore (with great desier) and walls I gin to frame,
 And Pergam I the citie call, right glad they take that name,
 I courage them that lond to loue, and towres and temples byld.
 And now welneare our ships vp set, drie lond our navy byld,
 With weddings and with tillage new the youth them selues applies,
 And houses eke and latwes I gaue: whan sodenly doth rise
 Among them (foule) a plage, and piteous murreyn to be thought,
 The skies corrupted were, that trees and corne destroyed to nought,
 And limmes of men consuming rottes, such yere of death them deares,
 That sweete life of they leaue, or long their greuous wo them weares.
 The Dog star vp doth rise, the soyle for heat of sonne doth frie,
 That graine and grasse vp dries, and feelds of foode doth men denie.
 Agayn to Phoebus holy seat, yet backe againe our way
 Through seas my father bids vs turne, and Phoebus mercy pray.
 What end of wo to wery men he puts, and how from paine
 Our selues we may relieue, and where from thence to turne againe.

He bils
deth a
towne in
candy.

A pesti-
lence.

Than

The thirde Booke

his image
ges gaue
him an
were.

Then was it night, and on the ground all creatures laid a sleepe,
The gods of Phrygi lond, whom I with me full deare did keepe,
Whom from the mids of burning Troy with mee I brought in flight
Before mine eyes (as dreame I did) I saw to stand vp right,
All shining in their glory bright beholde I might them cleere,
The way that through my window than the full moone did appeere,
They spake also, and thus from mee they lighten gan my cheere.

They as
point him
to Italy.

The thing that of Apollo now to know you doe entend,
He speakes it here, and vs to thee with glad will doth hee send.
Woe from the flames of Troy with thee thine army came to gyde.
Woe vnder thee with many great the salt seas broad haue tried.
Woe be the same that to the stars thy ligne shall lift with pride,
And empyer great we shall thee geue, and citie great to reare,
For mightie men make mighty walles, long flight do thou not feare,
Chaunge yet thy place, not here it is that Phoebus bids thee bide,
It is not here to Candy shore Apollo thee did guide.
There is a place the Greekes by name Hesperia do call,
An auncient lond and seirce in war, and frutefull soile withall.
Dut from Oenotria they came, that first did till the same,
Now Italy men saith is cald, so, of the captaines name.
There be our dwelling seates fro thence king Dardan selfe was bozne,
And Iaseus the prince from whom our ligne descends befozne.
Arise, go to, and tell this thing vnto thy father deare,
Seke out Italia land, the shores of Corit coast enqueare,
Be bolde, proceede for loue doth thee from Candy contreis take.
Astained I with this was made whan gods to mee so spake.
For slomber was it not (me thought) but plaine their faces bright,
And solded hear be wrapt I saw, and knew them sure by sight.
With colde swete all my body than did ronne, and therewithall
From out my bed I leapt, and strait on knees there downe I fall.
My hands to heauen I held, and praied, and giftes and offringes pure,
In fiers to them I threw, and all my duty don with cure:
Anchises I asserterne than, and him declare the caas.
Anone the doubtfull ligne he knew, how hee begylid was,
By graunsys twain and children twain, and places olde mistake.
Than said he thus, O son whom Troy by destnies tough doth make,
Cassandra alone, of all mankinde, these things to mee did tell,
These chaunces of our stocke she sang, I now remembre well.

Tha they
knew they
had ex-
pounded
the pro-
phetic
saying.

Or

of Æneidos.

Of Italy full, oft the spake, oft of Hesperia shore.
 But who could euer thinke that time, or this beleene before?
 That Troians to Hesperia land should come to dwell at last?
 Of propheties, or who that time of mad Cassandra past?
 To Phoebus let vs yeeld, and after warning take the best.
 So spake he, and anon with ioy all wee obeyed him prest.
 That seat also wee than forsake, and (few folke left behinde)
 With beames thzough hugy seas wee cut, and sailes set vp for winde.

When to the deepe our ships were come, and now on neither side
 Apperes no land, but seas and skies about vs broad are spied:
 A shoure aboue my head there stood all dusky blacke with blew,
 Both night and storme it brought, & rough the waters dark their helwe.
 Straight all the seas with windes are tost, and mighty surges rise,
 And thzough the deepes we to and fro be thzown in wonders wise.
 The cloudes inclosid haue the day: dim night hath hid the heauen:
 And from the skies the lightning fiers do flash with grisly steauen.
 From out our course we be disperst, and blinde in waues we stray,
 Eke hee him selfe our maister there can skant the night from day
 Discerne hee sayth, so troubleth him the tempest Palinure,
 For in the waters wilde his way to hold he can be sure.
 Thzee daies therfore vncerten where wee go, withouten sun
 In seas we wander wide, and thzee nights like in darke we run
 Withouten star: the fourth day land to rise we spied at last,
 And mountaines far in sight are seene, and smoke do seeme to cast.
 Our sailes forthwith do fall, and vp with ores, and than anon
 The mariners do sweepe the seas, and thzough the some they gon.
 Escaping to the streames on shore at strophades I light,
 At strophades, for so their names in Greekish tong doth hight.
 For Ilands in the salt sea great they stand, wherin doth dwell
 Celeno foule mishapen bird, and Harpies more right fell:
 Since Phines house from them was shut, their former fare they fled.
 A monster more to feare than them, nor plage was neuer bred.
 For from the pit of hell vp start the wreke of god so wilde.
 Like foules with maidens face they ben, their paunches wide defilde
 With garbage great, their hooked pawes they sprede, and euer pale
 With hungry lookes.
 When there we came, and first in haueu wee entred, lo wee sae
 The heardes of beast full fat to feede on euery side full frae,

A storme.

They as
 rine at
 Strophades

Descrip-
 tion of
 monstrous
 foules
 called
 Harpies.

The thirde Booke

And goates also to graze, and keeper none there was to beſe:
Our weapons on them faſt we lay, and downe them thicke we ſlew,
And bankes vpon the ſhore we make, and gods to part wee call,
And loue him ſelfe to bleſſe the pray, and faſt to meate wee fall.
But ſodenly from downe the hilles with griſly fall to ſight,
The Harpies come, & beaſting winges with great noys out they ſhright,
And at our meate they ſnatch, and with their clawes they all deſile,
And fearefull cries alſo they caſt, and ſent of ſauour vile.
Againe into a priuite place where rockes and caues doth hide,
With trees and ſhadowes compaſſ darke our tables wee prouide.
And altars by againe we make, and fiers on them we finde.
Againe from out a diuers coaſt, from holes and lurkings blinde,
The preas with crooked pawes are out, and ſounding foule they ſlie,
Dolluting with their filthy mouthes our meate, and than I crie:
That all men weapons take, and with that vgly nacion fight.
They did as I them bad forthwith, and in the graſſe from ſight
Their ſwords by them they laid, & couching cloſe their ſhields they hide,
Than whā the third time from the cliues with noiſe again they glide:
Miſenus from aloft with braſen frompet ſets a ſound.
My mates inuade them than, and felt the fight but newly found,
And on the filthy birdes they beat, that wild ſea rocks do braede,
But ſethers none do from them fall, nor wound for ſtroke doth bleede,
For force of weapons hurt them can, their backes and wings no ſpeare
Can perce, but faſt away they ſlie, full hie from ſight, and there
The pray to vs halfe maunched, and begnawn full foule they leaue.
But one of them, Celeno, than her ſelfe on rocks doth heaue
Unhappy tale to tell, and thus her lothſome voyce ſhe brake.
And is it war (quoth ſhee) with vs? war Troians do you make?
And for our cattell ſlaine, do you with vs to bataile bend
Boze Harpies, and our kingdome take from vs that nought offend?
Take this with you therfore, and well my words imprint in minde.
That God him ſelfe to Phœbus ſaid, and I by Phœbus finde,
That am the chiefe of furies all, and thus to you I tell:
To Italy your courſe you take, whan winde ſhall ſerue you, well:
In Italy arriue you ſhall, and hauen poſſeſſe you there,
But power you ſhall not haue your towne nor walles therof to rere
Till famine for your treſpas here, and for our cattell ſlaine,
Shall pinche you ſo, that tables vp to eate you ſhalbe ſaine.

Shew

of *Aeneidos*.

She said, and into woods therewith full fast she tooke her flight.
 But than my mates, their blood for colde did shrink, and sore affright,
 Their corage downe doth fall, and now no wepons more they welde,
 But bowes and praies make, and downe for peas they kneele in felde.
 If goddesses perchaunce they bee, or furies, or of seas
 Some boistous birdes, what euer it is, full faine they would them pleas.
 But than my father Anchises vp his handes to heauen on hie
 Doth hold, and to the Gods above with honours great doth crie.
 O Gods defend this feare, O Gods from this chaunce vs preserue,
 God saue god men from harme, than from that shoye he bids to swarue,
 And cables vp to winde, and sailes vp hoys with halsters hie.
 The northen winde vs blowes, and fast through foming seas we flie,
 Where winde doth driue, & where our master calls our course to keepe.
 Zacinthous yland, full of woods, appeeres amidst the deepe,
 Dulichium, and samey londes, and craggies of Nerite hye,
 Of Ithaca we flee the rockes, and (as we passe them by)
 The kingdome of Laertes there, sye false Vlisses nurse,
 That land alowse we leaue, and it with good cause oft we curse,
 Anon the point Leucates cald, and cloudy tops of hyl
 Apere Apollos point, and coast that shipmen trust ful yll.
 All weary there we land, and there the citie small we be.
 Our ankers out we layd on land, and ships to shore we drew.

She prophetieth,
 hunger
 which af-
 terward
 is fulfill-
 ed in the
 seventh
 booke.

Another
 course.

All this
 while he
 had passed
 the daun-
 gerous
 plands
 adioining
 to Greece.

He set vp
 a monu-
 ment ther
 with a
 tytle.

Againe
 to seas,

Therefore, to main land whan we came long looked for at last,
 Processions great to loue we make, and altars kinde fast.
 And on the shore in Troian gife our games and places we point,
 Some waystling for disport with naked limmes in oyl anoint,
 And maistries with the selves they try, great ioy they make to see:
 That through so many townes of Greekes, and foes they shaped bee.
 This while the sonne with compas wide the great yeare brings about,
 And winter windes & northen frostes rough seas doth make men dout.
 A sheeld of beaten bras, sometime that Abas strong did weare:
 On postes I fixed fast and tytle wrote, and left it there,
 Aeneas from the victo: Greekes, these armes hath offred here,
 Than portes I bid them leaue, and forth to sea them selves to stee.
 Strait to their oyes they skom y seas, & salt some through they sweepe,
 And strait from sight Phaeas towres we hid with mountaines steepe.
 And round about Epirus coast we ronne, and than anon
 To Chaon haue, and by the towne of Butrot hie we gon.

Cij

A won

The thirde Booke

A wonders fame there fills our eares, and rumour thought but vaine,
 That Helenus king Priams son on Greekish totones doth raigne,
 And wedded vnto Pirrhys wife, and Pirrhys kingdomes hepes,
 And how Andromache effsones with Troian husband sleepes.
 I stoynd, and with wonders loue my hart in fier did glow,
 To see the man, and of that chaunce the fortune great to know.
 From out the haueu I went to walke, my flete bestowed behinde,
 Great sacrifice by chaunce that time, and giftes with heauy minde,
 Before the towne in greene wood shade by Simois water side,
 Andromache to Hectors dust with seruice did prouide,
 And deinties great of meat she brought, and on his soule she cried,
 At Hectors tombe, that greene with gras and turfes stoope her beside.
 And raules more to mourne therby, two altars had she set.
 When toward her she saw me come, and Troian armours met:
 Al straught with monstres great she stert, a frantike like, affright,
 Astoynd stark she stoope, her lymmes had heat forsaken quight.
 She fell therwith, and long at last with these wordes out she thright.
 And is it true? see I thy face? true tidings brings thou mee?
 O Goddesse son? and art alyue? or (if we chaanged be)
 Into some other world) where is my Hector now quoth shee?
 And with that word her eyes on water brast, and therwithall
 The court with cries she filde: and I whom sorrow thus did pall,
 Few wordes could I reply for woo, and answerd thus again,
 I liue in deede, and after daungers all in breath remain,
 Doubt not for trueth thou shalt.
 Alas, how from so great a fall, so great a husband flaine,
 What chaunce doth thee restore, or fortune dyle doth entertaine?
 Andromache, of Hector wife, Pirrs wedlockes dost thou keepe?
 She kest her eies on ground, and soft with voyce she did be weepe.
 O happy most of happies all, king Priams doughter bright,
 That vnderneath the walles of Troy was done to death outright
 Before her ennies tombe, for lots on her were neuer cast,
 For neuer she to maisters bed was captiue fired fast.
 But wee, when brent our contrey was, through sundry seas with paine
 The pride of feares Achilles ympe, and yonglinges hie disdaine
 In thraldome, to our trauailes great hane borne, but he at last,
 His minde on Helenes doughter, (gay for Greekes to wed) did cast,
 And me his maide, to Helenus his man, for wife he left.

Polixena
 was slain
 by pirrhys,
 whom she
 calleth
 happy in
 respect of
 her selfe.

But

of *Aeneidos*. 17

But shortly him, for ielous rage, and for his sponse bereft,
 Orestes full of furies wood, all onaware with knife
 Him slew, and on his fathers tombe him chopt, and toke from life.
 Than died Neptolemus also, and of his kingdomes all
 This part to Helenus befell, which hee did Chaon call,
 Of Chaon Troian lord: and Chaon fieldes their name is yet.
 This Pergame towne hee built, and Iliou tour thereon he set.
 But thee what destiny thus doth gyde? what winde thee here doth drive?
 What chaunce or god onto this coast vnknownen doth thee arrive?
 How doth Ascanius thy childe: doth life and breath him fede?
 Whom timely Troy to thee,
 How farith hee: how: for his mother lost doth hee not long?
 Doth he not manfull vertues great embrace: and them among
 Example of his father take, and vncke Hector strong?
 These things with teares she tolde, and weeping long for too she drew,
 When from the towne the prince him selfe descending there we beu,
 King Helenus, king Priams son, with lordes a stately traine.
 His countrey men he knew, and he to towne he brought full saine,
 And teares from out his eyes in talke, at euery word did fall,
 I went mee forth to walke, and Troy by name that citie small,
 In countenance like to Troy the great, and Pergam wals I beu:
 And slender brooke of Xanthus name, and gates well like I knew.
 The Troians in their countrey towne also, their easment take,
 The kinge him selfe great cheare to them in parlours wide doth make,
 And wine in plenty great they quasse, and deinty meates in golde
 They fede, and seemely set in hall, their cups in hands they holde,
 And thus a day or two the time we past, when winde at wils
 Begins to blow, and calling forth our sayles with puffing fils.
 Onto the sacred king I went, and freendly prayed him thus.
 O Troian king, that secrets hie of great Gods canst discus,
 Whom Phoebus token trees, and stars of heauen, hath taught to skrie,
 Both chirring tongs of birdes, and winges of soul that swift doth flie,
 Tell soth I thee beseeke, for lucky course, and happy trade
 Religions all and all the gods with one voice do perswade,
 But one alone, (a monster straunge to thinke, and sin to speake)
 Celeno, harpie soule, doth wonder tell, and fearfull woeake
 Of hunger vile, what daunger furst shall I escape alas:
 O: wherunto shall I mee trust through paines so great to passe

He shew-
 eth what
 she had to
 rirhus, &
 of his end

Shes
 strops in
 her tale
 for sorrow.

He tell-
 eth some
 knowledg
 of his
 fortune.

Cing

There

The thirde Booke

There Helenus (as custome was) furst hepers downe he flew,
 And praied his God of peace, and than the labels he withdrew
 Front of his holy head, and to thy blessed secretes, mee
 O Phoebeus hand in hand he brought, all trembling them to see,
 And than with mouth diuine he spake, both priest and prophet hee:
 O goddesse son, (for greater lucke than mankinde, through the deepe
 Doth gyde thee thus, and greater might to greater things doth keepe)
 Right true it is, the king of gods him selfe so destiny gydes,
 So lots doth fall, and so the wheele of fatall order lyes.
 Few thinges of numbers mo, to thee, that bolder through the seas
 Thou maist endure, and to thy port at last arrive with ease
 In brief I will declare, for destinies deepe I leaue untold,
 I know them not, and Iano more to tell my tongue doth holde.
 First Italy, whom nere at hand onware thou dost suppose,
 And nere at hand in haueu thy rest to take thou dost propose,
 Far out aloof, and long aloof it lieth, in compas sore,
 And furst in sail streame thou must eimbathing bend thine oze,
 And flitting in the salt sea some long courtings must thou make,
 For Circes yle must furst be seene, and lands of Limbo lake,
 Ere thou thy citie safe on land maist builde, and resting finde.
 These tokens I thee tell, do thou imprint them well in minde,
 When thou alone with carefull hart shalt sit besides a flood,
 And see a sow of mighty sile that late hath layed her brood,
 Beneth a bank among the rotes with thirtie sucklings out,
 All white her selfe on ground, and white her brats her dugs about,
 There shall thy citie stand, there lieth thy rest of labours all.
 For dread thee not the plague that shall of tables eating fall,
 The destinies will inuent a way therfore, and Phoebeus bright
 Shalbe thine ayde, and thee therof from dangers all acquit.
 But yonder coast, and all that lond that ouer next vs lies,
 Though part of Italy it be, attempt it in no wise.
 Leauie all aloof, the cursed Greekes all cities there haue silde,
 One quarter men of Locrus hath, and castels strong they bilde,
 Another were in salent field, all places pestring wide,
 Idomeneus duke his army keepes, and there beside
 Petilia smal, whom Philoctetes wall doth compasse round,
 Duke Melybee therein doth dwell, and Greekes possesse the ground,
 Moreouer, when the seas are pass, and ships in safety stand,

And

of *Aeneidos*

And altars thou shalt make to pay thy vowes vpon the sand:
 With purple weedes and hodes of purple belus your selues attyer,
 In purple hide your heads from sight, before the sacred fier,
 For honour great of Gods: that no vnfriendly signe or face,
 Of enmytie appeere, disturbing all, and hinder grace.
 This custome keepe thy selfe, so let thy mates and all thy traine,
 In this religion pure also thine offspring shall remaine.
 But whan approaching sicil coast the winde thee forth doth blow,
 And that Pelorus crooked straites begin them selues to shew,
 Than left hand land, and left hand sea, with compass long ale,
 Fetch out also from londs and seas on right hand, see thou sle.
 These places two sometime, by force with brette and ruines great,
 (So Tyme doth alter thinges, and what is it but Age doth eater)
 From sonder fel (men say) whan both in one the ground did grow,
 The seas brake in by force, and through the mids did ouerthrow
 Both townes and fieldes: and Italy forthwith from sicill side
 Did cut, and yet with narrow streame and sharpe it both deuide.
 The rightside scylla keepe, the left, Carybdis gulf bnmilde,
 With gaping mouth she sits, and to her wombe the waters wilde
 Thre times to ground she gulps, and thise the same to skies on hight
 By course aloft she lifts, against the starres the surges smight.
 But scylla couching close in caue, if pray she haply findes,
 Her head aboue the streame she holdes, and ships in rockes she windes.
 From shoulders vp a man she seemes, in breast a mayden bright,
 But from the nauell down, a whale, with bgly shape to sight.
 Compacted of the wombs of wolues, and mixt with Dolphins tales,
 Behind her long they lag, and thus in seas her selfe she trailes.
 Yet better is Pachinus point, and crookes both in and out
 By leysure all to seeke, and courses long to cast about:
 Than once this scylla monster wilde behold in dongeon foule,
 Or heare the roare among the rocks of dogs that there do houle.
 Besides all this, if cunning ought of propheties, or skill
 To Helenus is giuen, if Phoebeus mee doth truely tell:
 One thing to thee thou Goddesse son, one thing, and ouer all
 One thing I will thee warne, and yet againe, and yet I shall
 Dame Iuno Godhode great adore, with hart and prayers make,
 To Iuno make thy vowes that lady great and mightie seeke
 To win with humble gifts, so shalt thou to thy minde at last,
 All safe to Italy arye, the lond of sicill past.

He tea-
 cheth him
 a new
 manner of
 sacrifice.

He shewes
 him of di-
 uers dan-
 gers.

Sicil and
 Italy were
 sometime
 but one
 land.

Carybdis.
 Scylla.

Great
 persons
 must be
 won with
 humilte.

The thirde Booke

There whan thou comst, and Cumas towne thou entrest first at shore,
 Where holy lakes, and woods, and floods (Auerne cald) doth roze,
 A frantike prophet priest of womankind thou shalt behold,
 That deepe in ground doth dwell, and vnder rockes her selfe doth hold,
 And destnies out she sings, and leaues with notes and names she signes
 What euer thing that virgin writes, in leaues and painted lines,
 In rimes and verse she sets, and them in caues in raunges couche:
 There still they lye, nor from their orders none if nothing touche.
 But whan the dooe by chaunce doth turne, & winde the corner blowes:
 Their heapes a sonder fall and forth they fite, and breake their rowes:
 She them to stay, nor from their caues to fite doth neuer let,
 Nor seeks them est to ioyne, nor of her verses more doth let.
 Away they runne, and Sibyles house their maistrisse sente they hate,
 There let no time be lost, but though for hast thou thinkest late,
 Though all thy mates do call and cry to seas, and winde at will,
 Allureth forth thy flete, and sailes thou maist with puffing fill:
 Assay the prophet first, and her with prayers due beseeche,
 Thy destnies thee to tell, and chaunces all by mouth to teache,
 Of Italy she shall thee shew, and peoples all declare,
 And wars at hand, and how thy self thereto thou maist prepare:
 And euery labour how thou maist auoide, or how endure,
 And all thy course she wil thee tell, that preist and prophet, pure:
 These things I may thee shew, and this to heare hath been thy chaunce,
 Go, play thy part, and mighty Troy to heauen with deedes aduance:
 Which things, whan thus the prophet me so like a friend had tolde,
 Great gifts of Pueri we wrought, and treasours great in weight of golde,
 To ships he bids vs beare, and relikes abourd he made for lade,
 With siluer plenty great, and plate full riche and massy made,
 A gorgeous armour, soot also, threefolded gilt with hookes
 Of golde, and helmet eke, with crest thereon that glistering lookes,
 Neptolemus his armes, my father eke hath his rewarde,
 And horses more, and captaines more,
 And armour eke vnto my mates he gaue, and doth supply
 Our want of Dyes, my father all this while doth bid them hie,
 And sayles in order set, that nothing lacke whan winde doth call,
 Whom Phoebus prophet spake vnto with these wordes last of all,
 Anchises, whom dame Venus proude in bed did not disdaine,
 Thou care of gods that thise from Troyes destruction dost reuaine:

of *Aeneidos*.

To Italy, lo ponder it to thee, set by thy sayle
 And take the same, yet must thou passe by this land out of faile.
 That further land it is, Appollo sheweth that further shore.
 Go forth, O happy man with such a son, what should I more
 Prolong the time in talke? and you from winde that riseth keepe?
 Likewise Andromache no lesse at parting gan to weepe.
 And robes of riche aray, and broyded deepe with gold she brought,
 A Troian mantell for Ascanius wondrous gorgeous wrought.
 And him with giftes, and weavinge woorkes of gold full gay doth lade,
 Than said she thus: take this of mee, mine owne hands hath it made,
 Take this my childe, that long with thee my loue in minde may last,
 Of Hectors wife receiue thy freends good will, and tokens last,
 A figure, next Astianax, alone to me most deere,
 So he his eyes, so he his hands, so like he bare his cheere,
 And now alike in yeres with thee his youth he should haue led.
 Than parting thus to them I spake, and teares for weeping shed.
 Now fare ye well, O happy men, whose fortunes end is past.
 New destinies vs doth call, and we from care to care ben cast.
 Your rest is ready won, no feeld of seas you haue to care,
 To seeke the land that backe doth alway flee you neede not feare,
 Your citie faire in fashion like to Troy and Xanthus old,
 Your riuer like, and bildings worthy praise you do behold.
 Your proper hands them made, the frames therof your selues do reare
 With better lucke (I trust) and lesse shal neede the Greekes to feare.
 If euer I to Tyber flood and fieldes of Tyber sayer
 May come, and see my citie bylt, wherof I not despayr:
 Two freendly townes hereafter, that and this, both neere of kin,
 Two peoples neighbour like shal dwell, and friendship fast betwin
 Epirus and Italia land, whose founder both of name
 King Dardan is, one blood we bee, and chaunce haue had the same.
 And now of both one Troy to make in minde let vs prepare,
 And to our offspring after vs likewise we leaue the care.
 In seas we went, and at Ceraunia neere our selfs we put,
 From whence Italia lyeth, and shortest course there is to cut.
 The sonne this while doth fall, and shadows great doth hide the hilles,
 We spred our selues on land, and layd vs down with gladour willes,
 When ships to shore was brought, and there we make our corners all,
 Our wery limmes we fresh, and slomber sweete doth on vs fall.
 For yet from vs the midnight houre his compas quite had ron:

He shew-
 eth them
 Italy from
 Sicile, but
 they must
 go about.

She re-
 sembleth
 him to his
 own son &
 was kild.

Aeneas be-
 fore his
 depar-
 ture mac-
 keth a
 leage per-
 petuall
 betwene
 their issue
 Again to
 seas and
 rested a-
 while un-
 der a
 mountayn.

When

The thirde Booke

Uhan Palicurus quicke from couche himselfe to steepe begonne,
To seele the winde, and quarters all with eares attentiu harkes,
And euery star that still doth stand or moues in heauen he markes.
The waine, the plowstar, & the seven that stormes & tempests poures,
O Orion grim with fauchon great of gold also that loures.
Uhan all thing sure hee seeth, and all thing faier in skies aboue,
From shipboud lond he giues a signe; we than our campe remoue,
The way we seeke to keepe, and wings of sailes full hee wee houe.
And now the morning read doth rise, and stars expulsed bee,
Uhan far aloof with mountaines dim, and low to looke, wee see
Italia lond. *Italia* first of all Achates cried.
Italia than with greeting loude my mates so; ioi replied.
Anchises than my father, straight a mighty boll of gold
Did crowne, and fill with wine, and by to Gods on hye did hold,
Auauncing forth in ship.
O gods, that londes and seas, and tempests great haue might to gide:
Houchsafe your grace to send, and speede vs fast with winde and tide.
The winde at wish doth blow: and hauen more open now is nere,
And Pallas temple towre to vs doth broad in sight appere.
My felowes made to shore, and downe their sailes they do bestow,
The port lyeth in from esterne seas, and crooketh like a bow.
A front it rocks do stand, and salt sea some about them falles,
But close it selfe it lieth, on eyther side with huge walles.
Two rocky towres arise, the temple shrines away from thore.
There for a lucke foure horses first I saw to fede in gras,
The ground with teeth they share, and white as snow their colour was.
My father than Anchises: war (O contrey land quoth hee)
Thou threttest war, these brasts betoken war, right wel I see.
But than againe, for in the cart I see they wanted were,
To draw like matches mate, and glad their bits and pokes to bere,
I hope of peace (hee said) than last our blessed gods we pray,
And Pallas great in war, that first vs did receiue that day.
And heades with purple hoodes before the fiers in Troian gise
Hid from sight, as Helenus with great charge did aduise,
And unto Greekish Iuno there, with gifts and honours new
The sacrifice: and after all things don with order dew,
Our thrones aloft wee lift, and sailes abroad on hie we heave.
Anon the Greekish townes, and contrey soze suspect we leaue.

Than

of Aeneidos.

Than passe wee by Tarentum bay, where Hercules sometime
 (If mens report be true) did dwell, and there against doth clime
 Lacina goddesses seat, and towres of Caulon castles hie.
 And than to scyllas wrackfull shore with ships approche we nie.
 Than from the flood a far, wee do the mountaine Aetna see,
 And huge noise of seas we here, and stones that beaten bee
 Against the cliues, and flapping voice of waues and water sounds,
 The surges leapes aloft, and from the sands they stere the grounds.
 Than sayd my father Anchises, lo, here is Charybdis hold,
 These stones did Helenus declare, these gastly rocks he told.
 O mates, lay to your might, and vs with ores from hence remoue.
 They did doo his commaund, and Palinurus first aboue,
 His tackle to the left hand set, and sterne to left hand wried:
 To left hand all my mates their ships, with windes and ores applied.
 As hie as heauen we rise, with mounting waues, and therewithall
 When down we come, vnto the soules of hell wee thinke wee fall.
 Thre rolings loud among the rockes wee heard and surges flash,
 And thries the falling some to breake, and stars we saw to wash.
 This while the winde our weary flecte forsooke, so did the sunne,
 And on a ware, on Cyclops coast from out our curse we runne.
 A haueu right large there is, whom force of winde can neuer moue,
 But Aetnas brasting noise, and grisly thondring, royes aboue.
 Sometime therout a blustering cloude doth breake, and vp to skies
 All smoking blacke as pitche, with flakes of fiers among it flies,
 And flames in foldings round, to sweepe the stars, the mouth doth cast,
 Sometime, the rockes and mountaines deepe entrailles, a sonder brast.
 It belching, bolketh out: and stones it melts, and vp it throwes
 In lompes with roaring noise, and low beneth the botome glowes.
 Enceladus (men say) halfbrent, (some time,) with lightning blast
 As pressed here with waight, and Aetna houghe on him is cast.
 Whose flaming breath along those farre chinnels by doth rise.
 And when his weery side he haps to turne, in wonders wise
 All sicillond doth shake with noise, and smoke doth close the skies.
 That night in woods with straung sights & monsters far from kinde
 Wee troubled were, no cause of all that nois or sound we finde.
 For neither star nor light in skies there was, nor welken cleere,
 Nor yet for cloudes and tempest dim, the moon could sight apere.
 The morning next doth rise at east, and light abroad was sped,

Aetna the
 burning
 mountayne
 in Sicille.

Scylla and
 charybdis
 two dan-
 gers.

Descrip-
 tion of
 Aetna.

A Giant.

Wonder-
 ful noises
 by night
 in the wil-
 dernesse.

And

The thirde Booke

A desper-
at man
came to
them.

And from the skies the dropping shade of night away was fled :
 Whan suddenly, from out the woods, with flesh consumed leane,
 A straungy man to sight apperes, in piteous fourme vncleane.
 To vs hee came, and downe did kneele, with handes abroad vpthrown.
 Wee looked, soule araied he was, his beard was ouergrown,
 His vesture rent with thornes, and like a Greeke in weede he went,
 And was sometime among the Greekes to Troy in armour sent.
 He whan that Troian enseignes out, and armes of Troy beheld,
 Affraied, hee pawsyd first, and still him selfe a while hee helde.
 Anon in hast, all hedlong downe hee ronnes, and praiers meeke,
 With teares hee wailing makes. Now by the stars I you beseeke,
 By all the Gods, and by this breath of heauen that men do fede,
 Take mee from hence (O Troians) where ye list away mee lede,
 To landes, or seas, I recke not where, I know my selfe a Greeke,
 And in their ships I came, the spoile of Troy your towne to seeke.
 For which, if my offence so great deserueth such a weeke :
 In floods do you mee drowne, or all my limmes in waters bryke.
 If mankinde me doth kill, it doth mee good my life to loose.
 So said hee, and his knees before vs still hee kept in woose.
 What man he was wee bid him straight to tell, what kindred bozne,
 And what him ailes, and why hee lookes so like a man forlorne.
 My father Anchises gaue to him his hand him selfe anon,
 And bad him comfort take, for harme of vs he should haue none.
 Hee set his feare aside, and thus his tale proceeded on.

Achæme-
nides tel-
leth them
his hard
aduēture.

I am a man of Ithaca, Vlisses woofull mate.
 My name is Achæmenides, to Troy I came but late.
 My father sent mee there, and Adamastus is his name,
 Of poore estate, I would wee yet continued had the same.
 For in this place, whan all my fellowes fled this coast vnkinde,
 For hast, in Cyclops dungeon wide, they left mee here behinde.
 A bloudy shop, where slaughters vile, and deynties foule do stinke :
 But houghe and broad within : but he him selfe is worse to thinke.
 The stars hee reacheth : such a plague God from this world defend.
 No hart can him behold, nor tongue in talke can comprehend.
 On flesh of men he feedes, and wretches bloud hee giueth and bones,
 I saw my selfe, whan of my fellowes bodies twaine at ones,
 With mighty hands he caught, and groueling on the ground outright
 Against a stone he brake them both, the dungeon flaze in sight

Cyclops
were his
aunties.

of Æneidos.

Did swim with blood, I saw the blood, and filthy slauer drop
 From out his mouth, whan he with teeth their quaking lims did chop.
 But paied hee was, noz there Vlises in that daunger great
 This mischeif could sustaine to see, noz did him selfe forgeat.
 For whan hee gozged had him selfe with meates and drinking drownd,
 Hee bowd his necke to slepe, and there hee lay along the ground.
 An hideous thing to sight, and belching out the gubs of blood,
 And lompes of flesh with wine hee galpyd fourth, wee all vpstood,
 And praied our Gods for helpe, and all atones him round about
 We spred our selues, and did his eye with weapons sharpe put out.
 His mighty eye, that on his frowning face full broad he held,
 In compas like the sonne, or like a Greekish arming sheld.
 And thus our fellowes liues at last full glad we be to wreke.
 But flee (alas) I caitiues, flee, and fast from thoz do bzeke
 Your cables.

How Polyphemus
 eye was
 put out.

For of the sort that Polyphemus is in dongen deepe,
 And closest beasts, and straungers all doth kil, and milkesth sheepe,
 A hundred more a long this crooked coast, of Cyclops fell
 Among these mountaines he do stray, and deepe in dens they dwell.
 Thre times the moone her light hath filde, and thrise her light erilde:
 Since I my life in woods, and hauntes of beasts and monsters wilde
 In wilderness do lead, and Cyclops hee from holes and rockes
 All quaking I beholde, and of their secte I feare the knockes.
 For hunger, sloes hath ben my foode, and mast on trees I found,
 And Hawthornes hard, and rootes of herbes I rent fro out the ground.
 All things about I spied, this flæte at last on sea, I see.
 What euer it were, I did my selfe bequeth therto to flee.
 And now escaped from this wicked kinde, I am at ease.
 Destroy mee rather you, and giue to mee what death you please.
 Skant had he said his tale, whan on the mountaine tops aboue,
 Him selfe among the beasts we see, with boystrous noyse to mone,
 That ugly Polyphemus, and to thoz him selfe enclinde.
 A monster foule, mischapen, lothsom great, bneecied, and blinde.
 A post in hand he bare of mighty Pyne, and therewithall
 He felt his way, and led his sheepe, there was his comfort all.
 About his necke a pipe there hong, his grieve therewith to ease.
 Whan to the floods he came, and set his foote within the seas,
 From out his grauous eye, the blood hee washt and poison foule

They see
 the Giant.

With

The thirde Booke

With gnashing teeth for two, and loude for two began to houle.
 And through the stremy waues he stamping goth, and yet about
 His brest is nothing wete, and thus him selfe in sea doth houle.
 They ste Wee all affrayd in hast away do fle, and vp wee take
 Our gest as worthy was, and soft our cables of we brake.
 Than sweepe we through the seas, & Dyes we pull with might & main.
 Hee heard vs, and against the sound, hee turning slept againe.
 But whan with hand on vs to gripe, he could not haue his retche,
 Nor wading through the deepe of seas, vs backe he could not fetch:
 A royinge loude aloft he listes, wherat the seas, and all
 The waters shooke, and londes therewith affrighted gan to fall
 Of Italy, and Aetna mount did yell as it would fall.
 But from the woods, all Cyclops kinde, in swarmes on euery hill
 Arose and to the portes they run, and shores along they fill.
 Wee saw them stand (but harme they could not do) with louring eyes,
 The brethren grim of Aetna mount, their heades were vp to skies,
 An ugly counsell, like in sight for number to behold
 Onto a forest great of oaks, or trees of Cipres old,
 Or like Dianas wood that hie to heauen their tops doth hold.
 All headlong feare enforceeth vs to flee, nor way wee know,
 But forth to seas in hast wee flew where winde vs list to blow.
 But than againe king Helenus commaundments did vs stay,
 To keepe betweene Charybdis gulfe, and scylla middle way.
 Betweene them both we past with danger great, an glad we were,
 If course wee could not keepe, yet backe againe wee thought to bere.
 Behold, a northen blast from out Pelorus mouth was sent,
 Therewith Pantagia stony craggess I past incontinent.
 And Megarus, and all those bayes where Tapsus low doth lye
 I left them all, and through the seas with winde at will I flye.
 These places vs repeted than, where left hee had befozne,
 Poze Achamenides, Vlisses mate unlucky bozne.
 Against the race of sicil lond, there lieth in seas an yle,
 Plemmyrium of auncient men it hight, but later while
 Ortigia doth it call: the same is, how Alpheus brooke
 By secret waies, all vnder seas to this lond passage tooke,
 His long And here it brasteth out, and Arethusas mouth it meetes,
 course a- And therewithall to scicil seas it ronnes, and forth it fletes.
 bout sicil. The blessed gods that in that place do dwell we honour than,
And

of Æneidos.

And strait Elorus fertill soyle we past, and forth we ran.
 Than through the rockes that steepe do stand against Pachinus nookes
 Our waies we share, with labours great we ouertame the crookes.
 Than Camerina poole whom destiny neuer graunt to moue,
 And Gelas towne full great, and Gelas hils apæres aboue.
 Than Agragas his gorgeous walles alow sets out on hie :
 Where horses ferce somtime did bære, the towres a far we spie.
 And thee with all thy dates Selinus soone I left behinde.
 And Lilibeas lurking stones and sholdes I passed blinde.
 Than hauen at Drepanus I tooke, in that vngladsome shore :
 When dangers all of seas and tempests great were past before.
 Alas my father, there, my onely ioy in care and wo,
 Anchises I, do lose (alas) he there departes me fro.
 There mee, O father dere, in labours all thou dost forsake :
 Alas in baine from daungers all of seas thou hast ben take.
 For Helenus when he to mee great fearfull things did tell,
 These wailings did forspeake to fall, no yet Celeno fell.
 This is my labour last, there was my iorney long at end.
 From thence departing now doth god me to your contreys send.
 So lorde Aeneas, to them all ententise to beholde,
 The destinies of the Gods did shew, and all his courses tolde,
 He staid at last, and making here an end, did silence holde.

He tooke
 hauen at
 Drepanus
 in Sicill &
 there died
 his father

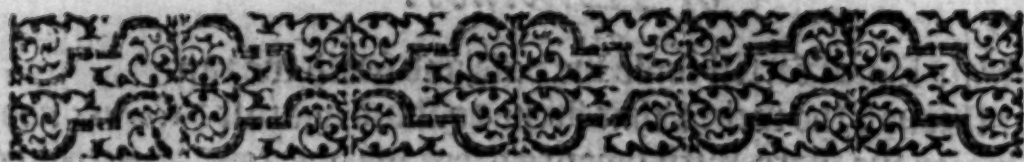
Goinge
 fro sicill &
 home
 tooke him
 as in the
 first booke
 appereth.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran
 x. Octobris, Anno. 1555. Opus
 viginti-dicrum.

F

The



THE FOU^RTH BOOKE of the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

DIDO enraged with the loue of Aeneas discloseth the grief of her minde to her sister ANNE, & following her aduise: she bent her hart fully vnto marriage. Iuno also, to thintent $\hat{\text{e}}$ she might the moze easely kepe Aeneas from Italy: comaneth with Venus, that she would graunt her assent, that Aeneas might take Dido to wife, & the better to bring the matter to passe, she promiset h to giue great opportunitie thereto. The next day following, Aeneas and Dido ride forth on huntinge, wheras, when all the company were busse about their game: Iuno sodenly sendeth a tempest. The many run, some one way, some an other, but Aeneas and Dido meete together in one Den, and there with yll lucke, they ioyne amarusly together. In $\hat{\text{e}}$ meane while, Iupiter wearied with the continuall praters of Iarbas kinge of Getulia, who rooke it grieuously $\hat{\text{e}}$ a straunger should be preferred in loue before him: sendeth Mercury down to Aeneas, to commaund him to forsake Affrica, and to go seeke Italy. Who then obeyinge the commaundement of Iupiter: willet h his mates priuely to prepare all things $\hat{\text{e}}$ were necessary for sayling. But whan Dido vnderstoode $\hat{\text{e}}$ his nauy was in repayring & rigging, suspecting the matter to be as it was in deede: greuously expostulateth the case with him, and through curreatie, & teares, both by her selfe & her sister: endeuoze th to detain him from his purposed iorney. But Aeneas, admonished agayne by Mercury: late in the night wayeth anker, and departeth away. Then she, through extreame sorow impatiene counterfeyting to do sacrifice: caused a great fier to be made in the hiest place of her Pallace, and sendinge away Barce, Sichæus nurse, that she should not hinder her in her appointed death: there slew her selfe most piteously.



In this time peried sat the Queen so sore with lones desier,
Her wound in euery vaine she feedes, she fries in secret fier.

The manhood of the man ful oft, full oft his famous lyne
She doth reuolue, & frō her thought his face canot vntwine,
His countnaunce deepe she drawes, and fired fast she beares in best
His wordes also, noz to her carefull hart can come no rest.

The

of Æneidos.

The morning sonne with shining beames al londs had ouerspred,
 And from the skies the drowping shade of night away was fled :
 When thus onto her sister deare she spake with berid head.
 Deare sister Anne, what dreames be these y thus my sleepes affrights ?
 What wondrous gest is this that thus among vs newly lightes ?
 How like alozd : how valiaunt strong of hart and armes he seemes ?
 I see right well no fables ben that men of Gods esteemes.
 Of kinde of gods he is doubtles, by drede are dastards knowen.
 Alas what wars hath he gon through, what destinyes him hath throwene
 If fixid in my minde I were not fast, and shall not flyt,
 That to no wight in wedlocke band I would vouchsaue to knit,
 Synce first in vaine my loue I lost, and death did me deceiue,
 That comfort none in chamber deedes nor ioyes I can conceiue :
 Perhaps to this offence alone I might be made to flyde.
 For Anne, to thee confesse I shall (nor truely I will not hide)
 Since of my husband first the death and fatall end I knew,
 And that my brother with his blood his altars did embrew :
 This only man hath bent my hart, and sore my minde doth moue,
 I know the steps of old, I seele the flames of former loue.
 But rather would I wish the ground to gape for me bylawe,
 Or god him selfe with thonder dynt to hell my soule to throwe,
 To hell beneth in darknes deepe, with ghosts and furies blake,
 Or vertue, ere I thee refuse, or shamefastnes forsake.
 He that him first to me did knit, he toke from me my loue,
 He keepes it, in his graue it lieth, from thence it shall not moue.
 Thus speaking in her bosom full the teares of water ronne.
 Then answerd Anne, O sister mine more deare to me than sonne,
 O sister whom I more regard than life or light of day,
 Will you alone for euermore your youth thus mourne away ?
 Will you not seeke for children swete : nor Venus comfort craue ?
 Do dead men care (trow ye) for this : or soules that sleepe in graue ?
 What though sometime (when sicknes sores and graues opprest your
 Of worthy princes none to wed your hart was than enclinde ? (mind)
 Nor husband none of Lyby land, or lords you would elect,
 Nor king Hiarbas eke before whom Tyrus did reiect,
 Nor capteyns proud of Affrike land of wide renowne and fame :
 When loue that likes you shewes himselfe, will you resist the same ?
 Nor way you not what case ye stand, whose contrey here you hold ?

The fourth Booke

Cetula towne a people wyld in warres, and vncontrold,
 And sturdy *Moore*s on euery quarter closes, and beside,
 The sandes of *sirte*s coast, and wildernesse both long and wide,
 And desertes drie, where saluage men of *Barcey* broad do stray.
 Than of the wars of *Tyrus* now that rise, what should I say?
 And of your brothers threathnings?
 I hope the gods of purpose good, and mighty *Iunos* grace,
 Hath made the windes to bring the *Troian* ships into this place.
 What citie sister shall you see of this? what empier grow?
 When *Troian* armes to vs are knit, and men this wedlocke know?
 With what renown and glory great shall *Affrike*, thinke you, rise?
 Do you your gods of pardon first beseeke (I thus aduise)
 And after seruice don, do him in gestwise entertaine,
 And causes finde from day to day to make him here remaine,
 While winter winde endures, and while the skies haue laid their rage,
 And while the ships repairing ben, and force of seas aswage,
 With this her burning mind incensyd more began to flame,
 And hope in doutfull hart she caught, and of the kest her shame.

First vnto temples all they gon, and peace on altars all
 They pray their gods to giue, and slaughters down they make to fall,
 To *Ceres* first that lawes did giue, to father *Bacchus* pure,
 To *Phoebus*, and to *Iuno* chiefe that hath of wedlocks cure.
 Her selfe with boll in hand, *Quene Dido* *Quene* most fresh of hew
 The wine betweene the befers hoznes (so white as snow) she threiw,
 Or at the stagys great of gods with gifts and vowes she walkes
 With musing minde, & fortunes new by wondrous meanes she calkes:
 On beastes entrayles she pries, and liuers hote, and from their throtes
 The breathing lungs she seekes, and euery signe therein she notes.
 O calcars dreaming heads: what helps her bowes, her pilgrim deedes,
 What helps her temples sought? when soking flame her mary feedes
 This while, and festring deepe in brest her wound the faster breeds.
 So sely *Dido* burnes, and through the towne with raging cheere
 Astray she wanders wide, as doth sometime the stricken deere,
 Whom ranging through the chase, some hunter shooting far by chaunce
 All onaware hath smit, and in her side hath left his launce.
 She fast to wildernesse and woods doth draw, and there complaines
 Alone, but vnderneath her ribs the deadly dart remaines.
 Sometime about the walles she walkes (*Aeneas* by her side)

The ma-
 ner was
 than to
 know for-
 times by
 looking
 vpon the
 inwarde
 parts of
 their slain
 sacrifices,
 & by soth-
 sayers.
 A louer
 like a
 wounded
 deere,

And

of Aeneidos.

And towne already made she shewes, and pompe of Tyrus pride.
Begins to speake, and in the mids therof her tale she staies.
Sometimes againe, and towards night to bankets him the praies,
And Troian toyles againe to tell she him beseekes, and harkes
With burning minde, and euery word and countenance al she markes.
Than whan they parted were, and light of Moone was downe by west,
And on the skies the falling stars do men prouoke to rest:
She than alone (as one forsaken) mournes, and in his place
She laieth her downe, and thinkes she heares and seeth him face to face,
On her lap Ascanius for his fathers likenesse sake
She holdes, if happely so she might this yrksome loue assake.
The workes of towres are left, no seats of armes the youth applies,
Nor hauons are wrought, nor for the wars the mighty bulwarkes rise.
All things vnperfitt stand, the buildings great, and thzetnings hie
Of hugy walles, and enginnes for their height that match the skie,
Whom whan dame Iuno saw with plage so wood to be dismaide,
(The mighty spouse of loue) nor for no speche it could be staide:
To Venus first she came, and thus to her began to breake,
A goodly praise (in dede) and worthy conquest great to speake
Thy boy and thou do get: a gaye renoune you do obtaine,
If one poore woman trainid be by heauenly persons twaine.
Nor thinke not but I know that thou my walles of Carthage hie
Hast in suspect, and dzeding still the worst, all things dost trie.
But shall we neuer ende: or why do we so scarcely strue:
And do not euerlasting peace and frendship fast contriue:
Why wedlockes ioyne we not: thou hast thy selfe thine owne desier,
Now loue in Didos bones is bred, she cries in raging fier.
Two people now therfore in one let vs conioyne, and guide
With equall loue: to Troian husband (lo) she shall be tyde,
And Carthage all I giue to thee for toynter fast to binde.
To her againe (for well she knew she spake with fained minde
That Rome she might reiect, and Carthage kingdome emptier make)
Than Venus answerd thus. Who is so mad that will forsake
This thing: or gladly would in war with thee so long contend:
If what thou speakest now will fortune bring to parfit end.
But distnies makes mee doubt, and whether hee that raignes aboue
One towne of Troy and Tyrus made can be content to loue:
Or will allow the peoples twaine to mire and league to binde.

Iuno doth
practise to
Venus to
keepe Ae-
neas still in
Affrike &
he might
not come
to Italy to
bitt A me

If it

Thou

The fourth Booke

Thou art his wife, thou maist be bold to frame and feele his minde,
Begin, I will procede. Than saide dame Iuno Quene so stout,
Let mee alone for that : now how this thing shal come about
Giue eare to mee, for now my minde thou shalt perceiue outright.
A hunting forth Aeneas goth with Dido wofull wight
In woods and forest wide, whan morning next begins to spring,
And sonne with glistring beames againe to sight the world doth bring.
I from aloft a stormy cloude, and mirt with flet and hayle
A tempest darke as night on them to powre I will not faile.
While in the woods they walke, and while the youth enclose the toyle :
The raine shall rise, and heauens with thonders all I will turmoyle.
Their company from them shall flee, eche one his head shall hide,
A caue the Quene shal take, the Troian duke with her shal bide.
I will be there, and if thy will accord vnto my minde :
For ever I shall make them fast and wedlock stedfast binde.
There shall begin the day, that sorowes all shall quite exile.
Dame Venus graunted that, and to her selfe she gan to smile,
She gaue a nod, and glad she was she could perceiue the gile.
The morning rose, and from the sea the sonne was comen about,
Whan to the gates assemblith fast of noble youth a rout
With nets and engins great, and hunter speares full large of length.
The horsmen rush with noise, and dogs are brought a mighty strength.
The great estates of Moores before the dore await the Quene.
In chamber long she staies, and redy brydlyd best besene
The plafrey standes in gold, attird riche, and fcerce he stampes
For pride, and on the sorny bit of golde with teeth he champes.
At last she comes, and forth with mighty traine she doth procede,
All braue with mantell bright, encompassd fresh in glistring waide,
Her quiuier on her shoulder hanges, her heares with knots of gold
Are trust : and gold about her brest her purple garments holde.
The Troian peeres also went on, Ascanius glad of cheere,
Aeneas eke before them all that fairest did apere
Aduauncith forth him selfe, and with the Queene hee ioyneth band.
Most like vnto Apollo cleere, whan to his contrey land
To Delos downe he comes, and winter cold he doth forsake,
And feastes among his contrey lords and bankets great doth make,
The daunlers do disguise them selues, and altars round about,
The husbandmen do hop and cry, with noyse and ioyfull shout.

Him

of *Aeneidos*.

Him selfe aloft on hilles doth walke, his wanering lockes behinde
He wags, and they with garlonds gay and twists of gold are twinde,
His arrowes on his shoulders clattring hanges: in maner like
Aeneas went, so great a myrth to men his face doth strike.

Whan to the mountaines out they came and hauntes of beasts on hie:
Behold, adown the rockes the deare with bounding leapes do flie.
And ouer laundes they course, and many an heard of hart and hynd,
With feet through dust vpthrown they skud, & hilles they leaue behind.
But in the vale his praucing steede Ascanius swift bestrides,
And sometime these, and sometime those, with swift course ouerrides.
With dastard beastes his minde is not content, but maketh bowes
Some somy Boze to finde, or Lion ramping read would rowse.

By this time heauen with rombling noise and cloudes is ouerrast,
And thonders breake the skies, and raine outrageous poureth fast,
And shoures of haile and sleet so sharpe, that fast on euery side
The Carthage lordes and Troian youth eche one them selfs doth hide
In woods and houses, here and there they seeke, both man and childe
For feare, and down from hilles the floods do fall with waters wilde.
A caue the Queene did take, the Troian duke with her did bide.
The ground proclamyd myrth, and Iuno selfe did giue the bryde.
The fier and ayre agreed, and to this cowlpling gaue their light
In signe of ioye, and ouer head the mountaine fairies shright.
There first began the grieve, that day was cause of sorowes all,
For nothing after that by fame she sets no: what may fall,
For longer now for loue in steth Queene Dido her prouides,
But wedlocke this she calles, with wedlocks name her fault she hides.

The fair
ry ladies.

Anon through all the cities great of Affrike, Fame is gone,
The blasing fame, a mischief such, as swifter is there none.
By mouing more she breedes, and as she ronnes her might doth rise.
By lowe for feare she lurketh first, than straight aloft in skies,
With pride on ground she goth, and percith cloudes with head on hight.
Dame Earth her mother brooded forth (men say) that childe in spite
Against the Gods, whan Giances first of serpent sected line
Enceladus and Ceus wrought hie heauen to vndermine.
Whan for disdaine (for on them selues their owne worke Ioue did fling)
Their sister crawlyd forth, both swift of feete and wight of wing.
A monster gassly great, for euery plume her carcass beares,
Like number leering eyes she hath, like number harkning eares,

Fame the
daughter
of earth, &
sister to
the
Giances
& attempt-
ed to
shake hea-
uen.

Fame.

If ity

Like

The fourth Booke

Like number tongues & mouthes she wags, a wondrous thing to speake,
 At midnight forth she flies, and vnder shade her sound doth squeake,
 All night she wakes, no: slomber sweet doth take, no: neuer sleepest.
 By daies, on houses tops she sits, o: gates, o: townes she keepest,
 On watching toures she climes, and cities great she makes agast,
 Both trueth and falshed forth she tells, and lies abroad doth cast.
 She than the peoples mouthes about with babling broode did fill,
 And things onwrought and wrought she tolde, & blew both good and yll.
 Now one Aeneas of the blood of Troy was come to land,
 Whom Dido fresh for wanton loue full soone had caught in hand.
 And now this winter season long in pleasure passe they must
 Regarding none estate, but giue them selues to filthy lust.
 These things in mouths of me this goddesse vile ful thick did thrust.

Answer. Than turning, straight her way she tooke vnto Hiarbas king,
 Whose minde with tales on fier she set, and sore his wrath did sting.
 This king was Ammons sonne of Garamanth the Nimphe his dame,
 A hyndred temples huge about his kingdoms wide of fame,
 A hundred altars hie to loue hee kept, with waking fiers
 Both night and day to God, and holy priestes had their desiers
 Of beastes and slaughters fat: the soiles with blood were all embued,
 And sweete with floures and garlandes fresh, the floures alway renewd.
 Hee mad in minde, and through these bitter newes incensid wood,
 Men say, as hee before his altars prayed and humbly stode:
 His handes to heauen by threwe, and thus hee cryed with verid mood.

*Antiquitie fed
 vpo beds
 as the
 Turkes
 do yet.* Almighty loue, whom duely Moores esteeme for God and king,
 And feastes of broidred beds to thee, and wines of ioy do bring,
 Beholdst thou this: and mighty father thee with thunder dintes
 Despise wee thus: and yet from vs thy strokes of lightninges stintes:
 For quake we not, whā through y cloudes thy sounding breakes aboue:
 In vaine thy voyces run: will nothing vs to vertue moue:
 A woman, lately come to land, that bought of vs the ground,
 To whom the soyle we gaue to till, and citie new to found,
 And lawes also we lent, my wedlocke (lo) she hath forsake,
 And now Aeneas lorde of her and all her lond doth make.

*He comes
 parcs Aeneas to
 Paris,* And now this pranking Paris fine with mates of bearded kinde:
 To dropping heare and saoures nice, and vices all enclinde,
 With Greekish wimple pinkid, womanlike: yet must the same
 Enioy the spoiles of this, and wee thy seruantes take the shame,

of *Aeneidos.*

For all our offering giftes to thee wee finde no fruite but fame.

Thus praying in his fervent mood, and altars holding fast,

Almighty Ioue him heard, and to the court his eyes did cast,

Where now these louers dwell forgettyng life of better fame,

Than Mercury to him he calles, who straight obeyed the same.

The com-
maund-
ment of
Ioue to
Mercury.

Go son, come of, and call the windes, and wynged slip thee downe

Unto the Troian duke, that now alowe in Carthage towne

Doth linger time, and of his fatall cities hath no minde.

Go speake to him, and thus conuey my words as swift as winde.

Not such a man his mother deere did promise he should proue,

For him from daungers twise of Greekes for this did she remoue :

But one that should *Italia* land where dreadfull wars do swel

By conquest vnder tread, and them to right and peace compel,

And Troian blood he should aduance to due renowne and fame,

And all the world should vnder lawes subdue and rule the same.

If glo:ry none of things so great nor corage him doth moue,

For for his praise him selfe to take the paines he doth not loue,

Pet from Ascanius why doth he the towres of Rome remoue ?

What meanes hee ? why remaines he thus within his enemies warde :

And had not vnto *Lavin* land and offspring there regarde :

Bid him to sea, this is the sonne, (quoth hee) go tell him this.

This spoken, hee his fathers minde obeyed as duety is.

And first his slender fete with shoes and winges of gold he ties,

That him both vp and downe doth beare, where euer coast he flies,

Both ouer seas and ouer landes, in post in ayer aboue.

He took his rod also, wherewith from hell he doth remoue

The luring soules, and soules also to dungeons deepe he sendes,

And sleepe therewith he gives and takes, and men from death defendes.

The windes by force therof he cuts, and through the clouds he swims,

And now, approaching neere, the top he seeth and mighty limis

Of Atlas mountaine tough, that heauen on boistons shoulders beares,

Of Atlas olde, whom beating shoures and stormes & tempestes weares :

Whose head encompass all with trees of Pine in garlandwise,

With luring cloudes is euer clad, that more and more do rise,

His shoulders hid with snow, and from his hoary beard adowne,

The streames of waters fall, with yse and frost his face doth frowne.

There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury arine,

Than downe from thence right ouer seas himselfe doth hedlong driue,

Mercury
busketh
him for-
ward.

The des-
criptio of
his iour-
ney from
heauen a-
long the
mountain
Atlas in
Africa,
hiest in
earth.

The fourth Booke

Most like a byrd that nere the bankes of seas his haunting keepe,
Among the fishfull rockes, and low byneth on water sweepe.
None otherwise Mercurius between the skies and lands
Did heare the windes, and ouerflew the shores of Lyby lands.
When first the bowyes of Affrike land with wingid fete he twight:
Aeneas he might see to stand among them broad in sight
Aduancing by the towres, and houses he was altring new,
Begyt with hanger bright, beset with stones as stars to beu,
And shining read in roabe of Moorishe purple, mantle wise,
Hee stood, and from his shoulders downe it hing Morisco gise.
Quene Didos worke it was, her precious gift of loue to hold,
Her selfe the web had wrought, and warpyd fine with wreath of gold.
Straight vnto him hee steps and sayd. Thou now of Carthage his
Foundations new dost lay, and doting dost thy minde applye
To please thy lusty spoule, and citie fayer thou dost prepare,
Alas, and of thine owne affaires oz kingdoms hast no care.
Him selfe the mighty god doth me to thee on message send,
The king of heauen and earth, that al this world with becke doth bend.
Himselfe hath bid me through the windes so swift these thinges to tell.
What goss about? why spendest time in Lyby land to dwell?
If glory none of things so great thy corage do not moue,
Nor thou for praise to take the paine wilt for thine owne behoue:
Yet by Ascanius rising now haue some regard to stand,
And hope of heyres of him, to whom by right Italia land
And emper great of Rome is deu. So said this heauenly wight,
And in the middes his tale he brake, and fled from mortall sight,
And out of reatche of eyes as thin as aier he banisht quight.

Aeneas than affrighted stood in silence comme dismayd,
His heare vprose for feare, his voyce betwene his iawes it stayd.
Faine would he flee, and of that contrey swete his licence take,
Assignid with so great commaundment giuen, and god that spake.
Alas what shall he do: how dare he now attempt to breake
Vnto the Quene of this: oz where his tale begin to speake?
His doubtfull minde about him swift he kest both here and there,
And sondry waies he wayed, and seareth dangers euery where.
Thus striving long, this last deuise him liked best of all.

His cap- Cloanthus and Serestus strong, and Mnesteus he doth call,
wines. And bids them rig their flete, and close their people draw to shore,

And

of *Aeneidos*.

And armors all prepare, and lest therof might rise vp2022 :
 Some causes els they should pretend, him selfe whan time shal serue,
 Whan Dido least doth know, and lest suspectes his loue to swarue,
 He will assay to seeke most pleasaunt time with her to treat,
 And meetest meane to make (for craft is all, who can the feat.)
 They glad without delay their lords commaundment did fulfill,
 All things in order set, and close they kept their princes will.

Anon the Quene had found the gile. What craft can compas loue ?
 She did forcast no lesse, and first she felt their practise moue,
 All thinges mistrusting straight, and same also that monster wood
 Her fumes encreased more, with newes, the ships in armor stood,
 And Troians for their flight (she said) all things prepared had.
 Her hart therwith did faint, and frantike (like a creature mad)
 She railes with ramping rage, & through the streates & towne about
 With noise she wanders wide, most like a gide of Bacchus rout,
 Whan shouting through y fields w trompet sound they run by night,
 In freke of Bacchus feast, and mountaines hie they fill with thright.
 At last vnto Aeneas thus in talke her wordes she dight.

To hide also from mee this mischiefe great, hast thou the hart ?
 Thou traitor false : and from my lond by stelfh wouldst thou depart ?
 No: my vnfaigned loue, no: thy remorse of promise plight,
 No: Dido, like to die with cruell death, can stay thy flight ?
 But in the mids of winter storme alway thou wilt in hast ?
 In these outragious seas, and through the force of northen blast ?
 O captife most unkinde : what if it were a contrey knowne
 The lond thou goest to seeke, no straungy realme, but all thine owne ?
 What if that Troy, sometime thy natiue towne, did yet endure ?
 Should Troy through all these boystous seas this time thy ships allure ?
 And fleest thou mee ? Now by these weeping teares, and thy right hand
 (For nothing els I left me miser now wherby to stand)

By our espousayll first, and for the loue of wedlocke sought :
 If euer well deseruid I of thee, if euer ought
 Of ioy thou hadst of mee, haue mercy now, I am outwind.
 Destroy not all my house, O be not so extreme onkind,
 If prayers may preuaile, let prayers yet relent thy mind.

For thee alone the tirantes all and kings of Lyby land
 Do hate me now, for thee alone my people mee withstand,
 For thee also my shamefast life I brake, and euermore

The fourth Booke

My fame I lost, that to the stars exalted me before.
 To whom alas shall I be left (O guest) since die I shall.
 That surname must remaine (for husband thee I dare not call)
 Why should I longer live? should I abide the day to see
 Mine enemies overthrow this towne for hate and spite of thee?
 O: till that king Hiarbas come and mee his captiue make?
 Yet if I chanced had some frute of thee before to take,
 If yet before thy flight there were some yong Aeneas small
 Resembling mee thy face, to play with mee within this hall:
 Than shal I should not count my selfe, nor yet forsaken all.
 These things she spake, but he rememb'ring Ioues commaundment still,
 Did stand with fix'd eyes, and couch'd care his hart did fill.
 Few wordes at last he spake. All that (quoth he) and nothing lesse
 But rather more, what euer tong may tell I will confesse
 Nor neuer (noble Quene) shall I deny thy goodnes kinde,
 Nor Didos love on mee bestowd shall neuer out of minde,
 While on my selfe I thinke, while life and breath these limbs do giue.
 To purpose this I speake, I neuer thought nor hoapte to hide
 (Do you not saie) this flight, nor did prepare from hence to fle,
 Nor I for wedlocke euer came, nor thus did minde to deale.
 For as for mee my life to leade if destiny did not let,
 As I could best deuise, and all my charge in order set,
 Mine auncient towne of Troy for me and mine I would againe
 Restore with labour swete, and Priams towres should yet remaine,
 For though they conquer'd be, their walles againe I would aduaunce.
 But now Italia lond to seeke, and there to take our chaunce,
 To Italy Apollo great, and mighty gods vs calles,
 There lieth our contrey loue. If you delite in Carthage walles,
 And you a Moore among the Moores reioyce this towne to see:
 Why should the Troians from their contrey land restrained bee?
 What reason is but wee likewise may straunge countreys take
 My father Anchises soule to mee (as oft as shadowes blake
 By night doth hide the ground, as oft as light of stars do rise)
 He warns me through my dreames, & mee with fearful goot doth grise.
 My child Ascanius eke, to mee most deare, I put to wrong,
 Whom from Italia realme, and fatall felde I keepe so long.
 And now the message great of God from hie loue downe is sent,
 I call to witnes both, as swift as winde his warning went.

I saw

of Æneidos.

I saw the god my selfe as cleare as day, when on the ground
He lighted first, and from the walles these cares did heare the sound.
Cease for my loue, with wailing thus to fret both mee and thee,
Italia against my will I seeke.
These things while he did speake, she him beheld with looking glum,
With rolling here and there her eyes, and still in silence dum
His gesture all she beewd, and musing long against him stode.
At last thus out she brake, and thus she spake with burning moode.
No goddesse neuer was thy dame, nor thou of Dardans kinde
Thou traitor wretche, but vnder rocks and mountaines rough unkinde
Thou were begot, some beewd thou art of beast or monster wilde,
Some *Tigres* thee did nurse, and gaue to thee their milke vnmilde.
For what should I regard? or wherto more should I mee keepe?
Did hee lament my teares? did ones his eyes on water weepe?
Did hee not comfort shew? or turne his face to me for loue?
What should I first complaine? now now dame Iuno great aboue,
No god him selfe on my mischaunce with equall eyes doth looke,
No stedfast truth there is: this nakyd miser vp I toke
Whom seas had cast on shore, and of my realme a part I gaue,
His flæte I did relieue, and from their death his people saue.
Alas, what furies driue me thus to rage? No now anon,
Apollo laith his lottes, to *Phœbus* now he must be gon.
Now Ioue him selfe hath sent his fearefull mandat through the skies,
The post of gods is come: here is a fetche of fine deuise,
What els? be not the careles gods with these things combryd soze?
These labours were them much: who euer heard this like before?
They carke for this? I neither that defend, nor hold thee more.
Go, seeke *Italia* through the windes, hunt kingdoms out at seas.
In mids therof I hope thou shalt (if good gods may displeas)
Upon the rocks be thrown, that vengeaunce due thy carcas feare.
On *Dido* shalt thou crie, with brondes of fier I will be there.
And whan the cold of death is come, and body boyde remaines:
Ech where my haunting sprite shall thee pursue to giue thee paines.
Pea thiese it shalbe thus: and as I sit in *Lymbo* low,
These tydings when I heare, I shall reioyce thy wo to know.
And in the mids of this her tale she brake, and from the light
She fled with heuy hart, and drew her selfe a way from sight,
Him leauing there perplexed soze in minde, and soze in feare.

The fourth Booke

Hee would haue spoke, her ladies lift her vp, and vp did beare,
To chamber her they brought, in precious bed they laid her there.

But good Aeneas though full faine he would her griefe aswage,
And wordes of comfort speke to turne from her that heuy rage,
In hart he mourned much, and shaken sore with seruent loue,
Yet to his ships he went to do the charge of gods aboue.
Than all the Troians them bestird, in hast on euery side,
Their ships they launched out, the anointed planks on water glide.
And Dyes they made of bows, the woods with them to seas they beare
Unshapen yet for hast,

The dis-
cription
of pils-
mares or
emotions.

From all the towne they ran, you might them swarming thicke behold.
And like as Antes apply their worke, that thinke on winter cold,
Whan heapes of corne they spoyle, and to their house conuey their stoe:
Their army blacke goeth out, and from the feldes with labour sore
Their booties home they bring, and some the kernels great of graine
With might of shoulders shoue, and some behind suruey the train,
Correcting some for slewth, with cheering forth the worke it heates,
The waies are worne with weight, and euery path of labour sweates.

What minde alas Dido now? what griefe was this to thee?
What wailing vp thou setst? whan so on shore thou didst them see?
And whan thou mightst behold before thy face from toures on hie
The seas on euery side resound with such uprore and crie?
O Loue vnmilde, what doost thou not man moztall drine to seeke?
Againe to teares she goeth, againe she falles to praiers meeke,
She yeldes to him for loue, nor nothing will she leaue vntried,
But practise all to proue, if ought will helpe before she died.
Lo sister Anne, thou seest how swift to shore this people hies,
From euery coast they come, their sailes are set for winde to rise,
With crownes for ioy their seamen deck their pups in garlandguise.
If euer, sister, such a griefe had come within my thought,
I would haue borne the same, or els some other shift haue wrought.
Yet one thing sister, in this wofull plight do thou for mee,
For this periured wretche regarded none so much as thee.
To thee alone he would commit both secret thought and deede,
Thou knowest y man's good houres, & pleasant time with him to spend.
Go sister, and go tell my wordes to my disdainfull foe:
I was not she that did conspier with Greekes to Troy to goe,
Nor did subuert his towne, nor ships nor armour euer sent

To

of Æneidos.

To stroy the Troian blood, nor to his foes assistens lent.
 I neuer brake his fathers tombe, nor bones in peaces chopt.
 Why hath he thus to my request his eares so stiffly stopt?
 Where now away to ronne, will he remoue in all this hast?
 O let him yet haue one respect to me for token last,
 This one rewarde I craue, for duties all most miser wight,
 O let him bide a while, till winde and seas may serue his flight.
 I seeke no more the wedlocke olde, which he hath now betrayed,
 Nor from *Italia* goodly land hee lenger should be staied.
 I seeke no longer him to keepe his kingdome to forbear.
 A vacant time I aske, and respit small my wo to weare,
 While fortune learne me to lament, and broke my fatal fall,
 For pity (sister) sue for me this pardon last of all,
 Which whan thou dost obteyne: requite it with my death I shall.
 Thus talked she with teares, and weeping thus both to and fro
 Her sister went and came, and bare and brought encrease of wo.
 But weeping nought preuails, nor wailing ought his mind doth moue
 His brest so stiffly bent, entreatinges all from him doth shoue,
 God worketh so, his gentle eares are stopt from heauens aboue.
 And as an atncient Oke of timber stout is tost and tozne
 With northen boystous blastes, now here, now there w bending borne,
 Whan struggling windes do striue, the craking noise aloft doth sounde,
 The braunches breake aboue, and bowes abrode are spread on ground.
 Yet still on rockes it standes, and as the top doth climbe to grow
 To heauens in height: so reacheth downe the roote to Limbo low
 Non otherwise afflicted is this prince with message brought,
 Incessantly with teares, and grieuous cares opprest his thought,
 Yet standes he fixed still, and teares of eyes do trill for nought.
 Than Dido (wofull soule) with plagues of destnies soule affright
 Desires to die, she lothith now of heauen to see the light.
 Her purpose also further forth to set, and life to leaue,
 As she on burning altars did encense and offerings heaue,
 (A lothsome thinge to speake) the sacred liquors blacke they stood,
 And wines in pouring forth she saw them turne to filthy blood.
 This vision to no wight, no, not her sister deere she tolde.
 There was also within her court, to serue her husband olde
 A marble temple pure of wondrous worke, that day by day
 Denontly she did dresse with flosses white, and garlandes gay.

From

Princes
had tem-
ples in
their
houses.

The fourth Booke

wher they worship
 them that
 they loued
 as god.

From thence were voices heard, and speeches plaine did seeme to sound
 Her husband her to call, when darcke of night did hide the ground.
 And oftentimes on houses tops the shriking Dule alone
 Her deadly song did draw, with wailing voyce and weeping more.
 Much things also that prophets old of long time spake before
 Amazed made her minde with grisly threathnings more and more.
 And visions in her sleepe she seeth. Him selfe Aeneas there
 Pursues her fierce in chase, and she alway doth flee for feare.
 And euer left alone she seemes to bee, and long alone,
 She walkes in desert waies, and people seekes and findeth none. }
 Her Moores also she thinkes hath her forsaken fled and gon.
 As Pentheus whom fables saine with feedes enchanted was,
 Two sonnes at ones, and townes of Thebas twaine did seeme to pas:
 Or as Orestes bayted was with bugs and ghosts vnkinde,
 When hee his mother fled, and she pursued him fast behinde
 All girt with serpents grim, and shaking brondes of vengeance fell
 With fier, and euery doore beset with wrekefull haggas of hell.
 When she therfore conceyued had these monsters wood, for wo
 She gaue her selfe to death, and from this world decreed to go.
 A time therto she seekes, and what deuise is best to take
 She studies fast, and to her heauy sister thus she spake.
 Lo sister, now reioyce with mee, for I haue found away,
 That either I shal hold him still, or els my loue shal stay.
 There is a lond in Ocean sea, that furthest lieth of all,
 Where Ethiops do dwell, and where the sonne from vs doth fall,
 Where Atlas mighty mount on shoulders strong the Heaue doth turne,
 And vnderprops the pole that stars doth beare that euer burne.
 From thence a virgin priest is come, from out Massila land,
 Sometime the temple there she kept, and from her heauenly hand
 The dragon meate did take. She kept also the fruite deuine,
 With herbes and liquors swete, that still to sleepe did men enelyne
 The mindes of men (she sayth) from loue with charmes she can vnbind,
 In whom she list, but others can she cast to cares vnkinde.
 The running streames to stand, & from their course the stars to wreath,
 And soules she coniure can, thou shalt see sister vnderneath
 The ground with roaring gape, and trees, & mountayns turne vpight.
 I call to witnesse God, and vnto thee my trowth I plight
 O sister sweete, and by thy head whom I so deare do loue,

Compeld

of Æneidos.

Compeld against my will I must these artes of Magike proue.
 Go thou therfore, and in mine inner court (in secret wise)
 Prepare the pile of wood, and frame it large aloft in skies.
 Than take his harnais all, and euery thing that thou canst finde,
 Which in my chamber yet this wicked theefe hath left behinde.
 Than all his wearing weedes, and than my bed of wedlocke wo
 Where I was cast away (alas) lay that with them also.
 All monumentes and tokens where that sinfull wretche hath past
 I will consume with fier, so doth my priest commaund in hast.
 This speaking sodenly she stopt, and stood with loking pale.
 Yet could not Anne suspect by that, nor by her sisters tale,
 That vnder such pretence of seruice new, her death she ment,
 Nor of so fierce outrage she thought, or minde on madnes bent.
 No greater thing she feared now, than whan Sichæus died.
 Therfore as she was bid, she did.
 The Quene, when she prepared had the pile in skies on hie,
 With logs in peeces cut, and pitche and gummes and timber drie,
 With garlonds them she decks, & bowes & herbes doth on them strowe,
 In mourning guise, than all the robes theron she doth bestowe,
 His sword also she layed, and faier on bed his picture new,
 She couched all her selfe, and well she wist what should ensue.
 Her altars stands about, the priest her selfe with heare vnfold,
 Thre hundred gods with thondring mouth she calls, and Chaos old,
 And gods of vnder ground, and on the threfoldshapen dame,
 And on Diana virgins faces thre she doth exclame.
 Than waters sprinckling (black as Lymbo pit) on them she throwes.
 And forth by night they gon, where weedes & herbes of mischief growes,
 With hookes ful hard of bras, by light of moone they seeke and crop
 Their heary buds, and milke of poison blacke that from them drop
 They seeke also, and from a tender colt they take the knap
 That from the front at foaling first the dam for loue doth snap,
 Whom now they do preuent.
 Her selfe at offering alters pure deuout with giftes in hand,
 With one foote naked bare, in garment lose vngirt did stand,
 Protelling loude before her death her gods, and stars aboue,
 That know her destnies all. Than if there be for them that loue
 Remembrance ought in heauen, or god that iustice keepes in skies,
 Regarding breach of faith: to that she prayes and humbly cries.

Under
 this co-
 lour she
 causeth
 her fune-
 ral fier to
 be made,
 for than
 they vled
 to burne
 their ded.

Coniu-
 rations of
 magike.

Things
 pertainig
 to witch-
 crafte.

The fourth Booke

Discrep-
tion of
midnight

Than was it night, and creatures all that weery were on ground,
 Did take their slumber sweete, both woods and seas had left their sound,
 And waues of waters wylde, whan stars at midnight soft do syde,
 Whan whist is euery field, and beastes and birdes of painted pride
 In bushes broade that breede, and countrey foules of land and lake,
 By night in silence still are set on sleepe, their ease to take,
 Forgetting labours long, and care away from hart they shake.
 But not so Dido could, nor neuer rest relieues her minde,
 On sleepe she neuer fals, her eyes or hart no night can finde.
 Her cares encreasing rise, with raging loue in brest she boyles
 A fresh, an surges wylde of wrath within her selfe she toyles.
 Betwene them thus she strives, & thus her heauy hart turmoyles.
 Lo, what shall I now doe? shall I againe go seeke with shame,
 My former suiters loue? shall I go sue to wed the same?
 Whom I so oftentimes to take to mee disdayned haue?
 Or shall I in the Troian flete go serue, and lyue a slaue?
 What els? for where they had before this time reliefe of mee,
 They wil remember that, and well they quite me now you see.
 Admit I would so doe, what is he there will me receiue
 To their disdaynesfull ships? O foole, thou dost thy selfe deceiue.
 A creature lost, dost thou not yet the falsshed vnderstande
 Of that periured nation false of Laomedons bande?
 What than? shall I alone pursue these boatmen braue in flight?
 Or shall I rayse my people all in armes with mee to fight?
 And them that out of sydon land I skarsely brought with paine,
 Shall I go bid them sayle, and send them out to seas againe?
 Nay rather dye thy selfe, as worthy well thou dost deserue,
 And with this weapon quenche away thine owne distresse and sterue.
 Thou sister overcome with teares, on mee this mischiefe furst
 Didst put, and to my mortal foe didst throw mee most accurst.
 Could I not yet my life haue led without reproche or misse,
 As doth some saluage beast? and not haue felt the cares of this?
 My promise broken is, that I my husband dead did make.
 These waylings she within her brest with hart full heauy brake.

Aeneas than abourd in ship assured forth to passe
 Was taking rest, and for the flight all thing prepared was.
 To him the god agayne in habit lyke, and former face
 Appearing shewed him selfe, and thus in dreame bespake his grace.

of *Aeneidos*.

All things like Mercury he bare, both forme and boyce and helow,
And glosse of shining heare, and comely youth of beauty new.
Thou goddesse sonne, in all this parlous season canst thou sleepe?
No? how thou art beset with dangers great hast thou no keepe?
Thou foolish man: these goodly westerne windes dost thou not here?
She now on mischiefes thinkes, and wicked craft her minde doth steepe
Assured bent to death, and waues of wrath her hart doth cast.
Wilt thou not hedlong flee betime, while power to flee thou hast?
Anone the seas enclosed vnder ships, and blasing bryndes
On euery side shall shine, thou shalt see burning all the strondes,
If thee this morning sonne about this countrey finde to raunge.
Breake of dispatche: a diuers minded thing, and full of chaunge
Is woman kinde alway, dispatche. So spake this heauenly wight,
And through the darke of night himselfe withdrew from mortall sight.

Aeneas with that sodaine voice in minde right sore appalde:
Him selfe from sleepe he shooke, and on his mates he freshly calde.
Now euery man awake, bestow your selues on hatches hye,
In hast hoyst vp your sailes, againe the god is come from skye,
In hast forthwith to shift, and cables cut from hence to flee,
Lo ones againe he calles. O blessed god we waite on thee
What euer thou art: thy will againe with glad chiere we obey.
Be with vs now for speede, and send vs stars to guide our way,
And weather good (he sayd.) With that, he drew his sauchon out,
That bright as lightning shone, and cables strake with courage stout.
Than euery man bestirs: they seeke, they snatche, they take, they feare,
The shores aloofe they leaue, the seas for ships apperes no where.
And now the morning read had left sy? Tythons paynted bed,
And broade on earth her glistering beames and light had newly spred.

The Quene as dawning wared white from tooting towres on hie,
When she the flete thus vnder sayle in order did espie,
And winde at will to driue, and nothing left behinde at shoze,
And saw the hauous all emptie stond withouten boate or Dre:
Thzee times her hands she beate, & foure times strake her comly brest,
Her golden heare she tare, and frantikelike with moode opprest:
She cryed, O Iupiter, O god (quoth she) and shalla go
In deede? and shalla slowte me thus within my kingdomes, so?
Shall not mine armies out? and all my peoples them pursue?
Shal they not spoile their ships, or burne them al with vengeance due?

The mor-
ning was
taken for
a goddesse
& image-
ned night
ly to lie w
Tython
king of
the East,

The fourth Booke

Out people, out vpon them, solow fast with fiers and flames,
 Set sailes aloft, make out with ores, in ships, in boates, in frames.
 What speake I : o? where am I : what furies me do thus enchaunt :
 O Dido wofull wretch, now destnies sell thy head doth haunt.
 This first thou shouldst haue don, whan thou thy kingdom puttst fro thee.
 Lo this it is to trust. This goodly faith and trouth hath hee
 That so deuout, his countrey gods men say doth seeke to reare,
 And he that on his shoulders did his aged father beare.
 Could I not him by force haue caught, and peece from peece haue torne :
 O? spred his limmes in seas, and all his people slaine befozne :
 Could I not of Ascanius chopping made : and dresse for meate
 His flesh? and than his father done therof his fill to eate :
 Than grown a doubt there had perhaps in fight, what if it had :
 Whom dzed I bent to death : than would I straight with furies mad
 Haue bzent his campe with bronds, & fild his ships with fier & flame.
 Both fier and son destroyd, and of their nation quench the name,
 That done, I would haue thrown my selfe full glad vpon the same. }
 O Sunne with blasing beames, that euery daede on earth dost be we,
 And Iuno goddesse great, that knowest what thing to this is de we :
 Diana deepe, whose name by night all towne in crospathes crie,
 And fends of vengeans sell, and gods that Dido make to die,
 Receiue my words, and turne from me the weke of sinners paine.
 Heare now my voyce : yf destnies do that wicked head constraine
 To enter hauen, and needes hee must with mischief swim to land,
 If god will needes dispose it so to be, there let it stand.
 Yet let him bered be, with armes and wars of peoples wilde,
 And hunted out from place to place, an outlaw still exilde,
 Let him go beg for helpe, and from his childe disseuered be,
 And death and slaughters vile of all his kinred let him see.
 And whan to lawes of wicked peace he doth him selfe behight,
 Yet let him neuer raigne, nor in this life to haue delight :
 But die befoze his day, and rot on ground withouten graue.
 This is my prayer last, this with my blood of you I chaue.
 Than to their linage all, O you my people shew despise,
 O Moores applie them still with strife, let hatred hate acquite,
 This charge to you I leaue, these offering presents send you mee:
 Whan dead I am, let neuer loue nor league betwene you be.
 Than of my bones arise there may come impe reuenger sell,

Of her
 came Hanni-
 bal & af-
 ter plagued
 Rome,

That

of Æneidos.

That shall the Troian clownes with force of fier and sword expell,
Now, than, and euermore, as time shall serue to geue them might
Let shore to shore, and streame to streame, be still repugnant right.
This I desier, let them in armies and all their offspringe fight.
Thus sayd she, and her minde about in compas wyde she kest,
Desiring soone this hatefull world to leaue and be at rest.
Than thus to Barcey straight, Sichæus nurse she shortly said,
(For at her contrey old, her own, in dust before was laid :)
Deare nurse (quoth she) go bid my sister hast that she were here,
Attire her selfe she must, and walthe with streames of water clere,
And offryngs bid her bring, and beastes appointed here to leade.
And thou thy head (O nurse deuout) with vesture see thou spreade,
Than let her come. To Pluto deepe such bowes as I haue take
My minde is to perforce, and of my cares an end to make.
The tokens all of Troy to burning fier I will commit.
She hearing stepped furth, and halted on with aged wit.

But Dido quaking feare with frantike mode and grisly helwe,
With trimbling spotted cheekes, her huge attemptings to pursue,
Besides her selfe for rage, and towards death with visage wan,
Her eyes about she rold, as red as blood they looked than.
Anon to the inner court in hast she runnes, and by the pyle
She mountyng climes aloft, and on the top therof awhile
She stode, and naked from the sheath she drawes the fatall blade
A gift of Troy, that vnto these effectes was neuer made.
There, whan she saw the Troian weeds and couch acquainted layd
With tricyng teares awhile, and mourning hart her selfe she stayd.
Than flat on bed she fell, and these her last wordes than she sayd.
O sweet remain of clothing left, and thou O dulcet bedde,
(While god and fortune would, and while my life with you I ledde)
Receyue from me this soule, and from these cares my hart vntwyne.
A time of life I had, of fortunes race I ran the lyne :
And now from me my figure great goth vnder ground to dwell.
My walls I reysed haue, and citie riche that doth excell.
My husbands death, and on my brother false I wroke my teene,
O happie (welayway) and ouer happy had I bene,
If neuer Troian ship (alas) my contrey shore had seene.
This sayd, she wryed her head, and vnreuenged must we die ?
But let vs boldly die (quoth she) thus, thus to death I plie.

¶

Thus

The fourth Booke

Thus under ground I gladly go, so thus I do explet,
Let yonder Trojan tyrant now with eyes deuour this fier,
As on the seas he sittes, and with my death fulfill his yre.
Thus speaking, in the mids therof she left, and therewithall
With brest on persing sword, her ladies saw where she did fall.
The blade in sony blood, and hands abroad with sprauling throwne.
To heauen the shoutes arise, and through the towne the fame is blown.
Lamenting loude begins, and wailings wide, and roarings hie,
In euery house they howle, and women cast a rufull crie.
The citie shakes, the noyse rebounding breakes the mighty skie,
None other wise, than if some rage of enemies all their towne
At ones had ouerronne, and houses hie were tearing downe,
As all at ones should fall, Carthago proude, or auncient Tyre,
And buildings both of gods and men should burne with blasing fier.
Her sister heard the sound, as dead for drede she stood vnderest,
With nailes her face she tare, and with her fistes she beat her brest,
And ramping through the mids of men she ronnes, and by her name
She calles her, now in death. O sister mine, and lady dame,
Is this the cause that I from thee so far beguiled was?
Did I this pyle of fier and altars build for this? alas,
What should I now forsaken first complaine? O sister sweete,
Hast thou despised, me to take with thee, a mate so meete?
Why didst thou me thy sister to this death disdain to call?
One wepon should vs both dispatch at ones from sorowes all.
And with my handes haue I so wrought? haue I my gods so cried?
That from this cruel plight of thine my presens was denied?
O sister, now thou hast vndon this day both thee and mee,
Thy towne, thy peoples all, thy woorthy lords confounded bee.
Carthago quenched is: O let mee wash these wounds in hast,
And if there be remaining yet some life or breathing last,
My mouth shall fetch the same forthwith. So said she, and now aloft
The pyle she thymed had, and in her bosom clasping soft
Her sister heauy helde (in pang that was) and with her weede
She wailing wiped of the deadly blood that blacke did bleede.
She towardees her, her heauie fainting eies would faine haue cast,
But fired vnderneath her brest her wound reboyleth fast.
Thre times her selfe she list, and on her elbow sought to stay,
And thrise the sounding fell, and there vpon she gaue a bray.

Thas

of Aeneidos.

Than thysle on bed she tost, and with her eyes byrrolling round,
 Of heauen she sought the light, and groned soze what it the found.
 Almighty Iuno than, these labours hard, and passage long
 Lamented soze to see, and downe she sent in message strong
 Dame Iris hie, that on the Rainbow read in heauen both sit,
 This struggling soule to take, and from these paines her lims vnknit.
 For wheras no deserued death, no: desfnies her did kill,
 But sely soule befoze her day, by rage of frautlike will,
 Her golden heare as yet from her not taken was, no: yet
 Diana dampned had her head to lake of Lymbo pit:
 Dame Rainbow down therfore with safron wings of dropping shoures,
 Whose face a thousand sundry betwes againt the sunne deuoures,
 From heauen descending came, and (on her head.) Here I do thee
 To Pluto now bequeath, and from this corps I make thee free.
 She sayd, and with her hand she elipt her heare so cleare that shynde,
 And therewithall her limmes at ones their heate from them resynde.
 And thin as ayer her life went out, disperst abode in wynde.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran

ix. Aprilis, Anno. 1556. Opus

Quindecim dierum.

Gij

The

Enas on his hand this little book he bore
 And the looking lines of his eyes full of
 love,
 And hee now to his hand, and backe full of his love





THE FIFTH BOOKE

of the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

Aeneas leaving Carthage, and sailing towards Italy, by force of a tempest is driven into Sicil, where, being freendly receaued by Acestes: he celebrateth his father Anchises tweluemonethes minde, who he had buried at Drepanus 2 day tweluemoneth before. And maketh playes, and games at his graue, and distributeth rewards to such as win them. Cloanthus getteth the price in fight on sea: Eurialus, through the sleight of Nilus: winneth the best in running, & so doth Eurytion in shoting. Entellus the auncient, ouercometh Dares at the game called Cestus (which is fightinge with bags or flaps of leather hanginge by strings, wherein is either lead, or sande) who youtfully boasted of him selfe. Howbeit the cheif rewards, & honour, in respect of age, and dignitie: were adiudged vnto Acestes, whose arrow when it flew into the ayer: sodenly waxed a fier. Ascanius in the honour of Anchises his grands father with the other youth of nobilitie practiseth fight, & seates on horsebacke, resembling warlike prowesse. In the meane time the Troiane wiues, at the instigation of the Raynbow and for wearysomnesse of their long trauaile: cast fier among the fleet, & quite destroyed foure tall ships. The rest by a soden showre of rayne sent by Iupiter: were preserved from burning. The night following, Anchises appeareth to his sonne Aeneas in a dreame, & warneth him fro Iupiter, that following the counsell of Nautes, he leane behind him the women, and the impotent old men, in Sicil, and himselfe with the force of his army, and the lustiest youthe of all the company: sayle into Italy. Where he should first go seeke Sybillas den, by whose direction hee should be brought vnto him into the fieldes called Elysij, or fieldes of pleasure, where he should bee enfourmed of all the race of his posteritie, & learne the euent of all wars that should shortly befall him. Wherfore Aeneas then obeying his fathers commaundement: buildeth a citie in Sicill named Acestes, & there maketh a Colonye of women, & old men that were vnfit for war, and him selfe with the strength of his army taketh hisiage towards Italy. Therwhiles, Neptunus at the entreaty of Venus maketh the sea calme, whilst Aeneas sayleth. In this goodly calme the Palinurus the steersman fallinge a sleape: is cast helme and all into the sea, whose turne Aeneas supplyeth.



Aeneas on his way this while with ships the seas did sheare,
Amids the working waues of Northen winde full rough that
were,
Assured now to passe, and backe full oft he kest his eien

of Æneidos.

To Didos wofull wals, on euery side that now did shine
With flames of burning bright, what kindled hath so great a fier,
The cause vnknownen it is, but wondrous feates in feruent yre,
Is wrought by woman kinde, whan breach of loue hath made the mad :
Thus pensue passe the Troians from that sight and token sad.

Whan to the deepe their ships were come, and now on neither side
Appeares no land, but seas and skies about them broad are spide :
A showre about his head there stode, all dusky blacke with blew,
Both night & storme it brought, & straight the waters darke their helw.
Him selfe the Lodesman Palynure from pup at sterne on hie
Alack, why hath these clouds so thicke encompass thus the skie ?
What workest thou father Neptune now ? he sayd, and therewithall
He bids them trusse their tackels, and with ores to labour fall,
And sailes to leeward set, than thwart the winde he kest about,
And thus he spake Aeneas prince of might and corage stout.

If god him selfe, as now this wether stands, would say to mee,
To fetch *Italia* land, yet would I thinke it could not bee.

So worke these wayward windes, and from by west the tempest grim
Doth rise with boistous noise, and aier with cloudes encloseth dim.

Noe strue no more we may, noe if we list we can come there,
Since fortune therfore doth preuaile, let vs with fortune beare,
And turne where fortune calls, not far it is (as I suppose)

Unto thy brother Erix coast and hauons of *sicil* wose,
(If I in minde my wonted course of stars do well retaine.)

Aeneas gentill said, in deede I see thee strue in vaine
With labour all this while, and so me thinke these windes require.

Turne thou therto thy sailes, is any lond to me more deere ?

O where should I my wery ships more wish to set at rest,

Than where Acestes Troian dwells my freend beloued best ?

And where my father Anchises bones entomb'd lyen in chest ?

He said, and towards hauons anon they make, and windes at west
Doth blow them through the deepes, y chanel swift their nauy driues,
And glad at last on their acquainted shore their ships ariues.

And from the mountain top, with mervell great to see them fleete,

Acestes hasting ran, his contrey ships at shore to meeete.

All hunterlike, in hide of boystous beare, with dart in hand,

His father (flood Crinifus) him bogat in Troian land.

Dame Troy his mother was, his worthy stocke ful stout he bare.

He labeth
in Sicil fro
whence he
came out
at y first.
The king
of Sicil.

The fifth Booke

He had them welcome backe, and ioyfully with mountayne fare
He did them entertaine, and friendly comfort after care.

The morning next, whan first the dawning stars expulled were,
And cleare the day began, Aeneas out from euery where
Assembled all his mates, and into counsell did them call.
Than from a banke on hie, he thus pronounced to them all.

You mighty Troians, from the blood of great gods that descend,
This time is comen about, a perfit yere is now at end,
Since whan my father Anchises blessed bones were put in ground,
And mourning altars for his holy reliques we did found.

And now the day (if I do not mistake) approacheth nere,
That vnto mee shall euer dolefull bee, and euer dere,

Since gods hath pleased so: if I this day were cast a land,
Among the saluage Moores, or on the shores of siries land,

Or caught on Greekish seas, or in Micena towne a slaue:

Yet pay my verely bowes I would with pompe of dusties bzaue,

And gifts in feastfull gyfe on altars large I would aduance.

Now here in hauen we bee, among our friends, not by no chaunce,

But by the gods (I trust) of purpose wrought, and for the nones,

To worshop here my fathers blessed dust, and precious bones.

Come on therfore, let euery man set forth these honors pure.

With mirth on euery side, that of good windes we may be sure.

And as I verely now these offering daies to him do make,

So whan my citie builded is, in temples he shall take.

For euery ship Acestes giues to you of oren twaine,

With charge your selues to chere, set out your contrey gods againe,

And with our host Acestes gods to feasting see you fall:

In worshop of this day, let vs reioyce with corage all.

Moreover, whan the morning ninth to mortall men doth spring,

And sunne with glifring beames the world againe to sight doth bring,

For prizes proud to strue, I will prouoke the Troian flecte.

And who so wraastleth best, or best can ronne with force of fecte,

Or surer driues a Dart, or archer best his bowe can draue,

Or fighting dares combat, with boystous bags of lether raw:

Rewards I shall set forth, and prizes meete for euery matche.

Be present all, and he that best deserues, the best shall catche.

Say all Amen, and crowne your heads with bowes of Laurell greene.

So speaking on his head he set his garland fresh besene.

They
feasted
alway be-
fore their
spoils.

of Æneidos.

So Helimus, so kinge Acestes both, (full graue of age)
So child Ascanius both, and after him both man and page.

He from the counsell came with thousands thicke in mighty throng,
Unto his fathers tombe, in mids of all his princes strong.
Two bolles of blessed wine in solemne guise he kest on ground,
And milke in basons twaine about the tombe he powred round,
And twaine of sacred blood: than al the graue he spred and layd
With flowres of purple helwes, and thus at last full loud he prayd.
All haile O blessed father mine, yet ones againe all hayle:
From death preserved twise, but nought to me can that preuayle,
Thy bones I worship here, vnto thy soule mote glory bee.
My lucke was not Italia fatall felldes to finde with thee,
For Tyber flood (where euer it is) could we togethers know.
Thus talked he, when from the tombe at secret caue by lowe,
A serpent great did slide, with circles seuen of mighty lise,
Along the graue he drew with foldings seuen in compaswise,
Embrasing soft the tombe, and tombling soft on the altars rolde,
His backe as azure blew, bespotted gay with specks of golde,
And glosse of burning scales, as in the clouds with diuers helwes
Against the sunne, the rainbow red in thousand sortes renewes.
Aeneas with that sight astoynd was, but he along,
Came lagging forth in linkes, and all the deyntie meates among
He tasted euery dishe, and home againe in hermeles wise,
Returning toke his tombe, and was not seene againe to rise.
So much the more his fathers tombe he plied with offerings than.
For what it was, or how therof to thinke he could not scan.
If priuat ghost it were, or sprite that in that mountaine dwelles,
Or seruant from his father sent, but slaughters downe he felles
Of sheepe number five, and five of swyne full large of fylle,
And mighty hefers blacke in number five, as is the gyle.
And wines in bolles he shed, and on the mighty soule he cried,
Of great Anchises ghost, and sprite that ouer ground was spied.
His mates also full glad, as euery man was sped of stoe,
Their offering presents brought, and laded altars more and more,
And hefers downe they slew, and som by rowes their pans of brasse
Did set to seeth in sight, and downe they spred them selues on grasse,
On vmbles fat they feede, and broche, and broyle, and time they passe.
And now the ninth desired day was come with morning bright,

And

The fifth Booke

Wagers
for row-
ings.

Dances
toys of
certeine
noblesme
in Rome
when he
wrot this
booke.

And Phocthons hoxles faier had mounted vp the sonne to fight,
And by the same, and for Acestes worshop round about
The contreys all were come, and shozes they fill with ioyfull rout
To see the Troian lordes, and some in minde themselves to trie.
First prizes great in sight, aloft a bancke, aduanced hie,
Were set amids them all, three footed bolles of precious mold,
And crownes and garlands gay, for them that win the wager shold.
And poudryd purple robes, and armor gorgeous glistering bright,
And talents great of gold, and plenty plate of siluer pight.
With gle the game begins, the trompet blows with noise on hight.
First vessels foure, that cheise elected were from all the flæte,
Come forth to coape with Dyes of hugy weight as matches mate.
Sy? Mnesteus his galeon swift whose name was Pistrin, dries,
Sy? Mnesteus Italian prince, whence Memmus lyne deriues.
Sy? Gias than with hugy monster ship Chimera calde,
A cities worke she was, with ranckes of rowers treble walde,
And Troian youth with triple tyze of Dyes did shoue the same.
Sergestus than, from whom the house of Sergis drawes the name,
Centaurus him did beare (that galee great.) But Seylla blew
Cloantus brought, from whence thy race (D Romain Cluent) grew.
Far out in seas there stands a rocke against the fomy shoue,
That sometime vnder water lyeth with surges beaten soze,
Whan stormes of winter winde encloseth stars in cloudy skies,
But smoth in calme it lieth, and in the mids therof doth rise
A pleasant plaine of fæld, where often Dewes, and birds of seas
Do keepe their haunting walke, and sun their fethers whan they pleas.
Aeneas there aduancing set a signe of bzaunches græne,
A marke of oken bowes, that of the boatmen might be seene,
To know their turning place, and courses long from whence to folde.
Eche man by lot their standing toke, and glistering bright in golde,
The gorgeous capteins stood, on hatches hie in garments gay.
The rest of youth with crownes of garlands græne in due aray,
Their neckes and shoulders shine with oyles annointed naked bare,
On settels downe they sit, their Dyes in hands prepared are,
Their armes ententiu bent, whan at the signe they shall begin.
Their harts for ioy doth hop, and fear doth flap their brests within,
And greedy pride of praise, and seruent loue renown to win.
Than whan the blast of trompet first doth sound, they all arise

Atones,

of Æneidos.

Stones, and from their bounds they breake, their clamours pierce y skies,
 Their strokes at ones they strike, the fomy waters through they cline,
 The streames resisting breake, and with their stems the seas they line,
 Their oyes w laboz creaks, by strength of armes themselves they driue.
 Not headlong halfe so swift, doth coursing stēdes bestir their hēeles,
 Whan for their wager fast with all their force they flie with wheeles.
 Nor charet gyder non moze free on fēld doth let them slip,
 Nor slacker shakes his raines, or louder them doth lash with whip:
 Than with the shoutes of men that clap their hands, and parties takes,
 The cries encreasing rise, that euery wood with sounding shakes.
 The noyse repulsed ronnes from banck to banck, and through the shores
 The voices broken ben, and hill to hill rebounding rozes.
 Before them all sir Gias first escapes through all the throng,
 And first to seas he flies with noise, and him Cloanthus strong
 Pursues at hand, and better was with oyes, but sluggish keele
 And mast vnweldy lets. Than after him euen hard at hēele,
 Centaurus pzeasing glides, and Pistris her doth equall matche,
 They striue with sturdy strokes, and formost place they seeke to catche.
 And now Centaurus gets the vauntage, now doth Pistris win:
 Now ioyntly both, with side to side, and equall spēde they spin.
 And now appoaching nēre the rocke they were, and marke they held,
 Whan Gias victor prince, (of conquest proud) the land beheld.
 And as from chanell deepe his barge to land he would haue hied:
 Unto Menetes lodelman than therof full loud he cried.
 Why roust away so wide? take here I say, lone nie the shore,
 Fetch mee this left hand land, and on these rocks let beat thine Ore.
 Let others keepe the deepe, he said, but fearing rocks, and holdes,
 Menetes still at sterne his hand on helme to seaward holdes.
 Where yet astray so wide? yet (whan I bid thee) fetch the stones,
 Sir Gias on Menetes cried and cald, and (lo at ones)
 He seeth Cloanthus come, euen hard at backe, and formost glide,
 He through the roaring rockes, and vnderneath sir Gias side
 Did theare his left hand way, betwēne them twaine, and swift anon
 Escapes them both, and suer in seas beyond the marke is gon.
 Than verily for feruent wo, the yong mans bones did glowe,
 Nor teares his eyes could hold, but by and by Menetes slowe
 (Forgetting worshop all, and that he was his helpe at helme,)
 Yet headlong down he threiw, and him in seas did ouer whelme,

Him

Menetes
is cast
ouer boz

The fifth Booke

Him selfe to sterne he kept, him selfe his maisters rounte supplies,
Exhorting men with noyse, and fast to shoreward helme he wzies.
But whan (good aged man) Menetes vp was call on him,
From botom deepe of seas, and in his garnientes wet did swim,
He caught the rocke on hie, and on the drie land there he sat.
The Troians had good game, and sporting all they laught therat,
Whan first in seas he fell, and whan he rose and flat did flæte,
And whan to pource his gorge he kest vp floods of salt onswæte.

Than hope and comfort kindled is vnto the twaine behinde.
Sir Mnesteus and Sergestus strong, they both with burning minde
Would passe sir Gias by, (that hindred is) and passe they do,
Sergestus first the place doth take, and rocke approacheth to,
And yet not formost all, no: all her keele hath forhand won,
But part before, for halfe with her doth Pistris striving ron.
But kindling fast his mates on euery side sir Mnesteus steeres.
From man to man he steps, and chafing vp their corage chæres,
With loude exhorting noise. Now now (quoth he) with might & maine,
Now chærely stir your Dres, now all your force do you constraine.
O Hectors worthy pæres, whom I at Troye extreme delay,
Did matche to be my mates, and chose with me to take our way,
Expresse me now þ' might þ' somtime brought vs through the streames,
And sturby waues of seas, and sondry gulfes of Greekish realmes.
I seeke not now the chiefe, no: of this game renown to boast,
(Albeit O,) but let it go where Neptune fauours most.
Yet last let vs not bee. O lively laddes of noble kinde,
Let neuer man for shame behold vs last to lag behinde.
Now for our contreys loue, (if any thing your hartes reuiues)
Now pull or neuer pull. They than at ones all for their liues,
Laid on with lusty strokes, the brasen pup with plucking quakes,
With strength of arms they strue, & skudding furth þ' stem it strakes.
The land aloofe withdraues, than pantinge breath doth beat their lims,
Their mouths of moisture dry, on streiming swet their bodies swims.
Fortune also to them desired lucke and honour sent,
For as Sergestus (mad in minde for hast) in turning bent
Too neere the shore, and straighter would haue cut the shorter space:
Among the stoness he stack (vnlucky man) in parlous place.
The rockes therewith they shoke, and on the craggy pointed pikes
Their Dres with crashing bzeke, & keele on ground with danger strikes.

The

of Æneidos.

The boatmen rise with noise, & loude with cries them selues they let
 And proppes, and pyked poales, with hurlyburly great they get.
 And some their broken Dyes, in peeces fleeting vp they set.
 But Mnestheus reioysing than, and proud for this mischaunce,
 With cluster swift of Dyes, and windes at will that did aduaunce,
 All groweling through y^e seas he skouring ronnes, & through the deapes
 The waues hee smoothly cuts, and swift his way on water sweepes:
 Most like a Dove, whom chaunce discourbyd hath from pleasant rest,
 That in some cozner close within some house, doth keepe her nest,
 Affraid she sterteth first, and flushing loud she flaps her winges,
 That all the house resoundes, than vp to skies aloft she springes,
 And fast to field she flies, where gliding soft in aier aboue,
 She sheares her tender way, and wing for hast doth neuer moue.
 So Mnestheus, so Pistris makes her way with might extreeme,
 So slides she through the seas, and so with force to flye they secme.
 And first Sergestus strong, that on the rocke did yet remaine,
 He leaues him struggling there, and calling helpe full oft in vaine,
 Among the sholdes, and glad with broken Dyes to learne to creepe,
 Than Gias, than Chimera ship her selfe that monster steepe,
 He ouertakes, (for of her maister late she spoyled was)
 And now remaines there none but sir Cloanthus last to passe,
 Whom fast he doth pursue, and hard at hand he hath in chase,
 With power and pith he pulles, and towarde him he drawes a pace.
 Than voyces dubbed been, and shoutes of friendes exalting cries,
 Prouoking forth with prayse, that vp to heauen the clamours flies.
 They proude of former prayse, their honour won they will not lose.
 And if they should, no longer than to liue they do dispose.
 Those other fortune feedes, they thinke to win for win they may.
 And with the prise (perhaps) or halfe therof had gon their way:
 Had not Cloanthus to the seas his handes abroad displayed,
 And cald his gods for helpe, and thus to them full loud he prayed,
 O Gods that empier keepe on seas, whose kingdomes here I strake,
 Upon this water shore to you mine altars will I make.
 A white elected Bull I vowe to giue with seruice bzaue,
 And cast his flesh in floods, if I mine honour now may saue.
 And plenty pure of wines, I will to you in waters thzow.
 He spake that word, and him beneth in botoms deepe by low,
 The god Portunus heard, and virgin rout of Mermaydes all.

And

The fifth Booke

And ladies bright that daunsing lines in seas with bodies tall,
Him selfe his mighty hand to send her forth did set behinde.
So did the noble water Nimphes, the swifter than, than winde:
And swifter glaunsing smoth than arrow gliding goeth from bow,
To land she leapt, and safe in haven her selfe she did bestow.

Aeneas than eche man in order due let call by name,
And sir Cloanthus victor chiefe by Heraldos did proclaime.
And crowne of Laurell greene about his browes him selfe he set.
Than giftes for euery ship, three hefers large he bids to set,
And plenty great of wines, and talents faire of siluer bright.
But specially the capteins all with due rewards he dight.
A mantell riche to him that wan the chiefe was giuen of gold,
Whom purple borders broade enuironned with diuers fold,
And wrought therein there standes a princely child of precious face,
That in the woods with Dart in hand both Hart & Hinde doth chase,
All liuely, breathing like, whom, falling downe from Ioue on hie:

The sto-
rye of Gas-
simeides.

An Eagle fierce vptooke, and in his pawes conueied to skie.
His keepers wailing stand, and handes abroad to heauen they hold
In vaine, and barking noyse of dogs against the cloudes do skold,
But he that second place by doughty deedes deserued had:
A harneys coat to him with heauy hookes of gold bestad,
A harneys coat he gaue, whom he him selfe in battell boyle
Did vnder Troian walles from Demoleus best dispople.
That worthy gift he had, and strong defence in armies to weare.
Shant yemen twain with shoulders ioyntly set the same could beare,
So sondry folde it was, but Demolee him selfe alone,
Was wont therin to hunt the stragling Troians one by one.
Than for the third renowne, two caudrons great he gaue of brasle,
And siluer cups, with signes of stozies old engrauen that was.
And now rewarded all, eche man full proude in best aray,
They went with garnisht heads, and bare their giftes galanta gaye.
Whan from the parlous rocke, with much a doo to skape the same,
(Besides his losse of Dyes, and of a rancke of rowers lame);
With laughter great of men, his praiselesse ship Sergestus brought,
In maner like, as whan some serpent (by some bancke vnsought)
Is brused by some wheele, that ouerthwart his backe hath past:
O? pilgrim passing by, with stroke of stone welnere hath brast,
In vaine he seekes to flee, and wzigling wreathes his limmes about,

His

of Æneidos.

His angrie halfe onbroke, and hissing necke he launcheth out
All bright with burning eies, and though his limping halfe him ho des:
He knits him great in knobbes, and in him selfe him selfe he foldes:
None other wise, and like, with feeble Dyes his ship did stee,
Yet saile he makes with winde, and into haueu approacheth cleere.
Aeneas to Sergestus gaue reward of duety there,
Reioysing for the ship, and for the men that saued were.
A woman him was geuen, a seruant good to weaue and spinne,
And sucking boyes a payer, of Giaunts kinde, her paps betwinne.

Then good Aeneas went (whan all this matche discharged was :)

Running

Into a goodly field, that ouerspred was all with grasse,
Whom woods and crooked hilles on euery side did compas round,
And in the mids a vale there lay, and pleasant plaine of ground,
Where he with thousands thicke did make for playes a seemely plat,
And in the mids of all, in stately seat, as prince hee sat.
Here they that list to ron, and trie themselves with force of feete,
With gifts he them prouokes, and sets before them prizes meete.
On euery side they came, both men of Troy and sicill land,
Eurialus and Nisus first.

Eurialus a springold fresh of youth, and beauty cleere,
And Nisus that of all mankind had him in loue most deere,
And yong Diore, of king Priams blood a princely childe.

Then Salius and Patron auncient stocks and vndefilde.

Panopes than, and Helimus, of sicill, striplings twaine,
That hunters were in woods, and men of old Acestes traine.

An many more also there came, whom fame in darkenes hides.

To whom in middes of all, Aeneas thus his tale deuides.

Take this for certaine trueth, and in your mindes conceiue it so,

Not one of all this number here shall unrewarded go.

For dartes I will them gine, with pointed Steele full bright a paier,

And wrought with siluer fine to beare in hand a Dollar saier.

All men alike shal here rewarded bee, saue onely three,

With bowes of Oliues greene, as victors chiefe shal crowned bee.

The first a palfray bright, with harneys gorgeous glistring bzaue

Shall get, the second for his paines a quier gay shal haue.

A quier gay, with girdle broad of gold and arrowes fret,

Embroydred fine that is, and precious stones thereon are set.

The third shal with this Greekish helme depart and be content.

D

Whan

The fifth Booke

Whan this was sayd, their place they toke, and right incontinent,
At signe of trompet heard, their bounds they breake, & out they powre,
As light as whirling windes, and to the marke in sight they skowe.

First and before all other bodies, nimble Nisus springs,
More swifter yet than winde, and than the dint of lightnings wings.
Next vnto him, but long aloofe, in distance next of place,
Doth Salius pursue, and after him a certaine space,
Eurialus the thirde.

And next Eurialus sir Helimus ensues, and ioyntly than
Behold he flies, and heele to heele with him Diore's ran,
With elbow next and next, and if the race do long remaine,
Is like to scape them all, or one to leaue in doubtfull gaine.
And towards now the latter end they dreyw, and iwerey all,
They ran with panting breathes, whan sodenly did Nisus fall:
(Unhappy man) where hefers had ben slaine by chaunce on grasse,
And ground was slipper made by certaine blood that shed there was.
There now the gentle lad, (whan conquest proude he had in hand)
His legges he could not hold, nor stombling so, could longer stand,
But groueling flat he fell and in the slime embred him vile.
Yet not Eurialus his friend, did he forget that while:

For quickly sterling hee, sir Salius way with soote did stop;
That headlong downe in dust he overturnid taile and top.
Eurialus than springing skudded forth, and through his friend;
With ioyfull shoutes of men, he gets the chiefe at races end.
Than Helimus and now Diore's third in place succedes.
There, whan the lords were set, & ech came forth to claim their meedes:
Sir Salius before them all, with nois's exclaming cried,
And praied his honours dew, that by deceit was him denied.

The peoples fauour helpes Eurialus, and comely teares,
And vertue found in body fayer the greater grace it beares.
Diore's eke, that third in wager was, doth him complaine
What wrong sustaine he must, and all his course hath ron in vaine;
If Salius without desert, the first reward shall haue.

Than lord Aeneas said, you shall not neede to strive nor craue,
Your prizes certaine ben, shall no man them from order steere.
Yet let me rue the plight of mine vngilty friend so deere.
He sayd, and than a Lyons heauy hyde of combrous folde,
To Salius he giues, full rough of bear and pawes of golde.

Quoth

of Æneidos.

Quoth Nisus than, if such rewards haue folkes that conquerd bee,
 And pity shew thou doost to falling men, what giftes to mee
 Shall worthy yelded bee? that chiefest prise did first deserue,
 Had not enuious fortune mee (as Salius made to swarue.
 And as hee talked thus, his face he shewd with dirt defilde,
 And body moist of mud. The noble prince on him than smilde,
 And bad bring out a shied, a target great full costly wrought,
 That by the Greekes sometime was for a gift to Neptune brought.
 That seemely gift he gaue vnto that gentill lad to beare.
 When courses all was past, and all the gifts dispatched were,
 Now he that manhood hath, or corage bolde doth beare in brest,
 Shew forth himselfe, and with his armes in thonges let him be drest.
 He sayd, and therewithall he sets rewardes of honours twaine.
 A crowned Bull, all clad with gold, shall be the victors gaine,
 A sword and sheld to him that beaten is, shall comfort bee.
 Nor linger long they doe, but straight with force full huge to see,
 Aduaunceth Dares forth, with murmour great of men ertolde,
 Alone sometime that durst with Paris fight in armour bolde.
 He, in the place where Hector most of night entombed lies,
 Did ouerthrow sir Buten, giaunt big of monstrous size,
 That wastlinges all did win, and Bebrix lineage boasted strong,
 Yet Dares him to death did ouerturne, and laide along.
 Such one this Dares was, and hie on feeld his head he lifts,
 And shewes his shoulders broad, and to and fro his armes he shifts,
 And brags with boistous brawnes, and with his fists he beats y winde.
 A matche for him they seeke, but through them all is none to finde,
 That durst with Dares coape, nor ones his slings with fingers touche.
 He proud therof, and thinking all mens might to him did couche,
 Before Aeneas feete he stood, and longer nothing staied,
 But by the horne in left hand toke the Bull, and thus he sayd.
 Thou goddesse son, if no man dare come forth to trie with hand,
 What end of wayting is? How long am I thus bound to stand?
 Let me rewarded bee, the Troians all did crie the same:
 And, yeeld vnto the man his promise due they do proclame.
 Acestes there, as on a bancke by chaunce he next did sit,
 With these rebukes of speech Entellus old at hart he smit.
 Entellus, thou sometime of doughty knightes the captaine chiefe,
 (In vaine) so goodly giftes to lose is it to thee no grieve?

Fighting
 in bags
 or flaps
 of leather
 and lead.

The fifth Booke

How canst thou suffer this? Shall from thy side with triall none:
These worthy prizes passe? Where is now our maister gon?
Erix our maister good? Where is become that glorious fame
That sicill land did fill: and spoyles with thee recordes the same,
Within thy halls y hang, is it for nought thou knewst that game?
He theronto, it is not sure for feare (you may well thinke)
Nor loue of praise I lacke, nor for no doubt thereof I shrinke.
But age mee feeble makes, and slouthfull blood congealyd cold,
Hath spent my former force, and dull doth make my carcas old.
If I had now the strength sometime that was, and yet therewith
This yongling proudly brags, if of those yeres I had the pith:
Not for the prise, nor for the bull, but gladly, and (onpraid)
I would haue come, for gifts I care not for. Whan hee thus said,
He brought before them all, of bags onweldy, matches twaine,
And threwo them downe in sight, wherewith sometime in battail plaine
Sy? Erix wanted was to giue combat, and hand to hand
Against all men to strue, and sturdy strokes he did withstand.
Mens hartes astoinid were. Of backs of bulles seuen boistous hides
All vnderlaid with lead, and stit of Steele they stode besides.
Aboue all other wondreth Dares most, and doth refuse
Such great vnlatofull toles, or in conflict the same to vse.
Aeneas eke their massy wondrous weight, and endles fold,
He bevd with maruell much, and vp and downe full oft he rold.
Than onto him with brest onfayned, spake Entellus old.
What if a man had scene the dyedfull bags, and wepons sore
Of Hercules him selfe: in dolefull fight here on this shore?
These toles thy brother Erix than did beare, with these he stood
Against sy? Hercules most strong, here yet thou seest the blood,
And braines that broken were, thou seest how yet they ben enbzed.
These wepons I sometime (whan better blood my strength endewd)
Was wont in bre to put, whan not as yet enuious age,
Nor head with hoary heares my lusty corage did aswage.
But if this Troian Dares here, these toles will nedes refuse,
If so Aeneas please, and mee Acestes will excuse:
Let vs be matched mee. These Erix bags I pardon thee,
Cast of thy feare, and thou of Troian bags onburdend bee.
Thus speaking, from his shoulders twaine he kest his garments all,
And bare with mighty bones, and mighty ioyntes of membez tall,

And

of *Aeneidos*.

And sinow great in sight, among them all he stood full stout.
Than bags of meaner matche Aeneas prince him selfe brought out,
And eche with equall weight and hands of both, he bound and drest.
Upright forthwith they stand, and face to face, aduancing prest,
Their arms to heane they heaue, & void of fear they throw their slings,
Eche one from others dints their heads ful boistous backward wrings.
And strokes in strokes they mire, & hands in hands, and fiers they fight,
That one with lusty legs, and fresh of youth in shifting light,
The other huge in height, and large of lims, but moving slowe,
His trembling knees him lets, & troubled breath doth panting blowe.
Full many a wound is geuen between them twain with leaden lumps,
And many a stroke in vaine, and on their ribs full thicke it thumps.
Their sides within the sounds, & loud their breasts w bobbing rings,
And stil their armes they stir, about their browes the buffets slings,
About their eares, & craking both their iawes their weapons swings.

Entellus heauy stands, and in his place onmoued bydes,
With armes & watching eyes, and for the strokes defence prouides.
But hee, as one, that with some engin worke doth siege a towne,
Or towne or castle strong, and long therat is beating downe,
And this way now, and that way now he seekes, and entries all
Assautes with sondry sleights, and sayleth yet to breake the wall.
Entellus rowling than, his righthand bent on hie did lift:
He from the stroke that came, with good foresight, and body swift
Aduoiding shrancke for feare, and from the dint therof decline.
Entellus mist his marke, and all his force he lost in winde,
And ouer that, himselfe, with heauy peyse and heauy sound,
All groueling flat he fell, and with his lims he spred the ground.
None otherwise, than whan some auncient oke and ouergrown,
From mountaine top on hie, by vnderminyng down is thrown.
The Troians rise for ayde, so doth the youth of sicill land,
To heauen the cries ascend, and first to him with helping hand
Acestes swiftly runnes, and from the ground his frend he takes,
Of equall age, and in his hart for him great mone he makes.
But nothing slacke for this, nor with his fall one whit affright,
This valiant knight vpstood, and fiercer yet renewes his fight:
And forceing preaseth forth, & wood for wrath his strength vpkere.
Than shame prouokes his might, and manhood felt of former yeres,
And headlong Dares downe, through all the field, he dashing dynges,

The fifth Booke

And now the righthand strokes, & now the lefthand sends the slinges.
For time, nor rest there is, but as a stormy shoure of hayle,
On houses ratling falles: so doth this knight with force assaile,
With thondzings thomping thicke, and wery Dares wretch on soyle
With both his armes he bumpes, and vpside down doth fosse and toyle.
Than lord Aeneas would no longer wrath should in them fret,
Nor more Entellus bitter moode on rage he would haue set.
But end of fighting made, and tyered Dares vp did take,
And soft with gentill speech in comfort thus to him he spake.
Unhappy man, what fond outrage hath thus possess't thy minde?
A stronger force than thine, and Gods against thee dost not finde:
Giue place to god, he said, and with his word the battell brake.
Him dragging weake his legs, and to and fro his head did shake,
And casting much at mouth, and cloddid blood with teeth among,
His trusty mates vptooke, and bare to ships away from throng.
And than commaunded came, and sword and helmet did receaue,
And to Entellus did the Bull and fame of combat leaue.
Than bragging proud in minde, and of his Bull conceiuing ioy:
O goddesse son behold, and you (quoth he) ye men of Troy.
What strength in lusty yeres sometime I had now iudge in mee,
And from what death your Dares taken is, now shall you see.
He spake that word, and right afront before the Bull he stood,
That there for gift was set, and by the slinges with corage good
In righthand marking held, and iust betwene the hoznes at ones
He strake, and brake the braines, and all in peeces droue the bones.
The beast is ouerthrowen, and groueling dead on ground it quakes.
He stamping therupon, with seruent minde his praiser makes.
This better soule to thee for Dares death I victor send,
(O Erix) here of bags, and all mine art I make an end.
Anon Aeneas them that list contend with arowes wight,
For wagers he p'duokes, and sets before them giftes in sight.
And from Sergestus ship aduaucing huge in height a mast,
He hanges a pigeon there, and by a cord he made her fast,
A marke for men to shote, and where their darts they should direct.
Assembly great there came, and by their lots they were elect,
In brasen helmet cast, and first of all with ioyfull cryes,
Vnto Hippocon worthy lad by draught the lot doth rise.
Next whom sir Mnestheus, that late at seas was victor sene,

Shooting

of Æneidos.

By Mnesteus with crowne and garland gay of Olyue greene.
Eurition was third: (thy brother deere thou noble knight
O Pandarus, that didst sometime the league asonder smight,
And first commaunded didst, among the Greekes thy wepon shew)
Acestes last of all, and last in helmet lay by lowe.
Him selfe also with hand, the yong mens game did not disdaine.
Than bending all their bows, with corage great they do constrain, }
And eche to serue him selfe from quiver draweth his toles amaine.
And first from sounding string along by heauen his arow driues
Hippocon lusty lad, and swift therewith the skies he cliues.
It lightes apace, and in the mids the mast it sticke and staied.
The tree with trembling shooke, and of the stroke the bird afraied,
Did flickring flush her wings, and noyse there riseth round about.
Than Mnesteus his bowe to drawe, forthwith with strength stode out,
And stretching hand aloft, his dart and eye did leuel right,
Yet could not he (good man) for all his art the culuer smight.
But hyt the hemping corde, and of the knot the bandes he brast,
Wherby the byrd was bound, and by her foote did hang at mast.
She toke the winde forthwith, and to the cloudes full fast he flew,
And euen that time (as he his bowe and dart directing drew)
Eurition, and for his brothers helpe in heauen, he cried:
The byrd he saw was lose, and sporting her in skies he spied.
Yet marking well with eies, and stedfast hand, in cloudes aboue,
He quickly brake her play with sodeyn stroke, and slew the Douc,
That tumbling downe she fell, and in the stars her life she last,
And dead she came to ground, and in her body brought the shaft.
Acestes than alone, with no desert did yet remaine,
Who nerethelesse his dart to hurle in ayer did him distaine,
And shewd his former might, and of his bowe to proue the sound.
Where sodenly his eyes a wondrous monster did confound,
And token soze of things, as afterward the end did teache,
And all to late for nought their fearfull songs did prophets preache.
For as in tender cloudes his arow swift from him did flie,
In sight it caught a fier, and flaming forth it went in skie.
And wasted thin in winde, as oftentimes we thinke do flyde,
The fired stars of heauen, with dropping tayles along that glyde.
Astoinid all they stood, and on their Gods aboue they prayed,
Sicilians and Troians both, nor he him selfe denayed

The fifth Booke

Aeneas p̄erelesse p̄ince, to take that same in signe of grace.
 But glad with great rewards, he did Acestes thus embrace.
 Most noble father d̄ere, (for by these tokens well I see,
 The mighty kinge of heauen for thy good will doth honour thee,)
 Thou shalt haue here a gift of olde Anchises fr̄end of thine,
 A dr̄inking bolle of gold, that portraied is with figures fine.
 Which vnto him sometime, Cisseus, great of Thrace the kinge,
 In token gaue of loue, for euermore with him to bringe.
 So spake he, and with Laurell gr̄ene his temples twaine he tied,
 And loude before them all Acestes victor chiefe he cried.
 For good Eurition did his p̄ferment ought enuie,
 Though he alone it were, that brought againe the byrde from skie.
 Aduaunced next with giftes was he that cord a sonder brast,
 And last of all was he that with his arrow strake the mast.
 Than lord Aeneas, ere these matches all dissolued were,
 Epitides to him, Ascanius mate and k̄eper there,
 He calde, and rounding thus to him he spake in secret eare.
 Go bid Ascanius (if by this time he the childrens crue
 Assembled hath with him, and horses put in order due)
 Before his graunfire here let him bring out his bands in rowe,
 For worship of this feast, and let him selfe in armour shoue.
 Dispatch (quoth he) with speede, the people than he bids deuide,
 And broader spread them selues, & made a lane both long and wide.
 Than come the children forth, and proud before their parents sight
 In order seemely shine, on barbed coursers b̄ideled bright,
 Whom for their fresh aray, and comly marching through the felde,
 The youth of sicill land, and Troians all with ioy behelde.
 Eche one as was their gyle, with rounded hear, and garland bands,
 And hoꝛny dartes a paier, with poynted steele they bare in hands,
 With quiuers light at backes, and downe their breasts in diuers folde,
 About their gorgets runnes, the rolling cheines of wreathed golde.
 Thre bandes of hoꝛsmen were, & captaynes thre their bands did gide,
 And rankes of riders thre, and children twelue on ebery side
 In glistring armour went, with maisters like and equall p̄eres.
 One ward of stronger youth, whom trim triumphant f̄earce of p̄eres,
 Did Priam yong conduct (thy noble childe Polites fall,
 That of his granfirs name encrease Italians shortly shall.)
 A valiant steele him bare, bespotted white, of kinde of Thrace,

The child-
 dren com
 to their
 triumphe

And

of *Aeneidos*.

And white his fote before, and lifting white his lorry face.
 Another troupe there was, that litle Atis giding lad,
 The litle Atis, whom Ascanius small for darling had,
 From whence the line at Rome of Atis name doth now procede.
 Than last of all, and most of beauty bright, and precious weede,
 Ascanius himsele on palfray gorgeous borne above,
 Whom vnto him sometime Quene Dido gaue for pledge of loue.
 The rest of youth, and such as were of olde Acestes trayne :
 On horses fayer they rode.
 The Troians them did chere, and did receiue with wondrous ioy,
 And in their mindes conceiue resemblaunce old of former Troy.
 Whan mustred all they had, and all the feeld had compass round,
 And beu'd Anchises tombe, they ioynd all on equall ground,
 Epitides to them with noyse and whipping gaue a sound.
 They coursing brake their hands, and thre from thre disseuered all,
 By matches halfe from halfe, and fast againe they turne at call,
 With weapons brest, to brest and compass round returninge met,
 By coursings bickring braue, and race with race entangling let,
 Inuading skymish wise, and like the face of battall fight.
 And now retire they done, now shew their backs in signe of flight,
 Now turning throw their darts, now truce they make w hand in hand.
 Like *Labyrinthus* maze, that men report in candy land,
 As compass deepe in ground with sondry walls, and crokings blinde,
 And thousand wandring waies, and entries false for men to finde,
 Where tokens none there bee, nor skape can none that steps astray,
 Such turnings them begiles, and so deceptfull is their way.
 None otherwise, the Troian youth by coursings round about,
 Disporting chace them selues, and windinges weaue both in and out.
 Like Dolphin fishes light, that for their pastime daunsinge swim,
 In mids of deepest seas, and play them selues on water brim.
 This kinde of pastime first, and custome boyes to learne at Baase,
 Ascanius whan *Alba* walles he made did bring in place,
 And taught the Latines old, in solempne sort to vse the same,
 As he sometime a child, with Troian youth had made that game.
 The Albans than from thence with practise like their children taught,
 And thence hath perslesse Rome and most of might, y custome caught.
 And for their contreys lone, with honoz due this day it standes,
 And yet the name remaynes of Troian boyes, and Troian bandes.

}

Howe
 play of
 Baase
 come by.

H b

Thus

The fifth Booke

A newe
ueration
by Iuno.

Thus farforth worshipt was, his father deere with seruice due.
There fortune false to trust, did turne their case with changes newe.
For, as about Anchises tombe with playes the time they spent:
Dame Iuno downe from heauen the Rainbowe read her seruant sent,
Reuoluing former griefe, and rancours old not yet from minde,
Against the Troian flecte, and as she went she gaue her winde.
She swiftly bent her bowe, & through the clouds with thousand betwes,
Full virginlike she falles, her new deuise onknown, to vse.
A huge concourse she seeth, and compas wide she bevs the strandes,
How bare the nations are left, and nary dry defenceles stands.
But secret by them selues, the Troian wiues assembly kept,
And for Anchises losse lamenting soze they stood and wept.
Beholding broad the seas: alas, alas, & wretchedes wee,
So much of boistous waues remaines vs yet that werey bee?
A towne to dwell they craue, and of the Seas abhor the payne,
Eche one to other wayles, and all with one voice do complayne.
Dame Rainbowe subtile there, amidst them all her selfe did place,
Her garmentes gay she left, and laid aside her goddesse face,
And of Doriclus wife the likenes toke, a sober dame,
That sometime great renown, and children bare of noble fame,
And Beroe was cald, and thus to them she did proclame.
O women misers most, whom hands of Greekes would neuer kyll,
O cursed nation, whan of thee shall fortune haue her fill?
What death, or mischiefe more are we thus kept to bide at last?
Since Troy vpyoted was, now sommers seven are comen and past,
That we through seas and lands, and contreys all (the world beside)
To straunge stars of heauen, and endles streames we wander wide,
In seeking land that fleeth, and wee alway with surges tost.
Here is our contrey ground, here dwels Acestes deere our host,
Why should we hence remoue? who lets vs here our walles to bilde?
O former native soyle, O contrey gods (in vaine erilde)
Shall neuer Troy vpyse? shall citie Troian neuer bee?
Those Hectors holsome streames that I from henceforth neuer see?
Come on good wiues, come burne with mee these ships of luck vnkinde,
For so Cassandra through my dreame aperring did mee binde.
And gaue me burning byonds, seeke here (quoth she) your Troian walls,
Here lieth your contrey rest, this is the time that fortune calls,
What neede we longer loke? lo Neptunes altars soure on fier,

Lo god himselfe (you see) with mindes and might doth vs enspier.
 Thus talked shee, and with a brond in hand full fierce she sprang,
 With (whirling loose aloft) against the flete the same she slang.
 The rest amazed were, their hartes astoinid stood with rage.
 Than one among them all, dame Prigo matrone most of age,
 King Priams nurse that was, and princely children vp did reare.
 Not Beroe (quoth she) this woman is, you wiues I sweare,
 Noz neighbor none of ours, behold what beauty bright deuine,
 What lively sprite she beares, and marke me well her glistring eyen,
 Her loke, her sounding voice, and of her pace the great estate.
 I left dame Beroe my selfe at home full sicke but late,
 Full sicke lamenting sore that she her selfe from vs alone,
 This day must absent be, and yeld Anchises worshop none.
 This spoken :
 Therwith the matrons first, with wauering mindes began to dout,
 And with peruersid eyes beheld the nauy round about.
 And what betwene the loue of present land, and present rest,
 And fame of fatall realmes : they wot not which of them is best.
 Whan lifting vp her selfe to clouds aboue with equal wings,
 In flight before them all, with bowe full broad the goddesse springs.
 Than verily with monsters wilde affright, and mad for pre,
 They cry to burne their ships, & from their tentes they reauie the fire.
 Some spoile their altar piles, & burning bolws, & stickes and brandes,
 Abourd the ships they sprede, vpleapith flame with losid bandes,
 On hatches, decks, and Dzes, and plancks anointed thicke on sides.
 Vnto Anchises tombe, Eumelus post with panting rides,
 And shewes the ships are bzent, and they them selues beholding spie,
 The sparcklings rising broad, and blustring smoke to spred in skie.
 And first Ascanius as courtings still he kept and plaied,
 He toke the campe in hast, and with vproze was all dismayed,
 Noz for their lines his maisters him could hold, oz backward send.
 What sodeyn rage is this : where now (quoth hee?) what do ye entend?
 O neighbors, wretched wiues, your enemies host you haue not here,
 This is no Greekish campe, you burne your owne reliefe most deare.
 Lo I Ascanius your owne, and downe his helmet kest,
 Wherwith in bataill playes, he for disport that time was drest.
 Aeneas eke with hast, and Troians, all therto them sped,
 But stragling diuers wayes, through all the shores the women fled,

The fifth Booke

To woods, and mountaine caues, and holes of rockes they miching ron,
 And craeping hide them selues, repenting foule their worke begon,
 Abhorring sight of heauen, and on their friends they thinke and quake,
 With better chaunge of minde, and from their brest dame Iuno shake.
 But not therfore the flames, nor burning rage the lesser spreedes,
 But catching still encrease, it more and more preuailing breeds.
 And spitting spewes a smoke, whom vapor wild of pitche and towe,
 And dropping timber feedes, and mischiefe close in keele doth growe,
 Nor might of men can helpe, nor water floods that on they throwe.
 Aeneas from his shoulders than his garments tearing brest,
 And calde his gods for helpe, and broad to heauen his handes did cast.
 Almighty Ioue, if not as yet all Troians from thy minds
 Reiected ben to death, if seruice old of poore mankinde
 Not utterly be lost: now saue these ships from burning fier.
 Good father now, preserue these Troyan goods, and small deffer,
 Or thou thy selfe (which one thing yet remaines) with lightning sell
 Here whelme me down to death, if I deserue, and driue to hell.
 Skant spoken were these words, when rattling storme not scene before,
 And raine downraging falles, and thonders thicke doth romblinge roze,
 That tremblith hils & fieldes, down rolle the skies in gushing shoures,
 And troublous water streames from all y heauen the tempest powres:
 That ships therwith are filde, & burning bourds are quenched quite,
 And still descending driues, and on the flete with force doth smitte,
 Till smoke was ceassyd all, and all the ships from plage was kept.
 So saued all they were (by gift of god) but foure except.

The
 Shpps are
 are saued
 by rapne.

But lord Aeneas whom this great mischaunce did pinche at brest,
 With heaps, of hugy cares, now this, now that, was sore opprest,
 Reuoluing much in minde: should he remaine in sicill lond
 Forgetting destnies all, or still go seeke Italia strond.
 Than father Nautes old, whom goddesse Pallas learned had,
 With artes of worshop great, and famous name of wisdome sad:
 These answers him did tell, which either gods eternall pre,
 Or satell destnies wrought, or fortunes course did so requyre,
 And thus with frendly speche Aeneas minde he set on fire.
 O goddesse son, where destnies drawes and driues let vs go there,
 What euer it is, who conquer fortune will, must fortune beare.
 Thou hast Acestes here, of Troyan blood and stocke deuine,
 His counsell take to thee, and ioyne with him aduise of thine.

And

of Æneidos.

And leaue with him those people which thy ships can not receiue,
And such as of thy great affaires no corage doth conceiue,
Both aged feeble folkes, and wiues of seas that wery be,
And all that fearfull is, or weake of strength should comber thee,
Let them be chosen forth, and here on gods name citie frame,
And of Acestes name, Acesta they shal call the same,
Incensid so by this (for from his friend this councell pass)
Than verily from care to care his minde discoursed fast.
And night with darknes dim, the poles of heauen had vndercast.

That time his fathers face descending downe, in vision clere,
From heauen appering came, and sodenly thus did him chere.
My son, more deere to mee than life sometime, whan life I had,
My son, whose vertues Troy doth trie, by destnies good and bad,
Commaunded here I come, from mighty Ioue in skies aboue,
That comfort sent at last, and from the fiesse did fire remoue.
Obey the counsels good, which faithfull Nautes thee hath told,
And for *Italia* land, pike out of a youth of corage bold,
To take with thee to seas: an eger nation seers and tough
Thou hast to vauquish there, and must subdue in batailes rough.
Yet first Auerua caue, and vnder ground the dwellings grim,
Of *Lymbo* must thou see, and dangers passe of darknes dim.
And thence ascend to mee, for I (my son) am not in hell,
Nor with no wicked kinde of woful ghostes haue I to dwell.
But fieldes of pleasure pure, and *Paradise* doth me retaine,
With ioyfull sort of soules, in blissfull state that do remaine.
There Sibly pure, by offrings blacke of beastes shall thee conduct,
And there thine offspring all, and fortunes all I shall thee instruct.
And now farewel, for midnight moost her half course hence doth wsethe,
And dawning day with blast of hoyses, hote on mee doth breathe.

He spake, and thin from sight as smoke, in skies disperst he stied.
What now? where goest away? why dost thou shyinke? Aeneas cried.
Whom fleest thou thus? or who from sweet embracings vs withstads?
Thus talked hee, and from the dust he steres the sleeping brantes,
And Troian sacred fier of Gods that euermore doth dure,
And offred simple floure, and frankinsens, in plenty pure.
Strayt for his mates he cald, and first onto Acestes old
Commaundments great of Ioue, and what his father deere had told,
He shewes before them all, and wherunto his minde enclines.

Spytes
can not
abide the
day light.

The fifth Booke

Now counsell long they make, nor good Acestes ought repines.
A towne they measure forth, and wiues and people there they plant
Of baser hartes, deseruing worship small, for coage skant.
Themselues their ships repare, and burned bourdes anew restores,
And cables meete they make, & shrowdes and sailes, & strength of Ores.
A youth of number few, but liuely bluddes in batayll tough.
Therwhiles, Aeneas did the cities plat describe with plough,
And houses laid by lot, here Ilian toures, here gates of Troy
He sets, and of his kingdome new Acestes maketh ioy.
And market place he made, and lawes he taught and iudges gaue.
Than large and broad in sight right nere the stars, a temple graue
To Venus founded is, in hiest place, and priest deuine
To serue Anchises tombe, and sacred groue thereon to shine.

And now nine dayes this people feasted had, and altars all
Applied with offrings due, and sunne had made the sea to fall,
And sound of pipling winde, estones to deepe their ships doth call :
A wondrous weeping noise through all the shores is reised wide,
And all that night and day they twēn themselues embracing byde.
The matrones now themselues that of the seas were earst affraied,
And doted labours long, and of their strength despairing staied,
Now gladly go they with, and trauailes all sustaine at seas.
Whom good Aeneas did his best with frendly speeche to apeas,
And weeping did commend vnto Acest his kinsman deere.
Three Calues to Erix than, and to the stormes a lambe full clere,
He bids for offering kill : and cables lose through all the strandes.
Him selfe with garland fresh, and crownet greene of Oliue bandes,
Aduancing stood in ship, and bolle in hand he held on hie,
And flesh in floods he threw, and wines in plentie kest in skie.
Behinde them blowes a coole, and winde at will them forth doth drie,
His mates they skom the some, and saltsea brine to turne they strue.

But Venus in this while, whom care for Troians soze did straine,
To Neptune straight she came, and thus to him began to plaine.
The greuous wrath of Iunos brest, whom no reuenge can slake,
Compels mee (Neptune) now to thee, all humble sute to make.
Whom neither length of time, nor pitie none, from rancor staies,
Nor destines order none, nor loue him selfe one whit she waies.
She thinks it not ynough the Troians towne to haue downe toze,
And all their last remaine with turmentes long almost so: lone,

The

of Æneidos.

The bones and poudre poyze she persecutes, and all their broode
She would destroy, let her declare one cause of such a moode.
Thy selfe can record beare, how in the waues of Lyby coast,
What wild byrre she made, and seas and skies tumoyling tost.
With stormes of Aeolus her freend, and all with labour baine,
So bold within thy kingdomes thus to do.
O vile despite, lo yet of late how Trojan wiues in fume
She made their ships to burne, and soule their nauy to consume,
And leaue their kinned there, in contrey straunge vnknowne to bide.
There is no more, but let vs now (I pray thee) safly ride
In sayling through thy seas, let vs arrive where Tyber flowes,
If graunted things I are, if destinies vs those kingdomes showes.
Than spake Neptune, that hie seas doth control with lordly browes.

Good reason Venus is, that in my kingdomes thou be bolde,
From whence thy linage leades, I haue deserued eke of olde.
Full oftentimes ere this, both seas and skies vnkindly rage
I bridling couched haue, and madnes wood did oft aswage.
No: lesse my care on land, as all the streames of Troy can tell,
Was for Aeneas thine, when fierce Achilles did compell
His throngs in field to fall, when thousands thick down tombing dead
He vnder Trojan walls with slaughter wood did trampling tread.
That brokes and riuers cried, when peoples heaps their chanelles fild,
No: fall to seas they could, no: finde their waies for bodies kild.
I from Achilles than, Aeneas thine, full soze bestad
In fight, (that neither force with him nor gods indiffrent had)
Conueyd away by cloud, when peece from peece I would haue tozne,
(Mine owne handworke y was) the walls of Troy so false forstworne.
And now also that minde with me remaines, cast of thy dreede,
In hauons where thou dost wisly he shal arine right saufe with speede.
One only man shall bee, whom lost in deepe seas he shall seeke,
One poll shall walke for all.

When he the goddesse brest with speaking thus had put from care,
As prince his horses proud hee cupling set and bound in chare,
With foure bridlyng bittes, and lobsing gaue them all the raine,
Full smooth his charet slide, and blew sea brim it skantly straine.
Down sinke the surging waues, & great sea swolne in thondry skies,
Doth couche their waters close, from all the heauen the catches flies.
Than sondry fourmes and faces shew them selues, on weldey whales,

And

The fifth Booke

And mossy Glaucus grey, and mankinde monsters boyd of skales,
 And Pollantines, and armies broade of Seales, and Dolphins blew,
 And Tritons blowe their Trumpes y sounds in seas w dropping flew.
 Dame Thetis lefthand keepes, and daunce doth lead of Mermaydes all,
 And Ladyes bright, that leaping liues in seas with bodie tall.
 There Lord Acteas secret minde a sodaine ioy did setche,
 He bids them reyse their Mastes, and all their sayles abroad to stretch.
 Together to their tacles all they step, and latching lines,
 To Harboure now they set, and now to Starboure sayles enclines,
 And haling hoyle their wings, y throwds & hookes & bowlines bendes,
 And swift in seas they swim, the windes them selues their nauy send.
 But priate and pilot chiefe, sir Palinure his course doth beare,
 Before them all, and eche to marke at him commaunded were.

Palinure
 his prin-
 cipall
 pilot.

And now fro heauen y dropping night her mid course nere had past,
 And folkes in slumber swete, their wery limmes on rest had cast,
 And Mariners had layd them selues on hatches hard of bars :
 Whan lightinge swift, from skies the God of sleape did fall from stars,
 And brake the darke of night, with glimling shade of fayned beames.
 To thee (O Palinure) and brought to thee right heauy dreames,
 Without desert, and on the pup full hie his seate did take,
 Resembling Phorbas face, and vnto him these wordes he spake.
 Friend Palinure, lo how the tydes them selues conueys the flete,
 This gale by measure blowes : an houre of rest to take is meete.
 Lay downe thy head, and steale thy painfull eyes one nap of sleape,
 I will for thee my selfe supply thy rowme thy helme to keepe. }
 Whom aunswerd Palinure, skant lifting eyes for slumber deepe.
 Know I not yet my seas ? what ? thinkst thou mee so small of wit,
 To trust this fawning face ? Shall I my lorde and prince commit,
 To this inconstant beast ? should I beleue that monster wilde ?
 So oft as I with flattrring seas, and skies haue ben begilde :
 Such things he spake, and holding hard at helme he cleauid fast,
 And still did serue the streames, and still on stars his eyes did cast.
 Behold, the God on him a dropping bzaunch of *Lymbo* pyt
 With deadly sleeping dewe, on both his temples dashing smyt.
 And struggling to resist, his swimming eyes with sleape opprest.
 Skant first resolved were his wery limmes with sodayn rest,
 And leaning noddid lowe : whan halfe the pup with him he drew,
 And rother helme, and all, in myds of seas he falling thzew

Quite

of Æneidos.

Quite hedlong ouer board, and calling oft his mates in vaine.
The God than take his winges, and thin in winde he went againe.
Yet nerethelesse therfoze, with safe conduct their flæte did pas,
And careles ronnes their course, as god Neptunes promise was.
And now they entring were the straytes, Sirenes rockes that hight,
A parlous place sometime, and yet with bones of people whight.
Than breaking broad the floods, the saltsea stones full hoarce did sound,
When lord Aeneas felt his ship to stray and maister dround.
And toke himselfe the giuing than therof in seas by night,
Lamenting much in minde his friends mischaunce and heavy plight.
O Palinure, that flattring seas and skies to much diost trust,
All naked on some straungy sand onburied lye thou must.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran
finitum .iij. Maij. Anno. 1557. post
periculum eius karmardini.
Opus xxiiij. dierum.

I

The





THE SIXT BOOKE OF

the Aeneidos of Virgill.

The Argument.

¶ When Aeneas was come to Cumas, he went vnto Sybilla's den, where doing sacrifice according to the custome: hee asketh counsel at the Oracle of Apollo, & there learneth both the dangers at hand, & the successe of future wars. Misenus body which he found on the shoare he burneth, his furniture, and spoiles he buryeth vnder the next hill, which therof was called Misenus. From thence, by directiō of Doones, he was brought to the golden bough, which being gathered, & hauing worshipped and appeased the infernall gods with flame sacrifice: by conduct of Sibylla he goeth downe to hell, through the mouth of Auerous. He findeth Palinurus wandringe about the lake of STYX, because his body was vnburied, & when Sibylla had refused to take him ouer vnto the farther shoare, which he requested: Aeneas putteth him in good comfort with exequies, & hope of honorable burial. Fro thence Aeneas passing ouer Stryx, and tassing Cerberus in a sleape with a medlined sop, takinge his iourney through the place of Infantes, and of such as were wrongfully condemned, and put to death vnderfuerly: he cometh vnto the seats of those, & through impacience of loue, had shorned their owne dayes, where espying Dido, when he would haue purged him selfe vnto her: disdainfully she auoyded his sight. Then departing thence, he came to the habitation of those that were sometime famous in war, where he saw Deiphobus tozney, and rent with many wounds, and is there by by him enforzmed by what cruell & shamefull meanes he came to his death. Afterward, leauing Tartarus on the left hand, and being by Sibylla instructed in the punishments of the wicked: he approcheth nigh the walles of Pluto, & there sticketh by the golden bough euen in the Queenes entrie, and from thence he proceedeth to the fields of the blessed, and is by Musæus brought vnto his father. There Anchises declareth vnto his sonne Aeneas the order, and succession of the Albane, and Romane kinges, and running ouer the names of certen of the Romane nobilitie: cometh to the commendation of Iulius, and Augustus Cæsars, and wonderfully extollet Marcellus the sonne of Octauia, who was suddenly cut of by vntimely death. Then going forth through the Query gate vpon the earth: visieth his mates and leauing Cumas, sayleth to Caieta.

Here he
cometh to
Italy at
Cumæ.



¶ He talked hee with feares, and to his fleet he gaue & raines,
And at the last on Cumas coast Italia land attaines. (Strong
Their sorships all fro seaboard than they turne and ankers
They pitching laid a land, and all the croked shoues along

Their

of *Aeneidos*. 9d T

Their ships in order set, out leapes the youth with long desier
 To tread *Italia* land, some seeke for seedes of turking fier
 In secret baines of flints, some breake the beds of beastes onkinde,
 And reauing spoile their denues, some thew what woods, what floods
 But good Aeneas to Apollos church, and temple toloues, (they find.
 He went to seeke the secret caue of Sibyles dreadfull howres.
 A haute of widenes wast, where mighty sprite, and mighty minde
 Apollo her inspires, that all thing knowes in secret kinde.
 And things that fatall ben he doth to her full broad vnfolde.
 And now the sacred groues they see, and houses bright of golde.
 By old report whan Dedalus from Minos kingdoms fled,
 With bold attempt of wings he toke the skies hie ouerhead,
 And Northward fast he flew, a passage straunge vnsene before,
 And lighting downe at last, he stood a land on Cumas shore.
 There he arined first, and there (O Phoebeus bright to thee)
 Did consecrate his wings, and made a temple huge to see.
 Upon the doores Androgeos death there stands, than yere by yere
 How Athens was compeld, (a wretched thing,) their children deere
 By couples seuen and seuen, both sonnes, & daughters bound in bands,
 To send to slaughter vile, the pot with lots there reby stands.
 Right theragainst in seas doth Candy kingdoms answer full,
 There Pasiphee was made, and next to her there stood the Bull
 With tokens foule of loue, and how by felth, in metall thin
 She vnderlay that beast, with stinking lust of lothsome sin.
 And Minotaure there was, the mongrell vile of mixed kinde,
 Inclosed kept in maze, where issue none there was to finde.
 There lay the labour sore, and wandring house of endles wayes,
 In corners croking darke, a woofull worke for them that straies.
 But Dedalus, that pitie did the Quenes outragious loue,
 Him selfe the craft did teache, and dangers all he did remone,
 By giding thzough the darke her passage blinde by threde full fine.
 And thou Icarus also among those woorkes deuine
 Hadst had no slender part, if Iorowes him not letted had.
 Two times in shining golde, thy browing fall with hart full sad
 Thy father there began, and twise his hands for fainting fell.
 These stories olde, and things of former fame right long to tell
 They should haue oueruewd, whan (sent of purpose there before)
 Achates did retorne, and brought the pretell with head full hoare,

He visits
 the temple
 of Apollo
 at Cumas,
 where Si-
 bylla that
 time did
 prophecy.
 Dedalus
 made the
 temple at
 Cumas.
 Diuerse
 histories
 grauen
 vpon the
 walles.
 Citie of
 Athens.

Pasiphae
 wyfe to
 King Mi-
 nos of
 Candy.
 A monster
 half man
 half bull.

Icarus son
 to Dedalus
 flew from
 Candy to
 his father
 and was
 drowned
 by the way
 in the sea,

The sixt Booke

now cal-
led therof
mare la-
rium.

Discrip-
tion of

Siblyes

caue in

temple &

how she

prophesi-

ed at cer-

tain hou-

res by

thes. The

saide caue

yet res-

maines.

No grace

without

prayer.

Aeneas de-

ration to

Phoebus &

to Siblye.

That seruid Phoebus church, and did Dianas offerings make,
And Deiphobe she hight, and to the king these wordes she spake.
This time requireth not with gasing thus to linger there,
Now hefers seuen to kill, to serue the gods more wisdome were.
And seuen of chosen shepe (as custome is) you should haue brought.
These things she spake, & they forthwith her iust comaundment wrought
Than she the Trojan lords into the temple gorgeous calles.
A caue there is, cut out in rocke, euen through the temple walles,
Both huge and broad at mouth, a hundred vaultes, a hundred doores,
A hundred roarings sound, whan Siblyes answers beates the doores.
Before the same they stood, whan she the virgin close within,
Deskried her selfe and spake. Now doth (quoth she) my time begin
To learne at god, lo here comes god. As she thus habling prates,
All sodenly, with faces more than one, before the gates,
And colours more than one, disfigured wild she stood in traunce.
Her hear vpsterting stands, her trembling brest doth panting prauise.
Her hart outraging swells, nor mortallyke she lokes at last:
Above mankind she speakes, whan of the god she felt the blast.
In sprite approaching nere. And standst thou still, and dost not pray,
Thou Trojan thou? (quoth she) & standst thou still? shall not this day
One doore disclose it selfe till prayer come. Whan she thus sayd,
She silence made: than quaking cold in Troians limmes affrayd
Did ron through all their bones, & thus their king ful humbly prayd.
O Phoebus, whom the painefull toyles of Troy did euer grieue,
Thou that sir Paris hand and dart (poore Troians to releue)
Directing didst conduct, and gauest Achilles mortall wound,
Thus many mightie seas that mightie landes encompass round
I entred haue by thee, through nations wilde, and perilous strands,
Through coasts of mountaine Moores, and contreys close of Sirtes sands.
And now *Italia* shore (alwayes that shanke) we touche at last,
Thus farforth now haue we through dangers all our fortune past.
And you also your indignations great is time to end,
You gods and goddesses eche one, whom Troy did ought offend
With glozy great of pryde, eke thou, (O sacred prophet trewe)
That fortunes dost forsee, (I aske nothing but kingdoms due
That destiny doth me giue,) *Italia* land let vs enioye,
Our wandring gods to place, and relikes deere outcast of Troye,
Than I to Phoebus cleere and to Diana, temples pure

of Æneidos.

Of marble stone shall make, and feastes that euermore shall dure.
 Rewardes also to thee, and offerings great for thee shall stand
 Within my kingdomes all, and I my selfe shall out of hand
 Enrolle thy sacred lots, and duties deere of holy rimes.

My people shall them learne, and chosen men at standing times
 Shall consecrated be, thy mighty minde that shall expound.
 Do thou this time thy selfe thy verses speake with perfit sound,
 Nor write no line in leaues, lest whirling wind therewith may play,
 Confounding then from course, and lest in skies they flie their way.
 He ended thus. Speake thou (quoth he) thy selfe I humbly pray.

But wrastling wild as yet, against the god in thentry large
 Dame Sibly mombling made, and strugling strong withstood y charge,
 If haply so she might the gods enforcing shake from brest.
 But he preuailing still, with more and more her spite opprest.

Her hart, her raging mouth, he taming stayed and fired fast.
 And now along the caue, a hundred dozes were open brest
 Of proper strength, & through the vaute these answers out she cast.

O thou that dangers great of seas at last hast skaped all,
 But greater things on land remaines for thee. The Troyans shall
 To *Lavin* kingdom come, cast from thy brest that point of feare.
 But sone repent they shall, and curse the time that brought them there.
 Repent right sone they shall: was, dreadfull wars byrising growes,
 And Tyber flood I see, with somy blood how thicke it flowes.

Oft sones of Trojan streames nor Greekish camps thou shalt not faile,
 And in *Italia* thee a new Achilles shall assaill,
 That borne of goddesse is, nor from the Troyans Iuno stout
 Shall onewhere absent be, whan thou at neede extreme for dout,
 What nation of *Italia* land shalbe: what cities great:
 That thou that time for ayde with humble sute shalt not entreat:
 The cause of all this wo, shall be a wife of forayne line,
 A foraine spouse yet ones againe to Troyans.

Yet for these mischiefes all do thou not shrink, but bolder prease,
 Where thee thy fortune leades, thy chiefest helth and cause of peace,
 (Where least thou dost suspect) shall from a Greekish towne apere.
 These words did Sibly speake, and rapt with spright in caue onclere,
 Her compas croked songes, and doubtfull rimes she belwing soundes,
 Inuoluing trueth in darke, such bridling bittes and rauing boundes
 Apollo giues his preest, and close to preache he prickes her brest.

This
 was ac-
 cōplished
 after-
 ward, & in
 Rome
 there wer
 ten inter-
 preters
 of Siblyes
 bokes,
 called
 Decē viri
 Sibyllini,
 to a col-
 lege of y
 same.
 sibyl re-
 sisted til y
 sprite cō-
 pelled
 her.
 siblyes
 voice,

The sixt Booke

Truth in When first her pattering mouth and raging lims were left at rest,
darknes. Aeneas prince began. No trauaile new this is to mee
 A virgin pure, nor face of labour none vnfelt I see.
 All this I do conceiue, and in my minde considered late.
 One thing I shall desire, (for here men say begins the gate
 Of great infernall king, and darcksome floods by hell that flæte)
 Giue licence mee to go to seeke and see my father swæte.
 Woughsaue to guide my way, and holy doores do open make.
 Him I from thousands swordes, and burning flames away did take,
 These shoulders, euē these shoulders, through þe foes did bring him out,
 He passage toke with mee, with mee all streames and londs about,
 And threathnings all of seas and tempestes all with toery payne,
 Aboue his age and strength, on weldey man, he did sustaine.
 And now that I this time before thy doore so meekely pray:
 Hee mee commaunded thus. Haue pitie now of both vs tway
 A sacred virgin pure (for thou maist all) nor here in vaine
 Diana thee hath set, on *Lyngo* woods to rule and raine.
 If Orpheus obtained ones his wife from vnder ground,
 By singing swæte at harpe, and striking stringes of pleasant sound:
 If Pollux did his brothers death redeeme with his erchaunge,
 And went and came so oft, what should I talke of Theseus straunge?
 Or strongest Hercules? my selfe from hie loue do descend.
 These things he talked thus, and fast he held the altars end.
 Than prophet Sibly said. A boorne of blood of heauenly kinde,
 Thou Troian duke, the way that leades to hell is light to finde,
 Both nightes and daies, the doore of *Limbo* blacke doth open gape.
 But backward by to clime, and free to skies eftsones to skape,
 There worke, there labour is: few men whom equall loue did loue,
 Or vertue percing all, did to the stars aduaunce aboue,
 Could worke so great a worke: that midwaies all are compass wide
 With desertes darke of woods, and slimy flood full blacke doth slide.
 But if so great desier, such feruent loue thou hast in minde,
 Two times to loke on hell, two times to swim those lakes on kinde,
 If pleasour ought there bee, this frantike toyle to lake on thee:
 These things first must thou do. In shadowes great there lurks a tree,
 With golden crops & bowes, with leaues & braunches smooth of golde:
 Which to Diana deepe, infernall Queene, is sacred holde.
 This tree hath euery wood, and darke in vales doth hide with shade.
But

An easie
 way to
 hell.

For he
 must ne-
 uertheless
 after-
 ward.
 She a-
 pointers
 him first
 to þe golde

of *Aeneidos*.

But no man breathing life can vnder ground haue power to trade,
Till from those goldilocks of botoms he brings one bzaunch deuine,
Which to her selfe for chiefe reward Diana doth assigne.

Whan one bough broken is, another springs as fresh in sight
Of gold, and twigs are ever like, with buds of metall bright.
Saeke out therfore with speede, and whan thou duely hast it spied,

Lay thou thereon thy hand, for willingly with ease, onwized
It selfe it shall release, if destinies thee therto do call:

For otherwise not breake it will, for strength, nor weapons all.

Moreouer, now thy frend deceasid lieth with corps on ground,
Alas vnware thou art, and all thy fleete he doth confound,
While here thou harkning standst, & counsels great of God dost craue.
Him first go bring to earth, and giue to him his worthy graue.

And slaughters blacke of beastes for sinnes redemption see thou lead.

So maist thou Limbo woods, where breathing man may neuer tread,

Behold at last (quoth she.) With that, her mouth she stopping staied.

Aeneas mourning went, with fixed eyes on ground dismaied.

And leauing thus the caue, these fortunes hard and chaunces blinde

He pondering did reuolue, so did with him Achates kinde,

And ioyntly step by step with equall cares they walking went.

Much talke betwixen them twaine of sondry things they speaking spent,

What frend dame Sibly means, what corps it is they should entiere.

But whan to shore they came, onware on sand appproching neere,

Misenus slaine they see with giltles death, their frend full deere.

Misenus trompet sounder chiefe, whose nobler neuer was,

In kindling men with noise, and fighting fieldes to there with bras.

Somtime sir mighty Hectors mate he was, to Hector strong

With trompet bold and speare he corage gaue in battaill throng.

But whan that him from life Achilles victor spoiled had,

Vnto Aeneas Troian prince this valiant captaine sad

Did place him selfe as peere, and nothing worse his chaunce he drew.

But than (as mischiese was) while brasen trompe he swimming blew

For pride, and callinge to compare the Gods of seas did greue:

Him Triton toke for spite (if men may boldly this beleue)

And dragd him through the rockes, & deepe in seas his enemy drownd.

The Troians than with noise his body dead encompass round,

And god Aeneas chiefe, than to accomplish Siblyes charge,

No longer time they take, but weeping fast an altar large

tree, wher
by is sig-
nified
wisedome
& ouercom-
meth all
things.

He found
his trom-
pet our
Misenus
dead on
the lande

Triton a
fish with
a trompet
did
drowne
Misenus
in the sea
for spirit.

3 ity

They

The sixt Booke

They lade with timber logs, and hie to heauen a pile they bilde,
 Into a forest old they gon, and hauntes of beastes vnmilde,
 Down tomling crake the trees, byrseth sound of axes strokes,
 Both holmes, and bethes broad, and beames of ashe, and shides of Okes,
 With wedges great they elyue, and mountain elmes with leauers roll.
 Aeneas eke their worke with corage kindling did controll,
 And toles in hand he toke, and for most man amongst then wrought.
 Yet heauines in hart he bare, and often thus he thought,
 If now this golden braunche will through this forest thicke apere,
 Than verily right true it is (as all things els ben clere)
 And too true (alas) of thee the spake Misenus deere.
 Skant spoken were these words, whā culuers twain by chaunce in sight,
 Came ouerhead in skies before his face, and downe they light,
 And softly sat on ground, he knew forthwith his mothers burdes
 Aeneas mighty prince, and thus he praied in silent wordes.
 O, be my gides (if any way there be) and through these glades
 Direct mee to the place where fertill soile in darksome shades
 Doth beare this golden braunche, and thou O mother great, I pray
 Now faile me not at neede. Thus speking still him selfe did stay,
 Beholding bym those byrdes, and how they rise, and where they flie.
 They feeding there a while amounted forth, and went in skie,
 So far as eyes of man could them pursue, or marke could make.
 Than whan against Auerna mouth they came, (that stinking lake)
 They lyft them selues aloft, and through the tender aier they flyde,
 And falling down at last, they toke their tree, and there did bide,
 Where glistring braunches shewes of sondry glossid shining gold.
 None other wise, than mistelwe on woods in winter cold
 Renewes his bushes greene, whom tronck of tree did neuer breede,
 But saffronfrutid bowes the stubs therof doth ouerspreede:
 So from the tree the golden braunch did shew, such was the kinde,
 So wauering soft it wagde, and tincling sweete it made in winde.
 Aeneas at it straight, and caught a crop with much ado,
 And glad with comfort great, dame Siblyes house he brought it to.
 For nothing lesse this while, the Troyans all in solempne gise
 Did wayle Misenus corps, and gaue to him their last outeries.
 First, cut in culpons great, and fat of sap with pitche among
 A stately pile they bilde, with timber trees and Cipers strong.
 (That dead mens treasour is) his gorgeous armes also they set,
 Some

Doves
 are venus
 birds for
 their en-
 crease.

Mistels
 are callid
 of some
 mistel den
 growing
 on trees
 in winter
 in a yelow
 slimy be-
 ry clamy
 like byrd
 lyme, it
 cometh
 by dong-
 ing of
 birds on
 the trees.
 The fu-
 nerals of

of *Aeneidos*.

Some brought the water warme, and caudrons boyling out they fet.
 The body cold they wash, and precious ointments on they polye.
 Lamenting loude is made, than close his limmes in bed on floore
 They couch with weeping teares, & purple weedes on him they throw:
 His robes, his harneis bright, and ensignes all that men may know.
 In mourning sort, some heave on shoulders hie the mighty beere,
 (A dolefull seruice sad) as children do their father deere,
 Behinde them holding bonds, than flaine vpising, broad doth spreed,
 And oyles and deinties cast, and frankinsens the fier doth feede.
 When salne his cinders were, and longer blaze did not endure,
 His reliques and remaine of dust with wines they washed pure.
 When Choriney his bones in brasen coffin bright did close,
 And sprincling water pure, about his mates thre times he goes,
 And drops of sacred dewe with Oliue palmes on them did shake,
 And compas blest them all, and sentence last he sadly spake.
 To fieldes of ioye thy soule, and endles rest we do betake.
 But good Aeneas than, right huge in height his tombe did rere,
 And gaue the lord his armes, his Dre and Trompet fired there.
 On mountaine nere the skies, that of Misenus beares the name,
 And euerlasting shall from world to world retaine the same.
 This done, dame Siblyes further minde to execute he shapen.
 A dongeon darke there is, that euermore wide open gapes,
 Full rough of rocky stones, and lothsome lake there flowes about.
 Therouer dare no byrd attempt to flie, for deadly dout,
 Such prison breath outbreake, & through the throte with stifling stink,
 Such smolthying vapour smokes, and vp to skies is born from brinke,
 Wherby the Greekes by name *Auerna* mouth that place do call.
 There hefers chosen foure, full blacke of backes, he first of all
 Did bring, and wines betweene their fronts the priest of custom threw,
 And with her hand she pluckt the hear betweene their hornes & grew,
 To cast in sacred fier, redemption chiefe of deedes amis.
 And on Diana calles, in heauen and hell that mighty is.
 Some other sturs with kniues, & blood lukewarme in bolles they take.
 Him selfe a lambe by darke, vnto the dame of furies blake,
 And to her sister great with sword he strake, and vnto thee,
 (O Proserpine) a frutelesse cowe he kilde full blacke to see.
 When vnto *Lymbo* king his altars large he made by night,
 And bowels whole of Bulles in burning fier enflamed bright.

Misenus
 marue-
 lously ex-
 pressed of
 Virgill.
 Warne
 water &
 crynges,
 for many
 seeme ded
 & be yet
 a liue.

} Nouissi-
 ma verba.

Discrip-
 tion of a
 place in
 Italy cal-
 led *Auer-
 na*, where
 antiquity
 supposed
 to be the
 entry into
 hel and
 is yet a
 terrible
 place to
 loke on.

The sixth Booke

Sibly
brought
Aeneas in
to Auer-
na mouth,
so vnder
ground
to Lympo
wherin
Virgil ex-
presseth
all the
believe &
opinio of
p pagans.

And plenty fat of oyles, till offrings all were wasted quight.

Behold, before that light of sonne did rise in skies aboue,

The ground with roaring shooke, and vnder fete did trembling moue,

And tops of trees do turne, and dogs in shade did seeme to houle,

Whan first the goddess came. Auaunt, auaunt, you sinners soule.

Dame Sibly loud did crie, from all these woods stand out beneath.

Kepe thou thy way by force, and naked sword pul from thy sheath,

Now time of corage is, now fire thy minde Aeneas fast.

And with that word into Auer-
na mouth her selfe she cast.

He void of feare doth stalking her pursew at elbow fast.

O gods that empier keepes on ghostes, and soules of silence dum,

Thou Chaos, and you fry boyling pits and places glum,

Giue license mee to tell your secret workings vnder ground,

Giue pardon to disclose thinges deepe in mist, and darkenes dround.

They walking went in night, alone, in silence through the shade,

By Lympo kingdoms wast, and houses empty boide of trade.

Like as the feeble Moone doth giue sometime a fainting light

To men & walke in woods, whan clouds do kepe the skies fro sight,

And all things alfred ben, and coulours cleere are hid by night.

Euen at the porche, and first in Lympo iawes, done Wailings dwell,

And Cares on couches lyen, and Settled Mindes on vengeance fell.

Diseases leane, and pale, and combrous Age of drompish yeres,

And Feare, and filthy Peece, and Hunger hard that mischiefe steeres,

Whilshapen things in sight. Whan Death himselfe, whose neighbor next

Was Slepe that kinsman is to Death, than proud Mindes vnperplext

Reioysing vile in sin, and mortall Warres afront the gate,

And Furies fight in beds of Steele, and Disorde far from state

With bleeding brows, and vglysome startling heares of angry snakes.

Amids them all an Elme with armes out spreding, shadow makes,

An Elme both hyge and olde, that seat, men say do fantasies keepe,

And Dreames vnertaine dwell, and euery leafe they vndercrepe.

And diuers monsters more there was, of sondry sortes vnkinde,

As Scyllas and Centaurus, man before, and beast behinde,

In euery doore they stampe, and Lyons sad with gnashing sound.

And Bugges with hundred heads as Briarey, and armed round

Chimera fightes with flames, and gastly Gorgon grim to see,

With heardes of Harpies vile, and Goblins foule of figures thre.

Aeneas sodenly for feare his glistring sword out toke,

And

of Æneidos.

And as they threatening came, he towards them his sauchon shoke.
 And (but his learned gyde instruct him did, to let go by
 Those flittring tender formes, and not to touch those shappes that flye
 Which nothing ben but life, and substance none, but likenes thin)
 He would with them haue fought, and did in vaine to beat begin.

Here now the way doth lead to Lymbo lake and filthy flud,
 Whose chanell chokid is with troublous grounds of miry mud,
 And belching boyles a sand, which to the bancks it throws from dæpes.
 A dreadfull feryman that streame with visage lothsome keepes,
 In tattrid wretched weede, and Caron he by name doth hight.
 His hoary bush and beard both ouergrown and soule vndight,
 With skouling steaming eyes, and from his shoulders down his loines
 His filthy mantell hanges, whom fluttish knot vncomly ioynes.
 Himselfe with pyked poale his boate doth guide, and beares a charge,
 Transporting still the soules, in rusty dusty cankred barge,
 Well aged now, but sappy strength hee keepes of græner yeres.
 To this place all the rout doth draw themselues with louring cheres,
 By numbers great, both men and women dead, no: long delayed.
 With princes, preaced boyes and girles, that wedlocks neuer sayed,
 And flourishing youth, that in their parentes time were layd in ground,
 And all that life had borne, about the banke they clustred round,
 As thicke as leaues of trees among the woods in winter winde
 Whan first to ground they fall: or like as foules of waterkinde
 Assembling flocke them selues, whan yere of frost hath first begonne,
 And ouer seas they seeke in warmer londs to take the sonne.
 They stood, and crauing cried, that first transport they might before,
 And stretching held their hands desiring much the further shore.
 The churlish feryman, now these now those by course receiues,
 And some down thrusting throws, & from the sand restraining weines.

Caron the
 fery man
 of hell
 fluddes.

Aeneas than, for of this great tumult he merueld sore,
 O virgin tell (quoth hee) what meanes this busie great bprore?
 What seeke they thus? why to this water bancke run they so fast?
 Wherfore be these reied? and yonder those their course haue past?
 And some with Dyes I see are sweeping yet this chanell blew?
 Than shortly thus to him dame Sibly spake, that prophet true.
 O great Anchises son, vndouted child of gods in blisse,
 Now Lymbo lake thou seest, infernall poole this water is.
 Cocitus cald it is, and Stigies moore the name doth beare,

The sixt Booke

By which the gods them selues so sore affraid ben to forswear.
 This pzease that here thou seest, ben people dead that laid in graue,
 A piteous rable poore, that no reliefe nor comfort haue.
 This boateman Caron is, and those whom now this water beares,
 Are bodiees put in ground with worship due of weeping teares.
 Nor from these fearefull bankes nor ryuers hoarce they passage get :
 Till vnder earth in graues their bodiees bones at rest are set.
 A hundred yerres they walke, & round about these shores they houe,
 And than at last full glad, to further pooles they do remoue.
 Aeneas stopt his foote, and stayed him selfe against that place,
 Reuoluing much in minde, and pitied sore their wofull case.
 He saw lamenting there, and lacking graues and worship due,
 Leucaspis and Orontes, lords of Troyan fleete full true.
 Whom ioyntly both from Troy, as through the swelling seas they pass,
 The southwind whirling toke, and ship and men did overcast.
 Behold, his maister chiefe, and pylot guide, sye Palinure
 Chafing did bere him selfe, who late in sicil seas full sure
 His course with sailing kept, while stars of heauen he be too at helme
 He through the pup was falne, and seas him quite did ouerwhelme,
 Him scarce he could discerne among the soules with frowning face.
 Than first he spake. O Palinure, what god with heauy grace
 Hath spoyled mee of thee : and thee in deepe seas thus hath dround :
 Declare to mee, for neuer here tofore that fals was found,
 With this one tale vntrew Apollo mee did seede in vaine,
 Who said, that safe from seas, *Italia* land thou shouldst attaine,
 A place where a man may trust. Is this his faith so vndefilde :
 Hee theronto. It is not Phoebus thee that hath begylde :
 O Troian king, nor mee that god in seas did ouerwhelme.
 For as at sterne I stood, and steering strongly held my helme
 Wherewith I charged was, and course of ships with sailles did beare,
 I hedlong fell therewith. By all the seas full rough I sweare,
 Nothing so sore I dreed, nor for my selfe so much did care,
 As lest thy ship dispoild, and of her guide and maister bare :
 Should by misfortune faile, as waues so great that time did rise.
 Thre weery winter nightes, in combrous seas in waltring wise,
 With waters borne I was : the fourth day skant at last I spied
Italia land, as ouer waues full hie my head I wried.
 By small and small to landward than I swam, and sure I was,

The care
 of a good
 guide, or
 Pilot.

Had

of *Aeneidos*.

Had not the nation wild destroyed me there vnknown, alas.
 And as I creeping held with crooked hands the mountaines top,
 Encombred in my clothes that dabbing downe from me did drop,
 They slew me there with swords, and thought by mee to gaine a pray.
 Now still in floods I flée, and to and fro with windes I stray.
 That I thee, by the gladsome light of heauen and ioyfull skies
 Now for thy fathers loue, and for thy son whose lucke doth rise:
 Unwrap me fro these wrongs (O periles prince) & bring me a ground,
 I pray thee, (for thou maist) in *Velin-hauens* I shall be found.
 O thou, if any way there bee, if goddesse mother thine
 Hath shewd thee how to shift (for not without some power deuine
 This place I thinke thou seest, nor *Lymbo* poles thus canst thou swim)
 Keatche mee thy hand, and take mee wretche with thee by water bryn,
 That after death at least, in pleasant rest I may remaine.
 Such things he talking spake, whan Sibly thus replyed againe,
 Since whan O *Palinure*, hath all this madnes comen on thee:
 Wouldst thou the *Lymbo* pole and dolefull floods vntombed see:
 Unbidden from this banke dost thou in dede to skape entend:
 Seeke neuer Gods eternall home with speech to thinke to bend.
 Yet take with thee his worde, and comfort thus thy græuous fall.
 For they that border next vnto that mount, and cities all,
 By tokens great from heauen, shall be compeld thy bones to take,
 And tombe they shall thee byld, and solempne seruice thee shal make,
 And *Palinurus* name for euermore the place shall keepe.
 This spoken, from his heauy hart his cares abating criepe,
 And sorowes partly shanke, and glad on earth his name he knew.
 They on their iourney went, and towards now the flood they drewe.
 Whom as the boteman first, with eyes bycast in comming spied
 To walke in silent woods, and how to shoze their fete they plied:
 He thus began to chafe, and towards them full loude he cried.
 What euer thou art, that armed thus vnto our floods dost trace:
 Tell what thine errand is, and stay thy selfe, and stop thy pace.
 Here is the seate of soules, the place of sleepe and slumby night,
 Nor breathing bodie none this boat may bear by law nor right.
 Nor *Hercules* (whom I did last receiue) did mee no good,
 Nor *Theseus*, with *Pirithous*, that passed here this flood,
 Though borne of Gods they were, & periles lords of strength & minde.
 Hee with his mighty hands the mastif hound of hell did binde

The cru-
 ell māner
 of saluage
 seacoas-
 ters.

Before

The sixt Booke

Before the king at benche, and dragde him trembling out to light,
 Whose other did attempt to steale from hence our emperesse bright.
 Than Sibly prophet preest, with gentle speeche thus did entreat.
 Here is no treason such, do thou not chafe nor further feare.
 These weapons worke no harme, the porter huge for evermore
 May barking keepe his caue, and bloodles soules affray from shore.
 Well may Diana chaste her vnckles chamber long enjoy.
 Aeneas famous here, the curteis prince, in armes of Troy
 Vnto his father goeth, vnto the soules of *Lymbo* lowe.
 If vertue none so great may moue thy minde this man to know,
 Behold (quoth he) this bzaunch, & from her garment out she tooke
 The golden bzaunch, than angry wath his swelling hart forsooke,
 Nor, more she spake, but wondring at that blessed gift of grace,
 And fatall rod, that seldome scene had ben within that place,
 She shoud forth his ship, and on the bancke approaching hit.
 Than other soules, that on the sides in long arayes did sit:
 He tombling draue them downe, and made a rowme, and in he takes
 Aeneas mighty prince, the boat in ioyntes for burden crakes,
 And through that lethrin seames the filthy flood in plenty drinkes.
 Yet landed safe at last both preest and man, on the vtter brinnes,
 In miry woas, and slimy mud mischapen soule that stinnes.

Cerberus
 the porter
 of hell.

There Cerberus, infernall hound, with throtes wide open thre,
 Doth batle with barking noyse, at *Lymbo* mouth full huge to see.
 Whose necke whan Sibly saw with startling snakes to swelling firt:
 A sop of bread with sleepey feedes, and hony swete commirt
 Against his throte she threwo, he gaping wide his threesold iawes,
 All hungry caught that gub, and couching strait with stretching pawes,
 He bolued his boistous backe, and on the ground himselfe he spred,
 Encombring all the caue, and groueling lay with slumbry head.
 Aeneas toke the place, while thus the porter surging was,
 And skoope the further shore, where backward home no life can pas.
 Anon were voyces hard, and piteous cries, and wailings shrill,
 Of soules of tender babes, and infantes weeping void of skill,
 That pleasure swete of life did neuer tast, but from their brest
 Untimely death them tooke, and fortune grim hath down opprest.
 Next them be such, as false surmise haue don to death by law,
 Nor they without their iudge, and for their seates their lots they draw,
 King Minos moues their bore, and as a iudge their liues enquieres,

And

of *Aeneidos*.

And calles enquestes of soules, and all their sinnes in silence heres.
 Than louring next in place, bent they that fell with wilfull death,
 And gittles slew them selues, with hasty hands, abhorring breath,
 And shoke from them their soules, how gladly now in skies againe,
 Would they full poze estate, and hardnes all of life sustaine?
 The destnies do resist, and lake vnlouely them detaines,
 And pooles of *Lymbo* nine in compas ronning, them restraines.
 Not far aloofe from thence, disperst abroad on quarters all,
 The mourning feedes they see (for so by name men do them call.)
 There they whom cruell loue consumed hath with fretting moodes,
 In secret pathes they walke, and hide them selues in Mirtill woodes,
 Encombred still with cares, nor death it selfe their sorowes slakes.
 There Phædra, Procris, Eriphyle he seeth that mourning makes
 For loue, and of her son vnnmercifull the woundes doth beare.
 Euadne than, and Pasiphee, likewise that martyrd were.
 And Ceneus, a lad sometime that was, but now a wife,
 Conuerted est by kinde to former shape of females life.
 Among all these, Quene Dido late that died of fatall wound,
 In forrest wandring went, whom when the Trojan duke had found
 Approching nere and knew, in shimmering shadow darke and thin:
 Much like, as after chaunging new whan prime doth first begin,
 Men see, or thinke they see, that doubtfull mone in cloudes about:
 He blubbr'd out in teares, and thus did speake for dulcet loue.
 O wofull Dido deere, the tale to tell (as now doth seeme)
 Was brought mee of thy losse, and of thy stroke and wound extreme.
 I was thy cause of death, alas, now by the starres I sweare,
 By all the Gods, and if there be remaining yet one where
 Unfained faith, if truth on ground or vnder ground may be,
 Against my will (O Quene) from thy dominions did I flee.
 But mee, the threatnings great of gods & through these glimring glades
 Compels to seeke, these hary moory musty darksome shades,
 Hath forced mee to this, nor neuer (Quene) could I beleue,
 That my departing thee, so sore at hart could ever greeue.
 Now stay thy selfe, and from my sight withdraue thee not so fast,
 Whom fleest thou thus? this vnto thee must be my talking last,
 Aeneas thus to her, that frowning stood, with shouling eyes,
 He spake to swage her minde, and teares out gushing still did rise.
 She turning, fixed fast her face on ground with louring looke,
 For

He mee-
 teth with
 Quene
 Dido in
 Hell.

Dido
 and
 Aeneas
 in
 the
 underworld

The sixt Booke

Nor more to him did moue, nor at his tale regard she toke,
 Than sturres a standing stone, or mountaine rocke for blast of winde,
 At last from him she brake, and backe she fled with spitefull minde,
 To shadowes thicke of woods, where ioynt with her, her husband olde
 Sichæus doth complaine, and equall loue with her doth holde.
 Aeneas nethelesse, whom this mischaunce full sozy shoke,
 Pursude her, weeping long, and at her parting pitie toke.
 From thence their way they sought, & now the borders last they helde,
 Where worthy lordes of armes enhabit thicke in secret felde.
 There met he with sir Tydeus, and valiaunt noble knight
 Parthenopee, and pale Adrastus ghost, that wofull spright.
 There, they that much lamented were on earth, and died in war,
 The Troian lordes, he knew them all in long arayes a far.
 Therfilochus, and Glaucus deere, he sobbid them to see,
 And Medon, of Anthenor stout the famous childzen thre.
 And Polybetes, Ceres priest that was, both strong and bolde,
 Idæus eke, that hozles swift and armours yet doth holde.
 By flockes about him drew the soules full thicke on euery hand,
 Nor satisfied they ben with loking ones, but still they stand,
 And steps with him they ioyne, and glad they be his caule to lerne.
 But all the Greekish lordes, and Agammenons captayns sterne,
 When first the man they saw in glistring armour through the night:
 They trembling shoke for feare, some turning toke their wonted flight,
 As to their ships sometime they ran, some others squeking thin
 Would lift their voice, but in their iawes begonne, it sticke within,
 There Deiphobus, Priamis son he saw, all boucherwise
 Bewanglid foule in face, with body torne in cruell gise,
 Both body, face, and handes, and temples twaine, and eares dispoilde,
 With lothly cropped nose, and shamefull woundes eche where defoilde.
 Skarfe him he could discerne, that trembling shrank, and couered wold
 His filthy wounds, than thus he spake with voice acquainted old.
 O Deiphobus, mighty most in armes, O Troian blood,
 What saluage tirant beast hath giuen to thee this plague so woud?
 Who might so great a powre obtaine on thee? The rumour went
 How in the night extreme, of Greekish slaughters wery spent
 Thou headlong threwst thy selfe on mirid heapes of enemies slaine.
 Than I my selfe to thee, an empty tombe on Rheta plaine
 Aduaunting vp did bilde, and thise thy soule saluted cleere.

Deipho-
 bus & ma-
 ried Helē
 after the
 death of
 Paris.

} The

of Æneidos.

Thy name & armes that place preserues, but thee (O freend so deere)
 Could I not see, that in thy contrey ground I might entere.

Then Deiphobus said: Nothing (swete freend,) can I requier.
 All dueties done thou hast, nor more my ghost can thee desier.
 But mee, mine owne mischaunce, and Helen strompets mischief more
 Hath plunged thus in paines, these tokens mee she left in store.
 For when that latter night with ioyes deceitfull vs did feede,
 Thou knowest: and ouermuch therof to thinke we must of neede.
 When first that fatall horse our contrey walles did ouerskip
 With armour freyghted full, and harneist sotenmen downe did slip:
 Dissembling than to daunce with songes, and himpnes in streets about
 She drew the Troyan wiues, and in her hand amidst the rout
 She bare the burning torche, and from the towres the Greekes did lure.
 Then overcome with cares, I wofull miser sleeping sure
 Within my chamber was, in pleasant ease, and laid at rest,
 And slomber swete and deepe, most like to death had mee opprest.
 My goodly spouse this while, my weapons all way she cloind,
 From all my house, and from my head my trusty sword purloind.
 And Menelae her former husband cald, andild the fiores
 With clusters great of Greekes, and open wide she set the doores,
 And mee to them she gaue, for token chiefe of former loue,
 That fame of olde offence by that amendes she might remoue.
 What should I longer make: into my chamber all they thrust,
 With false Vlisses helpe. O gods redub them vengeance iust,
 If due rewards I seeke, if Greekes with mee vniustly wrought.
 But thee, aliuie, what wondrous fortune here this time hath brought?
 Declare to mee, by wandring wide at seas art comen astray?
 O gods appointment great, or what mischaunce doth thee dismay,
 To see this troublous place, these houses heauy boide of sonne?
 With talking thus, the Morning golden bright had ouerronne
 The compas halfe of heauen, and mids of skies she now did clime,
 And haply speaking more, they should haue spent their pointed time,
 But Sibly warning gaue.
 The night approcheth fast, we weepe away the time in vaine.
 Here is the place where now the way deuides it selfs in twaine.
 The righthand path goth vnderneath the walles of Pluto deepe.
 That way we must, if path to Paradise we thinke to keepe.
 The lefthand leades to paine, and damned sinners sends to hell.

The sixt Booke

Then Deiphobus said. O prophet pure that dost excell,
Do thou no further feare, I will depart to yonder field
To fill the number there, and mee againe to darkenes yeld.
Go worship, go thou glory great of Troy, with heauenly grace,
God send thee more good lucke, and with that word he turnd his pace.

Aeneas turnd his eyes, and in the rocke on lefthand side
A castle broad he seeth, with three thicke walles encompass wide.
Whom enuironned with rage of flaming flood that fier out spewes,
A dampish fry flood, that sounding stones outbelching strewes.
A gate against it stands, full huge of height, with pillers great
Of Adamant vncut, whom force of mankinde none can beat,
Nor gods themselves of heauen: vpstands to skies a brasen towre,
Where sits Tisiphonee with blood red toles, and visage sowre,
That combrous monster send, both daies & nights the watch she keepe
Before that entry grin, with gargell face, and neuer sleepe.
From thence wer howlings heard, & wretches wawling tost in paines,
And clinching loud of Iron, and gingling noise of dragging chaines.
Aeneas sterking stood, and all that bustling harkned to,
What vengeance nose is this? O birgin tell, what haue they do,
That thus tormented ben: what meanes this bounsing? this outrage?
Then Sibly thus began. O Troian duke of wisdoms sage,
No good man may come nere this cursed house of dampned Hell,
But mee, when in *Auerna* woods *Diana* set to dwell,
She taught mee than their paines, and through these places all did glide.

Radama-
nus was a
lust kinge
& therfore
is feined
to a king
in Hell.

This boistous empier keepe sir *Radamanthus*, king of pride,
Correcting men for sinne, and all their fallhodes heares and tries,
Constraining to confesse what euer thing they did in skies,
Differing till their death, as if all paines escaped were.
Anon, the giltie soules with ramping force and grisly feare
Tisiphonee doth take, and scourging them she sways with whips,
And serpentes grim she shakes, and ouer them she stamping skips,
With flockes of swarming fends, and all her sisters out she calles,
Infernall hideous hags, and to their turments them she stales.
Then verily with thondring fearfull noise, the sacred hookes
Doth opening turne their gates, lest what a gard against vs looke?
What faces? what a watch there stands at every gate in sight?
With fifty garing heads a monstrous dragon stands byright?
Yet sits a worse within. Then, Hell it selfe, that sinkhole deepe

of Aeneidos.

Two times as broad descendes, two times as hedlong downright depe:
As heauen vpright is hie, if men therto from thence might peepe.

There lie the Titans brood, and of dame Earth the linage olde
Downthowen with lightning dints, and in that gulf are tombling rold.
There saw I serpentfeted bastards twaine, of Giaunts lile,
That in conflict with heauen, to teare the skies did enterprise,
Despising Ioue himselfe, whom from his throne they would haue thrust.
Eke Sulmon there I saw, in cruell wreake of turmentes iust.
For he the flames of god, and thondring soundes would counterfeat.
He bozne with hozles soure, and shaking bzonds and torches great
Through contreys all of Greece, and townees triumphing went about,
And honours due to God vsurping toke of euery rout.
A frantik man, that pereles lightning clouds would thinke to skorne,
With bzasse and ronning stædes, that footed ben with hose of hozne.
But Ioue almighty than, a fry dart on him down slang,
His artes could him not helpe, nor cressets fierce wherwith he sprang.
But hedlong he to hell in whirling storme was thowen to depes.
There plunged now in paines, he in the botom crawling creepes.

Eke Tision the darling dære of Earth which all thing breeds
You should haue seene, that furlongs nine of ground w bodies sprædes.
And huge on him there sits, with crooked beake and croming palwes
A gastly Gripe, that euermore his growing guts outzalwes,
And tiring teareth forth his euerduring liuer baines,
For neuer rest there is, but fresh renewes his endles paines.
What should I now rehearse the beastly Centaures rable all?
Whom ouer hangs a stone that euermore doth seme to fall.
Their bzidebeds saier are spzed, and golden carpets shine full bzight,
And pzeious princely fare before their face is set in sight.
Than comes the foulest fend, and all their deinties ouerbzodes,
Forbidding them to touch, and from their hands doth snatch their foods,
And beats with burning bzonds & thodzings thicke her mouth doth cast.
There they that did their bzethzen most abhoz while life did last,
Dz beat their parents, dz their clients cause haue soule betrayed,
And such as gathered goods vnto themselves and no man paid,
For almes neuer gaue, wherof there is to great a thzong,
Dz for aduoutry haue ben slaine, dz reissid warres in wzong,
Dz rebels to their prince, dz maisters gods would not discerne:
Included in that Jaile their paines they hide. Seake not to lerne.

An euer-
lasting
torment
of fast
vnuercha-
able.

The sixt Booke

What paines: what world of wo there is: how eche his fortune feelles,
Some rolles vnweldy rocks, some hangs on hie displaid on wheeles,
Some tombling tyze themselves. There euer sits and euer shall
Unhappy Theseus, and Phlegias most of misers all,
Among those caytiues darke and loude with voice to them doth roze,
Learne iustice now by this, and gods aboute despise no more.
One wretch his contrey solde, and prince of strength therto did call,
He forged lawes for bribes, and made, and mard, and alfred all.
Another leapt into his daughters bed, confounding kindes,
All ment outragious deedes, and filld their soule outragious mindes.
Not if I had a hundred mouthes, a hundred tonges to spend,
And voyce as strong as Steele, yet could I neuer comprehend
Their sondy times & paines, nor of their names shuld make an end.

When Sibly to Aeneas thus had sayd. Now make mee spæde,
Go furth, kepe on thy way, performe those things that thou hast neede.
Dispatch we now (quoth he) I spie from hence the chimneys tops
Of Ciclops boistous walles, I see their gates their forge, and shops,
Where we commaunded be to leaue this gift of golden spætes.
She said, and ioyntly both they past through crooking darksome waies,
And marching through the mids, vnto the gates approached nere.
Aeneas through them rushd, and than him selfe with water clære
Besprinkling, toke the bzaunche, and at the gate he firt it fast.
These things so done, and all the goddesse gift fulfilld at last:
Into the gladsome feldees they come, where arbors swete and greene,
And blessed seates of soules, and pleasant woods and groues are seene.
A fresher feeld of ater whom larger light doth ouerthrow,
And purer breath, their priuat sonne, their priuat stars they know.
Some to disport them selues there sondy maistries tried on grasse.
And some their gambolds plaid, and some on sand there wassling was.
Some frisking shake their fæte, & measures tread & rimes they sowne.
And Orpheus among them stands, as priest in trayling gotone,
And twaneling makes them tune, with notes of musike seuerall seuen,
And now with Puery quill, now strings he strikes with fingers euen.
There were the Troyan lords, and antike stocke of noble race,
Most prudent princes strong, and bozne in yeres of better grace.
Both Ilus, and Astaractus, and founder siff of Troy,
King Dardan, at their armour weedes he wondred much with ioy.
Their speares beside them stand, their charets strong are set on ground,
Their

Descrip-
tion of
Paradise

of *Aeneidos.*

Their comly courting stēdes along the launds do feede vnbound.
 Whan minds, what loue they had, to deeds of arms whā life they dzew,
 O what delite in stēdes: the same them dead doth now pursue.
 Another sort he seeth, with hand in hand where gras doth spring,
 That feasting feede them selues, and heaue and howl for ioy they sing.
 Among the Laurell woods, and smelling floures of arbers sweete,
 Where bubbling soft with sound the riuer fresh doth by them fleete.
 There such as for their contreys loue while liues in them did last
 In battel suffred wounds, or priestes that godly were and chaste,
 O prophets pure of life, and worthy things to men did preach:
 O to adorne mans mortall life did science goodly teach:

Their heads are compas knit with garland floures right fresh of he we.
 To whom than Sibly spake, as round about her fast they dzew,
 Onto Musæus first, for he inclosed is in throng

With numbers great of soules, and him they keepe alwaies among,
 Bresthigh aboue them all, and all to him their heads incline.

Declare (quoth she) you blessed soules, and thou priest most diuine.

What place Anchises hath? where shal we find him? for his sake

We be come here, and passed haue the floods of Limbo lake.

Than vnto her the sacred priest with wordes full gentle spake.

No man hath certen house, but in these shadowes broad we dwell,

In beds of riuer bankes, and medowes new that sweetely smell.

But you, if such desire you haue, passe ouer yonder downes,

My selfe shal be your gide by easie path into those bownes.

He said, and went before them both and fieldes ful bright that shyned

He shewd them from aboue, and all the downes they left behind.

Anchises prince, that time in pleasant vale surueying was

The soules included there that to the world againe should passe.

And reckned all his race, and childers childerns line he told,

And kest their destnies all, and liues, and lawes, and manhods bold.

He whan against him there Aeneas comming first beheld,

As he did walke in grasse, his hands to heauen for ioy vp held,

With trickling teares on cheekes, & thus his voyce from him did yeld.

And art thou comen at last, long looked for, my son so deere?

Thy vertue overcame this passage hard, and now so cleere,

Do I behold thy face? with rendring speech to speech of thine?

So verity mee thought, and in my minde I did deuine

Acompting still the times, nor mee my carcke hath not begilde.

It is

What

The sixt Booke

~~What contrieys this~~ (my son) what combrous seas? what nations wilde
 Turmoyle with daungers all, thee scaped now do I receiue?
 How soze affraid I was, lest Lybie lands should thee deceiue?
 He therunto: Thy ghost O father sweet, thy greuous ghost,
 Perturbing in my dremes hath me compeld to see this coast.
 On Tirrhen shore my nauy stands at seas, now let vs ioyne
 Good father hand in hand, now thee from mee do not purloine.
 Thus talked he with teares.

Thre times about his necke his armes he would hane set, and thries
 In vaine his likenes fast he helde, for through his hands he flies
 Like winde, vngropable, or dreames that men most swift espies.

Lethee a
 flood of
 forgetful-
 nes.

This while Aeneas seeth a croked bale, and secret wood,
 And shrubs of sounding trees, and flæting thzough them Lethee flood,
 With sleeping sound, that by those pleasant dwellings softly ran:
 And peoples thicke on euery side that no man number can.

pagans
 opinions

As bees in medowes fresh, (whom somer sun both shining warme)
 Assembling fall on floures, and Lilies white about they swarme,
 With buzzing seruent noyse, that euery feeld of murmour ringes.
 Aeneas with that sight amasid stood, and of those things
 The causes all did are, what flood it is, so dull that glides:
 And what those peoples ben, that fill so thicke those water sides?
 Anchises than to him. These soules (quoth he) that bodies new
 Must yet againe receiue, and limmes estlones with life endue,
 Were at this Lethee flood they dwell, and from this water brincke
 These liquors quëching cares, & long forgetful draughts they drink,
 That of their liues, and former labours past, they neuer thinke.

These things to thee, full trew I shall set forth before thine eyes,
 And shew thee all our stocke, of thee and mee that shall arise,
 That more thou maist reioyce Italia land to finde at last.
 O father, is it true? may soules that ones this world hath past
 And blessed ben in ioy, to bodies dull againe remoue?
 What meane they so? why wretched wordly light do they so loue?
 I will declare forsooth, no: long (my son) I will thee holde,
 Anchises answer made, and all in order did vnfolde.

First heauen and earth, and of the seas that flittring feldes & fines,
 These gloriois stars, this glistring globe of mone so bright that shines,
 One liuely soule there is, that feedes them all with breath of loue,
 One mind thzough al these mebers mixt this mighty masse doth moue.

From

of *Aeneidos*.

From thence mankinde, & beasts, and liues of foules in aier that flies,
 And all what marblefaced seas conteines of monstrous fries,
 One chafing fier among them all there sits, and heavenly springes
 Within their seedes, if bodie noisom them not backward bringes.
 But lompe of liueles earth, and mortall members make them dull.
 This causeth them, of lust, feare, grieve and ioy, to be so full.
 Noz closed so in darke, can they regard their heavenly kinde,
 For carcas soule of flesh, and dongeon vile of prison blinde.
 Moreover, whan their end of life, and light them doth forsake :
 Yet can they not their sinnes noz sorowes all (poore soules) ofshake.
 Noz all contagions fleshly, from them boides, but must of neede
 Much things congeyred long, by wondrous meanes at last outspred.
 Therfore they plaged ben, and for their former fautes and sinnes
 Their sondry paines they bide, some hie in ayer doth hang on pinnes.
 Some flæting ben in floods, and deepe in gulfes them selues they tier
 Till sinnes alway be washt, or clenfed cleere with purgin fier.
 Erthe one of vs our penaunce here abides, than sent we bee
 To Paradise at last, we few these fieldes of ioy do see :
 Till compas long of time, by perfitt course, hath purged quight
 Our former cloddid spots, and pure hath left our ghostly spright,
 And fences pure of soule, and simple sparkes of heavenly light.
 Than all, whan they a thousand yeres that wheele haue turnd about,
 To drinke of *Lethee* flood, by clusters great, God calles them out.
 That there forgetting all their former liues, and former sin,
 The mortall world afresh, in bodie new they may begin.
 Anchises said, and therwithall his sonne and Sibly takes,
 And drawes them through y mids of all that please y sounding makes,
 Unto a mount, from whence they may their orders long a rowe,
 By leysour ouer read, and as they come their faces knowe.
 Now let vs see what glozy great our Troyan line shall spræde,
 And what redouted lusty lads, *Italia* land shall bræde,
 Most princely sprites, our noble Troyan fame aduaunce that shall,
 In brieve I will dispatch, and the declare thy destnies all.
 Seest thou not yonder liuely child that leaning bendes his speare ?
 His lot is next to rise, and next in world his head shall reare,
 Of Troyan and Italian blood commirt, thy worthy childe,
 Thy *Siluius*, bozne after thy decrease in forest wilde.
 Whom late at last to thee thy wife *Lavinia* bearing bringes,

The paines pur-
 gatorie.

}

Here
 Virgill

The sixt Booke

takeeth a
wonder-
ful occa-
sion to dis-
course the
posteritie
of Aeneas,
and to set
forth the
gloze and
nobilitie
of Rome.

The
chiefe
crownz of
honour
among
Romaines
was of
grasse and
oake bow.
Romulus
the foun-
der of
Rome.

He puts
Augustus
next Ro-
mulus for
dignitie,
bring ma-
ny yeres
after in
time.

A stately king him selfe, and father great of stately kinges.
From whom our linage long shal *Alba* kingdoms riche enioy.
Than yonder *Procas* next, the proud renown of former *Troy*,
And *Numitor*, and *Capis* good, and hee that thee by name
Shall represent, *Aeneas Siluius* of noble fame,
And deedes of armes with vertue mixt, if euer he may raigne,
If euer hee his *Alba* lands, and kingdoms may obtaine.
Which lusty lads behold, from them what corage doth redound,
And how their tops with oken bows, and ciuill crownes are bound.
They vnto thee *Nomentum* land, and *Gabios* towne shall fame,
And *Fidenas*, and cities great and proud they shall reclame.
Pometium, and *Innus* castles strong, and *Bolam* bowres,
And *Collantine*, and *Coram* hilles, suppressie they shall with toures.
These names shal than vprise, now nothing is but nameles dust.
Than *Romulus*, that valiant impe of Mars, him forth shal thrust,
To match his graunsir great, whan *Ilia* Queene shall bring to light
Of *Troyan* blood, seest not his dubblecreastid head vpright?
And with what grace the king of heane doth mark his chosen knight?
Behold my son the man, for through his lucke and huge deuise,
That peereles mighty *Rome*, that glorious *Rome* aloft shal rise.
Whose rod shal rule the total earth, whose mindes shal match y heuen,
And reyse their wals they shal, including toures, and mountains seuen,
Most fortunate in frute of men, as *Berecinthia* Queene,
From whom the race of Gods, and linage all descended beene.
She riding through the world, in charet bozne with godly grace,
Her hundred deerlings sweete her childerns childern doth embrace
All heavenly wightes, all scepter bearers bright, in stars on hie.
Now this way turne thy face, and on this nation cast thine eie.
Behold thy Romaines, see where *Cæsar* is, and of Iule
The progeny that vnder poles of heauen shal beare the rule.
This man, this is the man, of whom so oft I haue thee tolde,
Augustus Emprour, prince deuine, he shall the world of gold
Saturnus Golden world (sometime that was) estones restore.
On *Garamants*, and *Indes*, and contreys conquerd more and more
His empier out shall stretch. Beyond the starres the kingdoms ronne,
Beyond the firmament and signe, from course of yeare and sonne,
Where *Atlas* (mighty mount) on shoulders strong y heuen doth turne,
And vnderprops the pole that beares the stars that euer burne.

At

of *Aeneidos*.

At this mans comming, lo, euen very now, all *Asia* quakes
 For drede, and temples great of Gods with aunsweres gressly shakes.
 And *Nilus* flood for feare his issues seuen doth soule confound.
 For neuer *Hercules* him selfe could walke so much of ground,
 Though hee with dart the windy footed hinde did ouertyer,
 Though monsters swift hee slew, and dragons quaking brent with fier.
 For *Bacchus* victor so could nations wild and proude reclame,
 Though he with bridling bits of vines did ride on *Tigers* tame.
 And stand we still in doubt by valiaunt deedes to purchase fame?
 Or for *Italia* land to fight, should we our destnies blame?

For Au-
 gustus sub
 dued
 Aegipt.

Here he
 returneth
 to Romu-
 lus succes-
 sion.

But what is yonder hee, that *Oliue* palme so comly beares?
 Most like a priest: lo now I know, I know those hoary heares,
 And whitish bearded chin of prudent *Numa*, *Romain* king,
 That vnto lawes and peace shal first the simple people bring,
 From poore estate to mighty kingdome cald, whom shal succede
 He that his contreys ydlenes shal breake, and force of neede
 To stir them selues in armes, king *Tullus*, he shal by reuiue
 Their sluggish sprites, and teach to win, and triumphes est atchiue.
 Pert vnto him, with greater boast, king *Ancus* them shal guide,
 That of the peoples praise to much already takes a pride.
 Wilt see the *Tarquin* kings: and stately soule of *Brutus* best?
 Of *Brutus*, mischief wreake: and by him the kings suppress?
 He first the Consulship on him shal take, and first of all,
 His onely sons vnto their death, for welth of *Rome* shal call,
 When they with battailes new against the Consuls would rebell,
 Himselfe for freedom fayer, with edge of are shal do them quell.
 Unlucky man, how euer latter age shal praise the same,
 His contreys loue him driues, and greedy lust of endles fame.
 See *Decios*, and *Drusus*, and his are that doth distraine
Torquatus. Lo *Camillus*, standards lost that brings againe.

Brutus
 slew his
 sedicious
 sonnes.

But yonder matches twaine, whom shine thou seest in harneis bright,
 Now louing soules they bee, while both are wrapt in darke of night.
 Alas, what wondrous wars: if euer they in life apere,
 What bloody fighting feldees: what slaughters wild shal they vpskere?
 The fatherlaw from *Alpes* hilles, and towres of *Fraunce* shal fall.
 The son in law, from *Estern* lands shal moue with armies all.
 Not so my lads, not so, such greuous wars do you not minde,
 For with your hands your contreys wombe to teare be so unkinde,
 And chiefly thou, thou from the gods of heauen that dost descend,

Camillus
 recoueret
 of en-
 signes
Julius ces-
sar, and
Pompeius.

The sixt Booke

Cast from thy hand thy weapons, & my blood.
 He with triumphant ioy, in charet bozne, and mighty traine
 Shall clime the Capitoll of Rome, whan lords of Greekes are slaine,
 And towne byrooted ben, Corinthus, Argos, great Micene,
 Pompeius. He victor conquer shall, and from the ground subuert them cleane.
 Quintius. Another vanquish must Achilles blood, sir Pirrhus wilde,
 And weke his graunsirs old of Troy, and Pallas church defilde.
 Cato. Who can but thinke of thee, most worthy Cato sterne of minde?
 Collus. O noble Collus thee who can forgetting leaue behinde?
 Gracchus. O gracious Gracchus line, o captaines twaine who can withstand
 Scipios. Two Scipios? two thonderboltes of war: for Lybie land
 Destroied. A deadly-fatall plage: o who can thee ertoll ynough
 Carthage. Fabritius? that much canst do with small, o from thy plough
 Fabritius. Serranus thou that comest: and after conquests sowest thy corne.
 Serranus. Where now alway withdraw you wery mee? you noble bozne
 Fabius. You Fabij? thou Maximus, thou onely art the man
 Max. That all our welth forlozne, by sober lingring reskue can.
 Some forsing metals fine shal brasen shappes with breath endue,
 I weene they will to marble stones giue life with likenesse true.
 Cicero. They causes best shal pleade, and course of heauen in wondrous wise,
 Furmicus. They shall describe with rod, and teach the state of stars that rise,
 Remember Romaine thou, to rule thy realmes with empier iust,
 Let this thy practise bee. To much on peace set not thy lust,
 Good counsell. Thy subiectes euer spare, and stomacks proud downe vanquish plaine.
 So lord Anchises said, and (as they wondred) spake againe.
 Behold, how gorgeous gay with spoiles Marcellus goth byright,
 Aboue all men, by shoulders hie he doth surmount them quight.
 Hee, whan the Romaine state with great commotion troubled is,
 Marcellus. Shal stay with horsemen stout, & make the Moores their purpose misse,
 And ouerthrow their throngs, and rebell French in combat kylde,
 His armour spoiles to loue, for offering thirde he shall byelde.
 Ponge. Aeneas there, (for walke with him he saw a seemely knight,
 Marcellus. A godly springold yong in glifring armour shining bright,
 Augustus. But nothing glad in face, his eyes down cast did shew no cheere.)
 Sisters. O father, what is he that walkes with him as equall peere?
 son, that should. His onely son? o of his stocke some child of noble race?
 haue ben. What bustling makes his mates? how great he goth with portly grace?
 his heir. But cloud of louring night his head full heauy wraps about.
 in the empier. Than lord Anchises spake, and from his eyes the teares brake out.

O son

of *Aeneidos*.

O son, thy peoples huge lamented losse like not to know.
 The destinies shall this child, unto the world, no more but show,
 Nor suffer long to liue. O gods, though Rome you thinke too strong
 And ouermuch to match, for enuie yet do vs no wrong.
 What wailings loud of men in stretes, in fieldes, what mourning cries
 In mighty campe of Mars, at this mans death in Rome shall rise?
 What funeralls? what numbers dead of corpses shalt thou see?
 O Tyber flood, whan flæting nere his new tombe thou shalt see?
 Nor shall there neuer child, from Troian line that shal procede,
 Eralt his graunsirs hope so hie, nor neuer Rome shall breede
 An impe of maruell more, nor more on man may iustly boſt.
 O vertue, O prescribed faith, O righthand valiaunt most.
 Durſt no man him haue met in armes conflicting, foteman ſearce,
 O would he ſomy hozles ſides with spurres encountring pearce.
 O piteous child, if euer thou thy destinies hard maiſt breake:
 Marcellus thou shalt bee. Now reatche mee Lillies, Lilly flours,
 Giue purple Violets to mee, this newes ſoule of ours
 With giſtes that I may ſpread, and though my labour be but vaine,
 Yet do my duety deere I ſhall. Thus did they long complaine.
 And compas round the campe they wandring went, and beſod about,
 In borders broad of ayer, and of the ſoules ſurueied the rout.
 Which whan Anchises thus had ſheſod his ſon in order due,
 And kindled glad his minde with ſame of things that ſhould enſue:
 Than him of all his warres, and great affaires to come, he told,
 Of king Latinus towne, and of his realmes and peoples bold,
 And how eche labour beſt may voided bee, or eaſely borne.
 Two gates of ſleepe there bee, the one men ſay is made of horne,
 Wherthrougħ by paſſage ſoft do ſprites aſcend with ſences right.
 That other gate doth ſhine, and is compact of Puery bright,
 But falſe deceitful dreames that way the ſoules are wont to ſend.
 With talking thus, whan lord Anchises firſt had made an end,
 And counſaile gaue his ſon, and al his minde had put from dout,
 He brought them both, and througħ the Puery gate he let them out.
 He toke his way forthwith, and to his nauy went by land.
 And finding there his mates, he brought them to Caieta ſtrand.
 Their ankers fro their ſoreſhips caſt, their pups on ſhore they ſtand.

He died
 in youth,
 and was
 buried
 with ſix
 hundred
 hearſes.
 For theſe
 xxvi. ver-
 ſes Octa-
 uia mo-
 ther of
 Marcellus
 did giue,
 in reward
 to Virgil,
 as much
 as amoun-
 teth to
 more tha
 n. 107.
 French
 crownes,
 which in
 Engliſh
 money is
 more tha
 1075.
 poundes.

Caieta in
 Italy be-
 tween Ca-
 mas and
 Tyber.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per T. Phaer in foreſta Kilgerran 13. Auguſti, 1557. Opus triginta dierum.

The



THE SEVENTH BOOKE of the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

AENEAS burieth Caieta his Nurse, and calleth the place Caieta, by her name. From thence he passeth by the seat of Circes, & by prosperous wind is brought to the mouth of Tiber, & driven with a contrary streame: he arriveth on the coast of Laurentum. And understanding there by Ascanius wordes, that the same was the land that was predestinate vnto him: he sendeth vnto king Latinus, who ruled those quarters, an hundred oratours, which should both carie gifts vnto him in his name, & request a place wherin to build a Citie. King Latinus gently hearing their embassage, ouer & besides their request voluntarily offreth vnto Aeneas, his daughter Launina to wife, whom by the prophesy of his father Faunus, & the answere of the Southsayers: he was commaunded to bestow vpon a stranger. This while Iuno displeased with the prosperous successe of the Troians: calleth Aleto out of Hell to disturbe this peace. Who first enrageth with her fury Amata, king Latinus wife, & Turnus also. Then, turning her self to the Troian youth, which then haply was busied in hunting: bringeth vnto their hands a tame stag which was dearely beloued among Tyrrheus the kings heardmans children. Whom when Ascanius had wounded with an arowe, the husbandmen betaking themselves to weapon, set vpon the Troians. Aleto from an hie place giueth thalarme, in which tumult are slaine Almon, Tyrrheus eldest sonne, & Galeus the richest husbandman in all that countrey. Who when they were brought dead vnto the citie, Turnus & Amata do prick forth king Latinus to make war, and to reuenge this iniurie. But he calling to remembrance the destinies, and the league which he made of late with the Troians: could not be perswaded to make war against them. Then Iuno her selfe openeth the gates of war. Mezentius with Lausus his sonne do accompanie Turnus into battell. Likewise Auentinus son to Hercules by Rhea. Also Carillus & Coras Tyburtine brothers, and Camilla of the realme of Volica, a most valiant woman, and diuers other, whose names are recited in the end of the booke.

He burieth his nurse Caieta and giueth his name to the coast.



And thou Caieta, Aeneas nurse, deceassing on our shore,
Hast therby giuen therto a lasting fame for euermore.
Thy bones, and name, thine honoz there preserues, and
settled be.
In great Italia land, if that may worship do to thee,
But god Aeneas, when her obyt rightes were ended all,
And

of Æneidos.

And tombe bpreisid round, as soone as hie seas downe did fall,
He toke his way with sayles, and from the port departed quight:
The wind with pipling blows, nor moone doth lack to giue the light,
The trembling water shines with beames reflected glistring bright.

Along dame Circes coast adioynant next, their course they cut,
Where Circes Phœbus daughter prond her welthy seats hath put,
In sounding saluage woods, and saours swete by night she burns,
And pꛛecious weauing webs, with clattring tooles she works & turns.
From thence were wailings heard, and lions wꛛathfull loud did grone,
Resisting in their bands, and nere to night they make their mone,
Both bristled groining bozes, and beares at mangers yelling yawle,
And figures foule of wolues they heare foꛛ wo to fret and waule,
Whom from the shappes of men, to brutish beasts, and faces wild
Dame Circes did transfoꛛme, with herbes of might, & charmes vnmild.
Which soꛛe mischaunce, lest simple Troyans poꛛe should seele the lyke,
Oꛛ in those hauens ariue, oꛛ on that parlous coast should stryke:
Neptunus fild their sayles with prospꛛous winde, and gaue them way
To flee that cursed shoꛛe, and from that daunger did conuey.

And now the sea with sonne beames waꛛed read, and hie from skies
The golden moꛛning bright with roset wheeles did mounting ryle,
Whan euery winde was laid, and sodenly no bꛛeath did blowe,
And they their ships in marble seas with Oꛛes did waꛛstling towe.
And there Aeneas from the seas beheld a hugy wood,
Where flæting swift with whirling streames most pleasant Tyber flood
Bꛛeakes out it selfe in seas, with sandy waters troblous read,
Where sondꛛy soꛛtes of foules, on euery side, and ouer head,
Their wonted chanell keepe, and banks, whose cheerefull noises shꛛill
Reioyced swæte the skies, and in the groue they flew at will.
Their foꛛships all to landward than to turne, and in ward bend
He bids his mates, and to the deepe flood glad he doth descend.

Now muse, now let vs see, what gouernment, what state of thinges,
In Italy that time there was, what captaines great, what kings,
Whan first this straungers fleete in Latium land did ships ariue.
I will setfurth, and causes first of fight I shall describe.
Thou goddesse giue mee might, of gally warres now must I sing,
Of moꛛtall battailes fought and slaine with armes king by king,
Upꛛozes of angry realmes, and all Italia mixt with blowes
I must report, a greater course of thinges to mee there growes,

A greater

The saye
leth alog
the coast
of Circes a
famous
enchātres
oꛛ witche
thā dwel:
ling in
Italy,
which
turned
men into
beasts.

Here he
espieth
the
ruer of
Tiber in
Italy.

Then
enter Ti-
ber.

In the first
six booke
he descri-
bed the tra-
uailes of
Aeneas
now in
other sixe

The seventh Booke

he declar-
eth of
his wars
perfour-
ming his
pointe
of armes
and of the
man I
singe.

A greater worke I steere, King Latin than that contrey helde,
Well aged now, and cities long in welthy peas did welde.
This man was Faunus son, Marica goddess was his dame,
King Picus, Faunus father was, and he doth fetch his name
From thee O Saturne great, thou art his syre and first of blood.
No son to him there was, none issue male (so fortune stood)
For in his springing youth with a woman he was, and life did yelde.
One daughter did remaine, and all that house sustaining helde,
Now husbandry, now weblockable full, of lawfull peeres.

Laurenti-
us citie of
King Lati-
nus.

From large Italia land, full many a lord, and princely peeres
Full glad for her did sue, but ouer all, of beauty most,
King Turnus lusty prync (of kingly stock that best might best)
Above them all was chiefe, and him the Queene did see most meete,
And wondrously did hast, to ioyne with him her daughter sweete.
But monsters great fro gods, & heuenly threatnings makes her drede.

A Laurell tree there was, amids the court, that he did sprede,
With sacred crops and bowes, and many a yere in reuerence had:
Which whan king Latin first that tower did bulde, by destiny glad
He found, and vnto Phoebus great did consecrate the same,
And of that Laurell tree, did Laurent call that cities name.
A wondrous thing to speake, this Laurell bush full thicke of browe,
From skies descending down, a swarme of bees beset the bowes,
Incessant thicke with noise, and fast with feete in cluster clung,
All sodenly did close, and on the top with heft they hung.
Anon the prophet cried. An alien captaine, O (quoth hee)
And alien army comes, and gets possession here I see.
And parties clustring cleane, & gathring strength the tower they take.
Besides all this, whan she her selfe to gods did offering make

Launina
King Lati-
nus daughter.

Launina virgin pure, and stood at the altars next her Syer,
A wondrous sight was seene, that all her hear had cought a fier,
And crakling flame outspred, and all her garmentes brent at ones.
Her robes, her virgin lockes, her crowne beset with precious stones,
Which sodenly did stint, than blustering smoke, and blasing light
With violence byflew, and to the roose it ran byright.
This dreadfull signe, and on this wondrous sight men marueld much.
For like to her in fame all prophets sang, should be none such.
But causes great of war, betokened were by her to grow.
But Latine king, that on these monsters all did muse and carck,

His

of Aeneidos.

His father Faunus minde and sentence sooth he went to harch,
 To darke Albunea wood, which on the mountaine growes full great,
 Where sacred flood doth sound, and fountaines falling downe do sweat.
 From thence the contreys nere, and through *Italia* nations all
 Do fetche their counsell chiefe, and in their doubtles for answers call.
 The preeft his offering makes, and killes the sheepe at dead midnight,
 And laieth his limmes at rest, and soundly sleepes on fleeces white.
 There visions strauing he seeth, and many a spite ful thin that sits,
 And sondry voyces heeres, and with the gods in taske he knits,
 In heauen, in *Lymbo* pooles, and soules hee seeth in hell that sits.
 There: whan king Latin first deuoutly prayed for answer full,
 A hundred chosen sheepe he down did kill that bare their wull,
 And spred their backs on ground, and resting slept vpon their skins,
 With meeke desier: than through that groue a loud voice thus begins.
 Seeke not to set thy doughter deere with none of Latin land,
 O worthy son, nor trust this wedlocke now thou hast in hand.
 A son in law from contreys far there comes, whose stately race
 Vnto the stars our name shall lift, whose issue great of grace,
 All things within this world; where euer sonne doth round recule,
 On both sides londs and seas, shall vnder fate down tread, and rule.
 These warnings of his father Faunus giuen at dead midnight,
 King Latin did not hide, but flame the cities side forth right,
 Of all *Italia* realmes, whan to the shore this Troyan flete
 In landing toke their vancke, and fastned ships with cables mate.
 Aeneas with his captaines chiefe, Ascanius faier to see,
 On greene grasse toke their ease, and vnderneath a seemely tree
 Their deintes forth they drewe, and meate they set on cakes of meale,
 Refreshing swete their mindes, so loue him selfe did please to deale.
 And mountaine frutes they toke, and heapes of apples hie they pight.
 Whan all things els were spent, & they by chaunce were driten to bite
 Their crusts of cracknell cakes, and eat for skantnes vp their crome,
 And hungry brake with hands their leauings last, and set their gomms
 Vpon their fatall bread, nor trenchers broad they did not spare:
 How now sirs: haue we eat our tables vp for want of fare?
 The childe Ascanius said. For more to this did hee allude.
 That voyce receiued strait, all feare from them did first exclude,
 And end of labours brought, and from his mouth as hee it saide
 His father toke that word, and with deuotion great he staid.

That
time pi-
rits gaue
answers
in woods.

Here the
prophecie
of pharpi
was ful-
filld, men-
tioned in
the thirde

Than

The seventh Booke

booke
they shuld
be driven
to eate
their
ples.

Token
from hea-
uen to
Troians.

Than kneeling, thus, Alhaille O contrey mine by destinie due,
And you all haille (quoth he) O Trojan gods of promise true.
Here is my dwelling house, my resting lond: my father old
(Now comes it in my minde) these secrets mee full often told,
Whan thou (my son) thy ships on coast unknowne dost first arive,
And hunger hard for lacke to eate thy tables thee shal drive,
There maist thou trust thy resting place to byd, and lastly therein
Foundations make of walles, and houses hie be bold to reere,
This was that hunger sore, this is our last of labours all,
All sorowes now shall cease,
Wherfore come of, and in the morning next at sight of sonne,
What people dwels hereby, what towns they kepe, & where they won,
Let vs enquire and take, and from the haven withdraw we all.
Now thinke your cups to loue, and great Anchises cherefully call,
And pray to gods for helpe, and fetch forth wines in plenty round,
This spoken, hee with garland bowes his temples freshly bound,
And praied his gods of peace, and worship gaue vnto dame Ground,
(That formost is of gods) and aungell good that keepes that place,
And Nymphes, & fairie Queenes, & fluds unknown hee sought of grace,
Than gods of night be calde, and signes of stars by night that rise,
And chiefly loue, and both his parents strong in hell and skies.
The almighty father than, three times arose from heauens on hight,
Did signe of thondring shoue, and golden beames with burninge light
Was seene, and with his hand himselfe in cleare skie shooke the cloude,
Anon the rumour spred, and through the campe was blasyd londe,
That now the daye was come, that houses hie they should possesse,
Their bankets they restore, and man to man their ioyes expresse,
And wines in bolles they set, and cups they crowne, and feasts renew,
The morning next, whan torches of burninge sonne the world did beu,
And day disperst was, on euery side they seeke, and send
Surveyours through the coast, and tops of mountaines next ascend,
A citie chiefe they finde, of Numik lake, here springs the well,
This Riner Tyber is, here Latin peoples strong do dwell,
Than lord Anchises son, from all his bands a hundred knightes
Embassadors did choole, and to the king on message dightes,
Their crownes in compas knit with bowes of peace, and myld attyre,
To beare the king his gittes, and teage to Troians to besyre,
They forth without delay, with speedy fete did plie their pace,

Whiles

of *Æneidos*.

Whiles he describing drew to bilde his walls a comly place,
 In fashion like a campe, with trenche and bulwarkes strong and hie.
 And now the knights their iourney nere had past, and foures they spie,
 Of king Latinus towne, and lofty castels large appeere,
 And orderly they set them selues, and walles approached nere.
 Before the towne the linely youth, and children fresh of lust
 On horses tried them selues, and coursers wilde vpturnd in dust.
 Or whirling due their darts, or launces long with strength they shake.
 And some their bolwers did bend, & some for wastling matches make.
 A riding post forthwith vnto the king both tidinges beare,
 How forein knights vnto him, in garments strange approaching were.
 He bids men them receiue, and to his court to bring and call.
 Himselfe to counsell went, and in the mids he sat in hall.

The description
 of king
 Latinus
 hall.

A Hall of huge estate, with pillars hie a hundred bozne,
 Aboue the towne there stode, king Picus court in time before,
 Beset with sacred woods, where olde religion dreadfull dwels.
 There wonted were the kinges to take their crownes & no where els.
 And there their scepters stode, this was both minster, court, and hall,
 Here stode their offering pewes, and many a slaughter down did fall.
 And Lordes at tables round in solempne dayes did feast and dine.
 There was besides all this, full many an image olde and fine
 Of antike Cedar wrought, and row by row his graunfers tall
 Both Italus and Sabin kings, and he that first of all
 Did plant *Italia* vynes, Saturnus olde, with crooked hooke
 In hand, and doublefaced Ianus lie did backward looke,
 At entry first they stood, and other kings of olde discent,
 That for their contreys loue, in battayle fight their blood had spent.
 And ouer this, there hangs much enimies harneis firt on height,
 And spoyles, and captiue chares, and halberd ares, huge of weight,
 And helmet cresses, and brasen bolting bars of conquerd tostones,
 With speares, & battred shelds, and tops of ships, & garland crownes.
 Himselfe in kingly throne, with cutted coape, most like a God
 In heauenly armour sat, and held in hand his bagle rod.
 King Picus, king, and tamer proud of steedes, whom caught with loue
 Dame Circes deere his spoule from shape of mankinde did remoue.
 She chaunged him by charme, and smit his head with golden spray,
 And poysoned drinking draughts, and him of man she made a Jay,
 And to the woods he flew, with speckled wings of colours gay.
 In such a temple, and so costly seat, and comly wrought,

A bagle
 staf whō
 prelats &
 time did
 vse in
 their reli-
 gion, and

The seventh Booke

was cat- King Latine sat, and bad before him Troians should be brought:
led Lituus When they were in, with gentle speech him selfe did thus begin.

Tell on you Trojan knights, for of your name, nor towne, nor kin
We neede not aske, nor unbeknown to vs your ships arriue,

King Las What seeke you here? what cause or neede of things do you thus driue
ous to h To touche *Italia* land: so many a port as you haue past:
Troians. With wandring from your way? or by some storme haue ye ben cast?

As like mischaunces oft, in depth of seas do shipmen byde.

How entred you this hauen? and in our roade so sauely ride?

Refuse not our reliefe, nor let it be to you unknowne,

How wee of Saturns stocke, that quietly possesse our owne,

Do iustice truly deale, not bound by leage, nor by no lawes,

But vncompeld, our gods example old our freewils drawes.

And now I call to minde (the same by yeres is made obscure)

Of aged mens report, and mencion yet therof doth dure,

How from this nation first king Dardan sprang, and from these bolons

Departed first, and perced *Asia* land, and Trojan towne,

And *samos* yle, that *samothracia* yet by name is calde.

Now hie in heauen he sits, and on the golden stars is stalde,

In pallas bright of skies, and power of gods he doth encrease.

He said, and *Ilioneus* thus began as he did cease.

Oration Most noble king, O *Faunus* worthy blood, by neither blast
of Ilione- us to king

Of storme, nor winter winde, we to your contrey shore be cast.

Latin Nor stars haue vs begilde, nor we our way mistaken haue.

most art- Of purpose here we come, and with good will did alway craue

triall. To reatche this coast. Expulsd out from realmes, that none so stout

The sun did euer see, that all the round world whirles about.

From loue our linage leades, the youth of *Troy* from loue on hie

Keioyleth to descend, our king in blood to loue is nie,

Aeneas Trojan prince, from him we seeke your sacred towne.

What plage, what tempest wood, fro cruell *Greece* did late doken power

On Trojan feldees and towne, and how the world on mischief set,

Both *Asia* and *Europe* sides in fatall confictes iustling met,

Well knowen it is: and hee that furthest dwelles in furthest ples

Hath heard therof (and if there be) whom scorching flame eriles,

Disseuered out from men by strength extreme of stragling sun,

In mids the circles foure, as far for heat as man may run,

From that deluge, throug many a desert seas we turnd and tost:

Besike

of Æneidos. 104

Beseeke your grace of rest, and for our gods a harmeles cost,
Of water, winde, and ayer, that open is to all mankind.
No losse to your estate, nor vs vnthankfull shal you finde,
Nor small your fame shalbe, nor neuer we will you deceiue,
Shall neuer Latins grieue, the Troyans poye they did receiue.
By king Æneias fortune great I sweare, and valiaunt might
Of his right hand, who list with him to trie in faith or sight:
Full many a nation strong (despise vs not that here we stand
As suters poorely sent, with wordes of peace and palmes in hand)
Haue sued likewise for vs, and faine with vs would haue compound.
But we commaunded come, and by predestin seeke this ground,
By tokens straunge from heauen. King Dardan hence that did descend,
Now claimes his right, and gods enforcing vs doth homeward send
To Tyber flood, and to the sacred fountes of Numikes Well,
Our wandring gods to place, and peesably with you to dwell.
He giues you here also, these tokens small of fortune left,
Remaines of former welth, from burning Troy by force bireft.
This offering bolle of golde Anchises great was wont to list,
This royall pall king Priams garment shewes, this stately gift,
His kingly scepter was, when lawes in peace he did pronounce,
Or nations subiect cald, or leagues of princes would renounce.
Lo here also, embroidzed sacred robes, and crownes affire,
And clothes, the Trojan ladies worke.

At this oration of sir Ihoner, the king Latine
With fixed countenance stood, and round about him kest his eye,
Considring much in minde, nor him the pall nor purple weede
Doth moue so much, nor to king Priams scepter giues such heede,
As on his daughters fortune thinks, he therein wholly staies,
And in his brest his father Faunus answers deeply wayes.
Now this the stranger is, whom gods appointment did prouide
To match his daughter to, and him his realmes to helpe to guide.
Of whom there should (as lately bruted was by prophets true,
An issue spring, that all the world with vertue should subdue.
At last hee chereely said. God worke our meanings to the best,
And send encrease of grace. Thou shalt haue Trojan thy request.
Your gifts I not reiect, and while king Latin hath his health
Abundant soyle shal you not lacke, nor wish for Troian wealth.
Now let your kinge him selfe (if such desire he beares in minde,

The seventh Booke

Prophets
had
settled his
minde be-
fore the
comming
of Aeneas.

Circes in-
uented to
toyne ce-
lestiall ho-
ses to
mortall
Mares,
wherof
came a
diuine
race of
 steeds.

A new
vexation
by Iuno.

If friendship such he seeks, and if he list this league to binde,
Approche our presence to, let him not feare his friend to see.
His right hand once to touche, shal pledge of peace remaine to mee.
Depart your way and to your king do you my wordes declare:
A doughter I haue, whom ioyne to neighbour none I scarcely dare
For tokens downe from heauen, for wonders daily thicke that rise.
The destinies do forbid, and prophets bookes pronounce likewise,
That for the peoples welth a straunger borne should haue that chaunce,
Whose famous blood should to the stars of heauen our name aduance.
Perhaps him fortune calles, and if in minde I rightly gesse:
This man is hee, and if gods will so bee, I would no lesse.
These things he spake, and horses straight from stables forth he calles,
Three hundred fresh there stode, at mangers hie bestowd in stalles.
For euery Troyan knight, a palfrey braue he bids out bring,
In crimsin couered all, and of their feete as swift as wing.
Their brestes embroidred gilt, their poitrels pendant compass folde,
All gilded glistring bright, and vnder teeth they gnaw their golde.
A charet for Aeneas eke, with coursers like in tire,
Of heauenly seede, and from their nosegayls fierce outbreathing fier.
Engendred of that race, whom Circes liuely did inuent
To mixe with mortall steeds, and stale the stormes for that intent.
With such rewards, and with king Latins words, the knights of Troy
On horses hie returne, and peace they bring with feastfull ioy.
Behold, from *Gracia* land dame Iuno Quenee bid than remoue,
(The testy spouse of Ioue) and hie on cloudes she stode above.
Beholding all these things, and from the Cape of *scill* stonde
She beewd the Troian flecte, and army sauldy set a lond.
She seeth Aeneas glad, and plats byrise for men to dwell,
And naup desert stand: with boyling mæde her brest doth swell.
Than shaking mad her head, her wrathfull hart did thus expell.
O hated broode, O spitefull fortune, mee that allway frets,
This fortune vile of Troy, how euery chaunce my purpose lets?
Were they not cleane downkilled: yet could they not be clean distroid:
Were they not caught: yet could they not be caught: hath fier the noid?
Hath burning Troy the burnt: but through þe throngs, & through þe fiers
They found away? I weene against their lucke my power expiers.
O, haue I lest my wrath? and yet not filde am false at rest?
Expulsed from their land I them pursued, and downe opprest

With

of Æneidos.

With totall power of stormes, and totall seas on them I brought.
 Both force of skies and deepes on them I spent, and all for nought.
 What good did scylla mee: what could preuaile Charybdis wood?
 Or sirtes parlous sands: be they not now in Tyber flood?
 In spite of seas, and mee: and where they wisht are settled sure?
 Yet Mars could haue the might to kil downe quite without recure,
 The hugie Centaurs kinde. Diana did of gods obtaine,
 On auncient Calidon to wreake, while one man did remaine.
 For what offence: or how could Centaurs so, such wrath deserue?
 But I, the mighty spouse of Ioue, whom all things els should serue:
 That nothing left vntried, to euery thift my selfe transformd,
 My strength, my practise spent, and yet my purpose vnperformd:
 Aeneas makes mee shrink, and Troyes of mee shal conquest crake.
 What should I therfore doubt where euer I can my frends to make:
 Since heauens I may not moue, yet pits of Hell I will vprake.
 From Italy to keepe them of, no thift I see can holde.
 Let passe Lauinia wedded needes shalbe by destinie tolde.
 Yet still prolong the time, and discord foule betwene them breede,
 And peoples both distroy, were in my minde a worthy dede.
 The stepson and the father both, shal haue their loueday fe,
 With Troians and with Rutils blood, this wenche endowde shalbe.
 This Venus goodly broode, and second Paris, fine and nice,
 Shall bring againe to dust this second Troy, by mine aduise.
 Nor Priams wife alone shalbe, whose wombe a brood of fier,
 To world did bring, but like successe I giue this gentle squier.
 These things whan she had said, adown on earth she greesly falles,
 From darke infernall dampes, Alecto mournfull by she calles.
 Alecto foulest fende, in dolefull warres that doth delite,
 And wrathes, and treasons vile, and sinnes, and slaunders, and despite.
 A dampned monster grim, whom all her sisters deadly hates,
 Her father Pluto lothes, and euermore she breeds debates.
 Such faces foule she shiftes, so many mouthes she turning makes,
 So serpentfull she seemes, and ouer all begrowen with snakes.
 Whom Iuno quickned thus, and soone with speeche she set on fier.
 Thou childe of night: Do (virgin) this for mee at my desier.
 This trauaile shalbe thine, let not our honour shrink nor quaille,
 Let not the Troians leagne with king Latinus ought preuaile.
 Nor let them land obtaine, nor yet this wedlocke to perswade,

I iij

Thou

She re-
 sembleth
 him to
 paris,
 whose
 mother in
 vision se-
 med to
 bring
 forth a
 fier brood
 Alecto is
 regeled.

Virgin
 for me
 will haue
 her.

The seventh Booke

Thou best canst worke this feate : Of strife and wo thou hast the trade.
 Thou freendships all canst cut, and brethren kinde constraine to fight,
 And towne vntwine with hate, and cities whole subuert with spight,
 And houses burne with brands, a thousand shiffes thou hast to spill,
 A thousand names of harmes, now shake thy selfe, and worke thy fill.
 Giue causes thicke of war, disturbe this peace that is begonne,
 Set all their youth in armes, and to their slaughters let them runne.

She ta-
 rieth not
 to answer

Amata y
 queene
 vexed by
 Aleto.

Anon Aleto vile, with poisons ranke infected, flies.
 And first to *Latium* land, and by king Latines house she sties,
 And to the Quene Amata first in secret sort she slides,
 Behinde her chamber dore, and close her selfe in silence hides,
 Where she, with comming of this Troian nation much turnoyld,
 Both Turnus care and wrath, her female brest enflaming broyld.
 To whom this goddesse, from her ugly hear one viper blew
 Did draw, and in her bosom soft against her hart she threw.
 That therby all her house with sondy mischiefes should be vert.
 Hee creeping through her clothes, her tender brest approaching next,
 Did folde himselfe vnfelt, and serpents soule within her breathes.
 Than shifting sondy shappes, about her necke himselfe he wreathes,
 And seemes a golden cheine, sometimes a hearlace long to knit,
 To rolle her lockes, and thus from lim to lim doth fall and flit.
 And while the poison first, and tickling sting with soking linkes,
 And gropes her gristlebones, and venim drops her sences drinks.
 No yet in minde the burning flame did rage without restraint,
 More soberly she spake, as mothers vse, and made her plaint,
 Oft weeping for her childe, and oft for Troians wedlocke day.

To wandring outlawes shall Lauinia thus be giuen away ?
 O man : no: of your selfe regard, no: doughter mercy sholwes ?
 No: mee her mother (wretch) whom with the next northwind y blowes
 This traitour will forsake : and to the seas the pyrat theefe,
 Our virgin doughter steale, and spoyle from mee my comfort cheefe ?
 Dissembling rouer vile : hath not the like, ere this be seene ?
 Did Paris so not cloyne from lands of Greece dame Helen quene ?
 Where is your godly minde : your wonted carch of contrey deere ?
 And faith so often plight in Turnus hand, your kinsman nere :
 If son in law from contreys straunge, wee only must admit,
 As Faunus answers bids, and in your brest it doth so sit :
 All landes that of themselves from our estate are seuered cleane,

I call

of *Aeneidos*.

I call them straunge, and so I take, in déede the gods do meane.
 Than Turnus (if ye list his elders line to call in minde)
 Of great Micena towne, and mids of Greece you shall him finde,
 Of Inachus descent, and of Acrisius noble kinde.

With language like, when she Latinus minde in baine had felt,
 And seeth him still withstand, and poyson more did inward melt,
 Which from the serpent shed, and all her limmes infecting straid:
 Than verily with monsters huge affright, and deepe dismaied,
 She railing rampes & runnes, and through the towne she troubleth all.
 Much like, as when by strength of sling is cast a whirling ball,
 Whom boyes for their disport, in cloyster wide, or vacant halles
 Intentif driue with noise. It thzown with force, before them falles.
 The carelesse prease pursues, with wondzing much the bowl of bore,
 From youth to youth that rolles, their courage kindleth more by knore.
 None otherwise, and with no lesse concours she gads about,
 Through cities mids and townes, and people thicke she gathereth out.
 Besides all this in woods, with sayning feast of Bacchus name,
 A greater mischiese springs, and franšie more and boide of shame,
 She flies abroad, and in the bushie hilles her doughter hides;
 The Troians to preuent, while day of wedlocke passing slides.
 With heane and hoaw, on Bacchus name they shout. For thee alone,
 This virgin worthy is, thou shalt her wed or neuer none.
 Thou god, thy custome is, to shake triumphant hie thy speares;
 Thy chiefe delite is daunse, thou comly keepest thy holy heares.
 The same outflies, & madnesse like enflames the mountayne wiues,
 To seeke them dwellinges new, the Quænes example out them driues.
 Their houses all they leaue, and with their heares disheuilid bare,
 Their naked neckes they wag, and frantiklike they rage and fare.
 Some other list their voyce, and skies they fill with quauering shrieks,
 And girt in skinnes they set, with vinetæe garlands borne on prickes.
 Her selfe among the mids with flaming torch in hand outspringes,
 Proclames her doughter byrde, and Turnus wedlockes feast she sings.
 With wresting wilde her face, and sodenly with blood:ead even
 She makes a noyse. O matrons wise, O frænds, O subiectes mine,
 Who euer Latine blood doth loue, and you that mothers bæ,
 Unlace your heades attire, and celebzate this daunce with mæ.
 To Bacchus let vs singe and to the mountaines out go we,
 If any gentell hart doth pitie this my wofull plight,

This
 play is
 yet vsed in
 Wales, &
 the bal is
 called
 knappan.
 Bacchus
 triumphes:
 much like
 to our
 morice
 daunces
 in somer.
 Commo-
 tion of
 women.

The seventh Booke

If any touched be with iust remoys of mothers right.
Thus into desert mountaine woods, and hauntes of beastes vnmilde,
Alecto stinging driues this carefull Queene with madnesse wilde.

Whan she with mischiefe such king Latins counsell troubled had,
And topstirring tost his household all with sorowes sad :

Alecto in
censeth
Turnus
king of
Rutis, to
whom the
virgin
was des-
poused.
Arde in
Italy.

Incontinent this dolefull dame vpstarts, with wayfull winges,
And to the walles of Turnus bold, in Rutil realme, she flinges.

Which citie, whan dame Danae by stormes was cast on ground,
Men say she first did builde, and for a bow the same did found.

A place, which of our grandsirs olde did Arde name obtaine,
Of anticke date, and yet the name of great Arde doth remaine.

The fortune, sometime was : there Turnus king in toures of might,
Was taking swete his rest, and sleeping sound at darke midnight.

Alecto than, her frowning face, and fendly limmes of wormes
Puts of, and to a woman olde in likenesse her transformes.

Her forehead foule with wrinkels long she plowes, & hore white heares
In cap and kerchiefe knits, and Oliue bzaunch thereon she weares.

Like Calibee, dame Iunos temple Derten, old of yeeres.

And sodenly before his eies with these wordes she appeeres.

Why Turnus ? wilt thou see thy labours long thus lost in vaine ?

And canst thou suffer Troian clownes thy kingdome thus obtaine ?

King Latin thee reiectes, and with thy blood that thou hast bought,

Thy wedlocke he denies, and heyres of aliens in are brought.

Go now, go venture yet thy selfe in danger, laught to skorne.

Go fight, and vanquish yet the Tirrhens host, their ennies sworne.

Bring Latines to their peace, and kill their foes, for thanke forlorne.

These things to thee to tell (where now thou liest in pleasant rest)

Almighty Iuno bad, and mee this time on message drest.

Wherefore come of, in mustring call thy youth, and through thy landes

In harneis put thy power, come boldly forth with all thy bandes,

And Troians now by Tiber flood that sit, with captaines all,

Destroy them downe to death, and burne their ships resist that shall.

The great assent of heauenly gods so bids, and king Latine,

If he refuse to obey, and to thy wedlocke due encline :

Than let him feele, and Turnus power at last repenting know.

The bachler hearing this, to her in mocking made a mow.

Than thus he said. The nauy lately brought to Tiber shore,

Not as thou dost coniect, hath been to mee vntolde before.

Faine

of *Aeneidos.* 3d T

Faine mee no needlesse feare, no such tumult, nor Iuno Quene
Unmindefull is of vs.
But thou a doting trot, whom with yd age from trueth exiles,
In baine thy self dost vere, with causelesse carke (O foole therwhiles)
And kings affaires, & wars with needlesse feare thy minde begiles.
More meete thy temple keepe, and serue thy gods good aged crone.
To men belongs the wars, let men with wars and peace alone.
In talking thus: Alecto flaming wroth with wrothfull loke
Uprose, and sodenly his limmes a trembling pallsie toke.
His eyes vpstaring stode such sundry faces out she sets,
So many hissing snakes, so many waies she foming frets.
Than burning broad w eyes, as he in space would more haue spoke,
She thrust him of, & serpents twaine from among her locks she broke
And strake him, loud tha fro her mouth these words she kest w smoke

Lo, I the doting trot whom witherid age from trueth exiles,
Whom kinges affaires and wars with needlesse carke affraid begiles,
Loke hereupon: lo, here I am, of hags infernall most,
Both warres, and death in hand I bring.
So speaking, to the yonge mans brest a firebrend hoat she cast,
With blustring smoky light, and in his hart she firt it fast.
Than from his dead sleepe feare him brake, his bones and all his lims
On water brasting out, and streaming sweet down gushing swims.
For armour, mad he crieth, for armour, house, and bed he turnes,
With cursed rage of warres, and loue of Steele that inward burnes.
His wroth vpswels, as whan a caudron great is set on fire,
And stikes are kindled fast, and flame with noise doth close vpspire,
The liquoz leapes for heate, and water waues vptossing toyles
In smoke, and ouer flowing flood of some rebounding boyles,
Nor can it selfe receiue, the vapo: blacke in ayer vp flies.
A choyce therfore of youth to king Latine to send he hies,
Renounsing league of peace, and bids him straight prepare to fight,
To cleare the coast from foes, and to defend Italias right,
O: hee against them both with power sufficing will descend.
Whan this was said, his gods he calles with vows, good lucke to send.
Than straight the Rutils strue, who shalbe first to serue the wars,
Eche man himselfe exhorts, him beauty fresh of youth prefars.
Him kings his grants moues, him deeds of armes before time tried.
While Turnus thus the Rutils mindes with boldenesse fiercely plied:

L b

Alecto

The seventh Booke

Alecto
troubleth
Troians.

A tame
stag.

Alecto to the Troian nation drew, and soule with winges,
For new deuise a place she spies, and theron swift she springes.
Where sayre Ascanius stood, and on the shore the time to passe
With engins after beastes, and course of running hunting was.
There sodenly, among his houndes, this virgin vile of Hell
Did cast a traine, and by the suite their noses filld with smell,
A Harte to finde and rouse, which after ward of mischiefs all
Was chiefest cause, and first the plowmen made to fighting fall.
A Harte there was of comely porte, and huge with hornes yspred,
Whom Tirrus children (from the dug withdrauen) for pleasure bred,
And Tirrus great their fier, that for the king had all the charge
Of beastes, and trusted was with heardees that fed in pastures large.
Him tame at euery becke their sister Siluia deere did loue,
And wreathing garland flowres, would trimly trick his hornes aboue,
And pure in fountaines wash, and comely kembe his wanton lockes.
He suffering euery hand, his maisters bourd, and feeding flockes
Did vse, and thence abroad in woods, and through his wonted gate,
He would returne to home, though night on him were nere so late.
Him wandring loose astray, where childe Ascanius swift did hunt,
His houndes before them had, as hee by custome kept his wont,
To soyle himselfe in flood, and vnder banckes to boyde the heat.
Ascanius kindled than, with loue of praise and corage great,
His dart for ioy outorew, and crooked bowe he bent of horne,
Desirous of that stag, and seldom saw the like before.
For from his hand the goddesse absent was, but sharply sent
The quarrey through the paunch, & through the guts wth sounding went.
The wounded beast forthwith vnto his maisters house he drew,
And brayed with piteous noise, and wailings loud he blading threw,
Like one beseeching helpe, and all the house with mourning vert.
Their sister Siluia beating both her handes, for wo perplex,
Out calles the hines for ayde and plowmen tough, & neighbors next.
They sodenly (for in the woods the plage yet lurking sat)
Assembling flocke themselves, one brought in hand a burned bat,
Another caught a club, with heauy knobs, and what they found
Echman outbrings, wrath wepon makes, them Tirrus gathreth round
As hee by chaunce that time with earnest minde an oke did chue
In quarter shides, and wedges strong with force therin did drue.
He toke his axe, and downe with threating huge descending blowes,
But

of Aeneidos.

But from her footing place Alecto foule that mischief sowes,
(Whan she her time espied) she flew, and took the houses hig,
And on the stable top she sat, to reare the countrey crie.
Her fendly voice she lifts, in crooked crinkled horne on height,
And blew the heardmans blast, and wonted signe to rise and fight,
So loude: y with the sound therof, the trees with trembling shakes,
And caues of mountaine rocks, & woods of deepnes thondzing makes.
The lakes also it heard, and floods and fountaines neighbours all,
And sulphur streames of Nar and mountaine waters downe that fall,
And trembling mothers to their breast did clasp their children small.

Then verily vnto that noyse, where first their trompet blew,
The contrey clownes byrose, with tooles, and wepons thick they drew,
Stifnecked plowmen stoute: the Trojan youth also brake out,
With open campe, and to Ascanius rescue drew for doubt.
Their armies out they spreade not now like frates of countries chubs,
Nor worke with burned bats, nor sharped stakes, nor mountaine clubs.
But trie with edged tooles, and euery faelde with swords byright,
As stubble starkly stands, & thicke with pointes of weapons pight,
The shelde with sun byshines, and to the cloudes repulse their light.

As whan the tempest riseth first, and seas both white begin
By small and small to swell, and belching floods reboyle within,
At last aloft it mountes, and to the skies the bottom skips.
Befoze the bowward first, an arowe swift that sounding slips,
Doth Almon throw to ground, that Tirrus childe and eldest was,
Beneath his throat it stacke, and where his breath and voice should pas.
It stopt, and with his tender life expiring left his blood.
About him bodies thicke of men, and olde Galesus good
In medling making peace, a man of right and iustnesse most
That was, and greatest wealth sometime in all Italia cost
Foue flockes of sheepe he had, and heardes of cattels feeding fure,
And soile so much did turne, as plowes a hundred still did driue.
While these things working were w equal chaunce on both the parts,
The spitefull Goddesse spied so great successe in all her artes,
And peoples fierce of both, with blood and battell full embrewd,
And saw their armies ioynt in slaughters vile together glewd:
She left Italia land, and through the skies of compas wide,
Dame Iuno to she comes, and thus she spake with bragging pride.
No thy request is done, now strife, and warres among them is,

The ſeuenth Booke

Alecto to
Iuno.

Go bid them freendly ioyne, and louingly like neighbors kiſſe.
 Since Troians haue begun Italians blood thus much to ſpill,
 Yet more I ſhal augment (if I may know it be thy will.)
 The townes and borders next I wil with rumours ſet on fier,
 And make them ſuch vppore, that battels mad they ſhal deſier,
 And buſtling run to helpe, and euery ſeilde with armour ſpreede.
 Than Iuno ſaid: ynough there is of falſe deceit and dreedde,
 God cauſes ſtands of war. Together now I ſee they run,
 With bloodſhed both embzued, this game of thine is wel begun.
 Such wedlocks let them make, that goodly brode, that Venus elſe.
 Such feaſt is for them fit, and for the king Latine him ſelſe.
 Thy perſon ouer mortall ſkies with longer leaue to ſtray,
 The guider great of heauen for eaſe of mankind doth denay.
 Giue place this time, if any chaunce or trauaile be behinde,
 My ſelſe ſhal take that charge. So Iuno ſpeaking told her minde.
 She mounting forth did flie, with ſqueaking wings of lothly ſnakes,
 And leauing light of ſkies, her wonted ſeat in Hell ſhe takes.

Deſcrip-
tion of a
place in
Italy
where
Alecto
went
downe to
Hell.

In mids of Italy, there is a place in mountaines colde,
 Right notable, and for the maruell much in contreys tolde.
 A darſome vale and deepe, with woods encompaſſe thicke on ſides,
 And headlong downe there ſinkes, in mids of rocks that hills deuides,
 A roſing ſinking poole, and breaking ſtones the broke doth ſound,
 A dongeon darke there is, and dreedful gulfe of gaping ground,
 Where deadly breath outbreakes. Alecto there (ſo god did pleaſe)
 Did hide her hatefull head, and heauen and earth therby did eaſe.

For nothing leſſe this while, dame Iunos hand did working ceaſe.
 The numbers all of heardeſ, vnto the citte came with pleaſe,
 To king Latinus court, and brought in ſight the bodieſ twayne,
 Of Almon flouring lad, and good Galeſus ſouly ſlayne.
 They crie their gods for ayde, and to the king their caſe complayne.

In mids of that, is Turnus nere at hand, with ſwoorde and fire
 He threatneth Latin king, that Troians wedlocke would require.
 Outlandiſh blood brought in, himſelſe reſect, the realme deſilde.
 Than from the woods the wiues, whom Bacchus daunce aſſoined wilde
 Came ramping down widdowes, y queneſ reſpect doth giue them ſprite.
 From euery coaſt men come, and with the Troians crie to fight,
 Eche one againſt all right, againſt all gods, for war doth call,
 The ſubiectes ſwarming riſe, and to king Latins court they fall.

of *Aeneidos*.

Hee, like a rocke in seas resisting stands, unmoued, fast,
 Full like a rocke in seas, when surging waues with winde are cast,
 Whom strokes of water strikes, with barking sound, and beates about,
 It selfe with weight it staies, the floods in vaine their foming spout,
 With ratling loud of stones the sides repulse the fleeting weedes.
 When nothing doth preuaile, and blinde outrage his counsell leedes,
 And after Iunos becke he seeth how backward thinges apperes,
 Protesting much his gods, and aier of skies that nothing heeres,
 We run to wacke (quoth he) that wo is mee, with tempest bozne.
 Your selues shall first repent, and pay for this your blood forsworne.
 O wretched soules, O sinfull Turnus, thou shalt bide the paines,
 And call to late thy gods, a dolefull death for thee remaines.

For I am safe at rest, my feeble ship is brought to shore,
 Of happy funerals I am dispoyle. And made no talking more
 But lockt himselfe in walles, and rule of things did cleane forsake.
 The maner was in *Latium* land, which cities all did take,
 And sacred custome kept, now *Rome* most mighty still retaines.
 When first their wars they moue, or for renowne will take the paines
 To conquer seas or landes, or to the *Moore*s giue mortall wars,
 To nations vnder North, and countreys distant far from stars,
 Or peirce with power to *Inde*, and seeke the seat of morning sun,
 Or from the *Parthies* people fetch, with bloudshed standards won:
 Two gates of war there bee, for so their names at *Rome* they beare,
 Religious, sacred kept to dreadfull Mars, and temple there,
 A hundred brazen boltes, and euerlasting strength of Steele
 Doth locke the same, and *Ianus* keeper stands at threshold heele.
 These gates, when sentence first of fight the lordes haue full decreed,
 Himselfe the *Consull* chiefe, in robes of pompe, and purple weede,
 In warlike wise begyrt, with rombling noise abroad displays.
 And first proclames the wars, than al the youth in their arais.
 And blastes of brazen hornes with hoarse assent concordng braies.

Descrip-
 tion of
Ianus
 temple as
Rome &
 neuer
 was shut
 but in
 peace and
 most in
Augustus
 time.
Ianus had
 two faces
 whereby
 was sig-
 nified
 prudence
 to looke
 both be-
 fore and
 behind in
 beginning
 of warre.

In such a sort, king *Latin* than the *Troians* to deffie
 Commaunded was, but hee the gracious gates would not come nie,
 The good prince did refuse, and from that seruice vile he fled,
 And kept him selfe in close, and vnder darkenes hid his hed.
 Dame *Iuno* than her selfe, the queene of heauen, adown did slide,
 And toke the lingring gates, and shouing set them open wide,
 Them turning swift with noise, and brazen postes and hinges brass.

Than

The seventh Booke

Than all *Italia* land (banned earst) their peace vprast.
 Uncald they stir themselves, some runs as footemen fierce in feldes,
 Some stir their startling steeds, & dust vpthrowes & speares they wield.
 Eche man for armour cries, and some their sheldes and harneis light
 With fat of lard they scoure, & whetstones hacke to make them bright.
 Their streamers glad they beare, & trumpets sound with ioy they here.
 Fiue cities great therfore, with forges set in contreys nere,
 Knew them fighting toles, both *Tyber* proud, and *Alin* stronge,
 And *Arde*, and *Crustum* toures, and great *Antenna* large and longe.
 Their metall masse they bowe, and for their heads the stedfast plates,
 And buckler bosses broade, and wickers weaue for target grates.
 Some beat them coates of brasse, or sturdy brestplate hard they driue,
 And some their gauntlets gilde, or hotes with siluer nesh contriue.
 Regard of shares and culters all they leaue, both sithe and plough
 They turne to this, & swordes, and glauiers, in furneis neale they tough.
 And sagbuts now they found, vp goeth the signe to battell strokes.
 One gets his shelde for hast, an other swift his horses yokes
 In chace to ride, and helmet bright on puts, threedoubled thytes
 Of Golde, with gorget great, and trusty sworde about him gytes.

He describeth
 the musters,
 & gathering
 of princes
 conspired
 against
 Aeneas.

Now Muses moue my songe, now let me sup your learning springs,
 To tell what nations tough, what captaines fierce, what noble kings,
 With armies fild the feldes, what armour stronge, what manred bold,
Italia sacred land did flourishing that time vpholde.
 You ladies, you remember best, and vttring best can speake,
 Skant breathing thin of fame by vs doth passe with pipling weake.
 First entreth war from *Tirren* coast, *Mezentius*, tirant king,
 Despiser proude of Gods, and armies strong with him doth bring.
 Than *Lausus* next his son, whose corps in beauty pere had none
 That time, and chiefest fame did beare, saue *Turnus* corps alone.
 Prince *Lausus*, conquerour of beastes, and tamer stronge of steeds,
 A thousand men from *Agillina* towne him after leedes
 In vaine that followd him for loue: well worthy to haue had
 A father not so naught, and of his realme to be more glad.
 Pert them, triumphant fierce with steeds that wäger all did win,
 Duke *Auentine*, sir *Hercles* worthy seede, of heauenly kin,
 Victoriously out shewes his charet faier, and bare in sheld
 His fathers armes, a hundred dreadfull dragons huge to wield,
 A hundred serpents grim, and *Hidra* monster girt with snakes,

Whom

of Æneidos.

Whom Rhea virgin priest, as she to God her service makes,
 In *Auentinus* mount, and bushes thicke by stelfh out brought
 Engendring mixt with God, when Hercules had conquest wrought
 In *spayne*, and *Gerion* downe kild, and to *Italia* strand
 Arriuing brought his beastes, and oren faier had set a land.
 Their parlous pikes in hand, & puncheons close in stauies they beare,
 And pykes like broaches long, and fight with soyne of pointed speare.
 Him selfe on fote, a fold of Lions huge vnweldy hide,
 With brestlid heares vnkemt, and tusked white, and gaping wide
 In helmet wise did weare, so to the court he come full rough
 All terribel, and his fathers waede he bare on shoulders tough.
 Than bryethren twaine of *Liber* strong, forsooke *Tiburtus* walles,
 (A towne that of their brothers name the people yet so calles,)
 Both *Coras* and *Catillus*, eger knights of Greekish kinde,
 Before the bolward went, in weapons thicke as swift as winde.
 Like Bulles, or misbegotten Centaures twaine, from cloudy hilles
 Descend with stamping noise, and hedlong downe with restless willes
 They run, that woods do rustling yeld, and bolues with breaking crack.
 For of *Præneste* towne, the founde first therof did lacke
Vulcanus dreadfull sun, a king of beastes and mountaines cold,
 A fondling found besides a fier (as all report hath told)
 King *Ceculus*, a legion large of heardmen next his side,
 And men of hie *Præneste* towne, and all that compas wide,
 Dame *Iunos* sacred land, and *Aniena* riuer chill,
 And all that *Hernick* stones (with watry springs bedewed) do till.
 Whom *Amaseni* pastures feedes, and rich *Anagnia* felde.
 For harneis to them all, nor charrets ratling ben, nor shields,
 The greatest sort with slings, their plummet lompes of lead outsquats.
 And some their sheues of dartes, their heads defended broade with hats
 Of heary skins of wolues, their rightside shankes be naked bare.
 Such is their shift, their leftside legs with raw hides couered are.
 But king *Messapus*, *Neptunes* child, that coursers wild can tier,
 Whom neither strength of Steele can ouerthrow, nor force of fier,
 His peoples long in rest, and out of bre of battell strife,
 Doth sodenly vpcall, and teach to handle sword and knife.
 They from their *Fescen* hilles, and from *Faliscus* equall toftes,
 They from *soractus* towers, and yelow felde of *Flauine* croftes,
 And mount of *Ciminus* with lake, where *Capens* woods outspray g,

By

The ſeuenth Booke

By numbers like they went, and on their king in praise they ſang.
As ſwannes, that in the wauering clouds do flie, with ſounding ſweet,
Returning from their foodes, when ſinging flockes in one do meete,
With ſtretched necks, their melody they peeld, their mixed voyce,
Rebounding beates the ſkies, that lakes and riuers do reioyce,
And *Aſia* longe a loſe.

For by their noyle men knew, that harneſt bands their clattring caſt.
But like a cloude of ſoules, that from the ſeas were forced faſt,
And neare to ſhore were come, & hoarce with cries their chanel paſt.
Behold from *Sabines* auncient blood, ſir *Clausus* doth procede,
With mighty throng, and like a thronge him ſelfe, as much to breed.
From whom deſcending comes both tribe, and houſe of *Claudia* line
In *Latium* land, ſince *Rome* to *Sabines* firſt did part incline.
Together *Amiterna* manred ſtrong, and burgeis towneſes,
And all *Muſca* ſtrength, that *Diues* beare, and all their downeſes,
They that *Nomentum* citie kept, and roſy countreis pure
Of *Velin*, and *ſeuerus* hilles, and all that thought them ſure
In *Tetrix* rocky crags, and ſuch as turne the fertile ſoyle
Of *Forulos*, and where *Himella* ſtreame full faſt doth boyle.
And they that *Tiber* waters drinke, or *Fabaris* good floods.
Or whom *Casperia* ſent, or *Nurſia* colde for want of woods.
And peiſants all of *Latine* land, and ſeamen come from ſhips,
And all that ſæte in curſed ſtreames of dampned *Allia* dips.

Allia a
rtyer
where the
Romans
had di-
uers ouer
ghrowes,
& therfore
curſed it.

As thicke as winter waues in marble ſeas are turnd and toſt,
When ſtoymes and tempeſt riſe, and ſight of ſtars and light is loſt.
Or like to ſtanding coyne, that parched is with heat of ſonne:
So thicke the people preaſe, from euery coaſt to war they runne.
The ratling ſhieldes reſound, the ſoyle with trampling beaten quakes,
Than *Agameſſons* childe, an enemy olde of *Troy*, awakes,
Haleſus, borne on ſtædes, and to king *Turnus* armies great,
A thouſand people bringes, of them that ground with mattockes beat
To till the bliſfull vaines, and they that rake the mountaines fat
Of *Meſſica*, and nere the ſeas all husbandmen that ſat.
And all *Auruncus* youth, and they that *Caleis* land forſoke,
And dwellers all beſide the ſourdes of ſholde *VVlturnus* brooke.
Saticula their teſty people ſent, and *Oſca* ſtrength,
Their weapons troncheons be, and mallets of maces, ſmall of length,
But them by leth, in thongs they while and draw, ſuch is their giſe,
Their

of *Aeneidos*.

Their lefthands Targets keepe, and hooded Falchions from them flie.
For thou from this accompt, and verses mine shalt passe vntolde
Of Ebalus, whom Telon gat (as goeth reporte of olde)
Of lady Sebethis (that Nimphe) whan he the kingdome hent
Of Capreas, and landes, but not his sonne therewith content,
Sarrastes people riche with empier soze that time did tread,
And welthy countries large, where *sarnus* brooke to sea doth lead.
And they that *batulus* doth holde, and *Rufas* fieldes obiect,
And all that frutesfull bale, that *Bella* city may prospect.

Like *Almain* rutters, bozespares longe they whirle, or forning forks,
Their nuddockes bolstred ben, & skulles of heads with barks of corks.
They shine wth bzasen sheelds, they shine with swords, & rapiers bright.
And thee to warres thy countrey *Nursa* sent, A noble knight,
Of *Vfens*, much renowned both of deedes, and great good chaunce,
Whose mountaine people strong, with practise long of sword & launce,
And hunting still in woods, and breaking clots ben hard of flesh.
They weaponed till the ground, and euermore their prayes a flesh
They fetch from countreys nere, it doth them good to d^{ri}ue and watch.
They liue by bottie spoyle, it is their owne what ere they catch.

Than from *Marrhubia* there came a Priest, and prophet gay,
His helmet compas knit with lucky bowes of Oliue spray,
From king Archippus sent, most valiaunt knight of *Vmber* land,
That wonted was with songes, and with his charmes, and holy hand,
All poysoned adders kinde, and serpentes dreadfull cast on sleepe,
And calme their w^rathes & Kinges, & from their biting peoples keepe,
And ease with art their wounds, and venims all confound and choke.
But not the Troyan blade could hee auoyd, nor heale the stroke
Of great Aeneas dint, nor to his woundes could helpe him ought
His sleeping songs in vain, nor lechecraft herbes on mountains sought.
For the, the woods did wayle, for the the fountaines cleare as glasse,
For the, the waters wept, and lakes lamenting cried alas
In all *Angitia* land.

Than of Hyppolitus also, the childe most worthy went,
By Virbius, whom fresh of fame his mother Aritia sent,
Brought by in saluage wood, and by the bancks of holsonie streames
Of dame Dianas walke, and Nimphe Egerias desert realmes.

For whan Hyppolitus (by olde report) was put to paine,
And by his stepdams craft, was of his father guiltlesse flaine,

The seventh Booke

Esculapius
was thro
une to
Limbo fo
rising of
Hyppoli-
tus to life.

Virbius, i.
bis vir.

Turnus,

In peeces drawn with steeles, againe to breath and worldly skies,
He was (men say) vncald, and eft from death to life did rise,
By power of Phoebus herbes, and at Dianas sute for loue.
The almighty father than, and king of heauen that reynes aboue,
Disdaining, that a mortall man from dead soules might reuart:
The finder of that phisick first, and him that made that art,
(Apollus learned son) with lightning dint to Limbo threw.
Diana than, Hyppolitus to secret woods withdrew
From sight of man, and to Egeria Nimphe did him betake,
Where hee alone in desert groues doth worldly care forsake,
Nor praise of people seeks, but leading life as he best can,
He yet remaines, with name conuerted Virbius, twice a man.
Therefore it is, that from Dianas woods, and temples cleere
All horses ben forbid, nor to her seruire may come neere,
For they affraied did flee, at sight of monsters than that sprang
From seas, and down the yong man threw, and charet ouerslang.
Yet nere thelesse his son, couragiously with horse in field
Did run, and firisprited steeles in charet fierce did wield.
Himselfe among the chiefe, with valiant body, Turnus bright,
Displates himselfe in armes, aboue all men with head vp right,
Whose triple crowned creast, and helmet hie, with vgly pawes
Chimera monster holdes, and sparcling flames she spoutes at iawes.
The more she fretting fumes, & more with burnings wareth wood,
The more that fighting feeldes embrew them selues in sheding blood.
But on his target smothe, dame Io stands, with hornes vp right,
Imboasid pure in gold, euen like a cow, with hear in sight.
A stozie huge to learne: and Argus, with his hundred eien,
Did keepe that birgin there, so portraid was that worck deuine:
And Inachus his noble streame did powze from pitcher fine.
A cloud of footemen following him pursues, and mixt with dust,
The shields & harneis dimmes, & clustring thick in throngs they thrust
As well the Greekish youth, as all the strength of Rutill handes,
Auruncus ayde, and all sicanus cities auncient bandes.
sacrana crewes, Labicus painted bucklers, and besides
All such as Tyber hilles, and sacred shore therof deuides,
That Rutil ground vpgrebs, and with their shares apply the soyle,
And all that on the mountaines necke of Circes seat do toyle,
And Anxurs holy hilles, where loue himself is patron chiefe.

Faronia

of Æneidos.

Farons ioyfull towne, of gréene wood groue that tooke reliefe.
The way that vsens mighty streame doth stray, & blacke with pooles,
Doth seeke by depest vales, and in the seas himselfe he cooles.
And ouer this, there came from volscas realme, Camilla stout,
With troupes of horsemen fresh, and glistering footemen many a rout. Camilla a
Lady.
She closid last her crewes, a woman warlike, strong and sterne.
She neither weauing tooles, nor distaffe worke did vse or lerne.
Nor female fingers had, but byantes of warres Virago grim
Would beare, and ouerpasse the windes, with lightnes swift of lyn.
She for a pastime would, on crops byright of standing corne
Haue flouen, and with her tender feet, haue neuer an eare down bozne.
Or in the mids of seas, on swelling waues before they reele,
Would course haue set, and neither dipt in water, toe nor heele.
From houses all and feldes, the youth with wondzing issued out,
And matrons gasing stood, both how she rides behind the rout,
How princely purple keepe her shoulders light, how trim her beares
With gold are underknit, her quiver gorgeous how she beares,
And dreadfull launce of length, and pointed like to fosters speares.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran

finitum .iij. Decembris. Anno. 1557.

Opus xij. dierum.

Mij

The



THE EIGHT BOOKE

of the *Æneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

¶ Turnus giueth a signe of war out of Laurentum castle, and ioyneeth vnto him self in ayd all Larium, and the cittes neare about: Venulus also is sent to Arpos vnto Diomedes to perswade him to war by likenes of the danger. Wherat Aeneas moued, & distrusting the smalnesse of his power: is admonished by Tiberinus, & brought vp along the riuer into that place where Rome was afterward builded, and there requirerh ayde of king Euander, who flying forth of Arcadia: founded a citie vpon the hill Palatinus, called Pallanteum. When Euander vnderstood the cause of Aeneas comming, he courteously receaueth him into his house, and taking him with him vnto the sacrifice and solemnities of Hercules wherein he was then busse: sheweth him the cause, and the maner of the sacrifice, and reciteth to his guest the names of the chiefe places in those quarters. The next day Aeneas being ayded with four hundred horsemen whom Pallas, Euanders only sonne did gouerne, the one part of the power he sendeth vnto his men downe the stream, him selfe with the residue goeth to Agylla, the most flourishing citie of Tyrrhens, who bare deadly hatred against Mezentius, whom for his intollerable cruelty, they had vtien out of his kingdome. In this while, Vulcane entised therto by the flattery of Venus maketh armour for his son in law, which he bringeth vnto Aeneas. Who being surprised with the beutie therof: diligently wondreth at euery thinge therein, especially his Cargat, wherein were curiously engrauen such noble exploitcs as should be valiantly atchiued, by his worthy posteritie.



When signe of war from Laurent towres king Turnus vp
did reare,

And hornes vp blown w blastes, their trembling tunes
full hoarce did feare,

Whē first his egre steeds, & armour clattring gan to clash:
Mens mindes molested rose, and sodenly vnbrydeled rash

The youth for madnesse runnes, all Latin towne for quaking feare
Tumultuous clustring ioyne, and league confedding knit they sweare
Messapus and duke Vsens leaders chief, and puffed with pride
Mezentius gods dispiser, power of men from euery side
They draw, and boide of filmen wide dispeopling spoyle the thyrne.

Then

of Æneidos.

Then to the mighty towne of Diomedes with desires
 As Venulus out sent, his needfull strength in time to call,
 Instructed plaine by mouth, what thing to him declare he shall :
 How Troians to *Italia* landes are come, and what a flöte
 Aeneas bringes of ships, and how their gods that vnder seete
 Were conquered late by Greekes, he now exalting sets in fame,
 And king will needes be cald, and saith him destiny giues that name.
 Dilatynge more, how many nations been that ioygne their deedes
 With Troy : and how the Troian name in *Latium* threewoly sprēdes.
 What these beginnings meane, & if his chaunce should giue successe
 What sequel worke he would, more manifest him self may gesse
 Then either Turnus kyng, or kyng *Latinus* list expresse.
 Such worke in *Latium* land there was. All which considering great,
 The Troian prince did view, and floods of care his brest did beat.
 His wisdom swift now here, now there, he kest, and did deuide
 In sundry thoughts his minde, and eche deuise he tost and tried.
 As in some brasen catowons lips, where water standing streames,
 When sun reflected shines, or face of Moone with quivering beames,
 The twinkling light vp leapes, eche corner sekes and flickering flits,
 Now hie, now low, and tops of house, and rafters wauering hits.
 When was it night, and creatures all that weery were on ground,
 Both byrds & groueling kindes of beasts deepe sleape hath settled sound :
 When lord Aeneas vnderneath colde skies in sight of stars,
 Perturbed much in minde with troublous carkes of heavy wars
 As on a banke he sat, sore musing sad with carefull brest :
 He layd him downe at last, and late his limmes he gaue to rest.
 To him the god of *Tiber* flood, which rules that pleasant place,
 In vision showed himself, byrissing graue with antique face,
 Among the Poppler leaues in grisell gowne of dropping weedes,
 A sayle his shoulders spred, his hear beshadowed was with reedes,
 Than speaking thus, Aeneas hart with comfort wordes he feedes.
 O heauenly childe of gods, that Troy destroyed dost new restore,
 Which bringst vs Troian wals, and lasting wealth for euermore,
 Long looked for of *Laurent* feldes, and townes of *Latium* great,
 Here is thy certein house, do thou not thynke thy certein seat,
 Nor feare thee not for all these threathnings huge : all dreade and yres
 Of gods appeased cease.
 And now to thee (least fantasie vaine this dreame thou do suppose)

Tyber a
 riuer
 nigh
 Rome.

The eight Booke

A Sow of mightie life furth with thou shalt see layd in woase
Beneth a banke, among the rotes, with thirtie sucklings out,
All white her selfe on ground, and white her brats her dug about,
There shall thy citie stand, there is thy rest of labours last:
Where thy Ascanius prince, whan ten times three of yeres are past,
Shal famous *Alba* builde, and of that surname call this land,
No fables I pronounce, now of this thing thou hast in hand,
How thou shalt victour bee: giue care in brieft I will thee tell.
A nation on these frontiers cald *Arcadia* neare doth dwell,
From Pallants line they came, and king Euander by they toke,
They chase their place, and citie builded on that mountaines nooke,
Which of his grandfater Pallant kaine, now Palanteum hights.
This nation with Latinus folkes, discording dayly fights.
Take them to thy reliefe, & league with them compound and snight.
My selfe along these bancks shal thee conduct with passage light,
Against these streames with Dyes, that nothing let thy speede to stay.
Arise, go to thou goddesse son, and first when stars decay
To Inno make thy vow, her threatening moode and wrathful tene
With prayers meekely please: and when thy conquests ended bene,
Than mee thou shalt reward, for I am hee that fleting deepe
Do straine these bancks thou seest, and pastures fat do fede and keepe,
Most ioyfull Tyber blue, best liked streame to heauens on hie,
Here is my mighty house, here cities great my head may spie.
He sayd: And sodainly his flood, he foltring mirt in lake
From sight. Aeneas eies both night and sleepe did than forsake,
He rose, and with his face vp right against the mounting sonne,
Whan first his hands he dipt in waters pure that there did runne,
He held them vp to skies, and thus his voice he straight begonne.
O Nymphes, O Laurent Nymphes, O Quene of streams & waters cleere,
And thou O Tyber O thou blessed flood and father deere,
Receauie Aeneas now, and from these daungers last defend.
Where euer sacred lake, that pitie such dost vs extend
In our extremitie distresse, what euer soyle and fountaine faire
Conteines thy holy head, vnto thy seate will I repaire.
Mine honours euer due, and euer gifts thou shalt haue good,
Hornfronted kingly god, of westerne streames Imperial flood,
Be with vs, O this time, and all thy grace do prosper full.
So spake he than, and from his flete two barges apt doth cull,

With

of Æneidos.

With rancks of rowers twaine, and all his campe in armour set.
 Behold, for sodenly their eyes a wondrous monster met.
 For by the shore among the rotes on ground in grenewood shaw:
 A Solwe of sylve vnscene, all colour white with broode they sawe.
 Whom good Aeneas vnto thee (D Iuno most of powre)
 Euen all to thee he kild, and on thine altars did auowre.
 That liuelong night did Tyber flood his streames downe couch & calme
 With lingring soft, that neither mouing made of waue nor walme,
 But milde most like a poole, or pleasant ponde of water dull,
 So settled smooth it stood, that nothing lets their Dyes to pull.
 Their way therfore begun with talking chereply plied they fast:
 Thannoyned Firtree slides, by shelues and fourdes along they pass.
 The waters wondzing stode, and woods with wondzing gasing made
 At shining sheldes of men, far gliftring straunge of newcome trade,
 They gase at gorgeous ships, and painted pups aloft that swim.
 They plucking swift their Dyes, that night and day do tyre their lims,
 And reatches long they win, that trees with bowes do hide them oft,
 And circles wide they cut in waters greene of shadowes soft,
 And through the woods they wade, & gladson groues that grow a lost.
 The flaming sun his compass midst of heauen had entred in,
 When towre and walles they spie, and from a far the houses thin,
 Which now the Romain might, to match the stars haue made so tal.
 Euander king that time, that citie kept of substance small,
 They swiftly turne their ships, and to the towne approaching fall.
 That day as fortune was, Euander king in solempne guise
 His patrone feast did keepe, with honours great to gods in skies.
 But vnto Hercules most chiefe, in grenewood groue vpstald
 Afront the towne. His onely son with him was, (Pallas cald)
 With him the chiefe of youth, and Senate counsell pooze and good,
 To gods encense they gaue, on smoking altars moist of blood.
 When first the lofty ships they saw, and darke in shadowes lowe
 So sliding through the woods, and swift with Dyes so silent rowe:
 With sodaine sight affraied they rose, and tables troubling reave.
 Whom Pallas bold forbids that offrings holy they not leaue,
 Himselfe with sword outdrowne, against them fast to thore he flew.
 Then from the banke aloof, how sirs & he: what causes new? (light:
 What moues you thus these waies vnknewe to serch: wher would you
 What people: what place dwel you: bring you peace, or list you fight?

This
 solwe was
 prophetic:
 ed of be:
 fore.

They ca-
 me where
 Rome
 now stads.

The eight Booke

Olive in
token of
peace.

Than lord Aeneas from his pup on hie this answere told,
 And Olive bzaunch in hand betokening peace he forth did hold.
 The men of Troy thou seest, and Troian weapons, Latins foes,
 Whom they with armour proud thus wandring still to drine dispose.
 Euander king we seeke, go cary this and say that knights
 Of Troians strong are come, and pray with him to ioyne our mights.
 At such a reuerent name, did Pallas then astonied stand.
 Come forth (quoth he) O prince, what ever thou art, and here at hand
 So speake my father to, and strait his righthand clasping held,
 They landing left their fload, and to the frith they came and feld.
 Then lord Aeneas to the king these wordes did friendly moue.
 O best of Grecian blood, to whom dame Fortune strong aboute
 Compels me now to seeke, and bowes of peace and garlands beare,
 I nothing fearfull was, that thou of Greekes a leader were,
 And colin neare in stocke, to twayne Atridas, Troian rods.
 But mee my valiant life, and holy motions great of Gods,
 Our Granfiers ioynt of blood, thy wide renoume in countreis spred
 Haue knit me thus to thee, and glad by destinies here haue led.
 King Dardan founder first of Troian towne and parent old,
 That sun to Dame Electra was, as auncient Greekes haue told,
 To Troian kingdomes came, Electras father void of doubt
 Most mighty Atlas was, that heauens sustaines on shoulders stout.
 Your line from Mercury procedes, whom May most white of helw,
 On olde Cilenes Mount, conceyuing bare by storie trew.
 Mayes father Atlas is, if iust report hath fild our eares,
 That Atlas her begat, that stars of heauen on shoulders beares,
 So both one blood we be, from one good spring our stocke departes.
 These things considering I, by neither message, friend, nor artes,
 Did practise thee to groape, euen I my selfe my person here
 I ventred haue my head, and to thy court I sue most dere,
 That nation proude of Turnus land whose warres doth thee molest,
 The same doth vs likewise most deadly bere, were we suppress
 Nothng they thinke should let, but all Italia landes at eas
 They may subdue with yoke, and East, and West possesse the seas.
 Receaue and render faith, we lacke no byestes in battaile bolde,
 Wee lacke no feruent mindes, and youth wel tried in warres of olde.
 He holding still his eyes his tale did harke,
 And fixed bewed his face, and lims and countenance all did marke.

How
Aeneas &
Euander
are of kin.

Fetw

of Æneidos.

Few words at last he said: Most pũsant lord (O prince of Troy)
 How glad am I of thee: how welcome here thou bringest me ioy?
 How well thy parent great thou dost present: his words and voyces
 He thinkes I heare, in great Anchises face I do reioyce.
 For I remember wel, when Priam king in progresse went,
 To betw Heciones his sisters lands, he was content
 From salamina coast that time this countrey colde to know,
 Then flowing fresh in youth, my budding beard on cheekes did grow.
 I wondred at the Troian dukes, I wondred soze in dede
 Such princely states: But ouer all most hie Anchises yede,
 My youthfull minde for loue did in my brest with burning sit
 Till we acquainted were, and hand in hand conioyning knit.
 I led him furth, and to my towne of Pheney glad him brought.
 He vnto mee a quiver riche, with arrowes finely wrought
 At his departing gaue, and golden mantel brodred faire,
 And brydle bits with gold (which now my Pallas keepes) a payze.
 At your request therfore, confedring fast with you I cling.
 And when the morning next, on earth her light shal rendring bring:
 With succour home I shal you send, and aid with comfort more.
 Therewhiles, this offering feast (which to differ were sin to soze)
 This verely sacrifice diuine (since here O frændes we bee)
 With gladnes let performe, and celebræte this day with mee,
 And your confederates fare accustom now your selfe to hyde.
 When he thus said, the deintie meates and cups withdrauen asyde,
 He bids againe restore, and Troyans set on greene grasse bancke.
 But chiefe, on beds bespred with Lyons hyde of heare full rancke
 Aeneas he receiues, and Maple throne to him p̄farres.
 Than all the princely youth, and temple p̄est from the altar barres
 Contending bring their meates, entrayles of bulles, and seruice rost,
 And bread in baskets lade, and wyne they skinke with cakes compost.
 Aeneas ioyntly fed, the Troian youth also did dyne
 With tripes of sacred steeres, and total backes of oren chyne.
 When hungre staunched was, and lust of eating first gan flake,
 The king Euander sayd: This cheere quod he, that here we make,
 This offering deintie day, this verely feast religious pure,
 This altar great of god, no superstition bayne obscure,
 Nor error blinde began (O curteis gest) but cause extreeme,
 And due deserts of him that vs from daunger did redeeme,

The eight Booke

The story
of Hercu-
les and
Cacus.

Delivering free from paines, as by good signes thou shalt esteeme.
Now first behold yon rock, which hang thou seest with threathing sway,
Like halfe the mountaine falne, and stones downe wrested shew decay.
The bulwarke broken stands, whom rocks and hil down ratling diew.
A dongeon caue there was, of widnes wast, most deepe to belw,
Which vgly Cacus kept, that halfe was beast, and halfe mankinde,
A lothly lurking den, whom beames of sun could neuer finde.
Whose floze did alwaies reeke with slaughters new, and euer fresh,
His heauie gates were hung, with heads of men, and dropping flesh.
Vulcanus to this monster father was, whose flammings blacke
He spued at mouth, and where he went al things he thre w to wacke.
At last also for vs long looking helpe, time comfort brought,
And ayde at last we found at god. For after conquest wrought
In spaine, (and Gerion triple bodied kilde) with booties braue,
Most mighty Hercules here came, and herds of bulles he draue
This way, with steres right huge of syle, this riuer side they fed.
The beasts but settled were, and brooke and vale along they spred:
But Cacus fendly spize that nothing ment but shameles theft,
So mischiefe left vntried, no craft vsought, but all things rest.
Foure goodly bodied bolles he from their pasture stealing tooke,
And foure of heifers large, and most of beautie faire to loke.
And lest perhaps their sette belwray them should by steps of cleaze,
He by their tailes them diew al backward plucking from their leaze.
Their treadings outward shewd, and euery path did outward guide,
And to his caue the brought, where darke with stone he did the hide.
The men shuld seke, no signe they saw, al tracts were outward tried.
This while when Hercules from hence departing would remoue,
And gathering tooke his beenes, that ful were fed fro laundes aboue,
The cattayle roaring cried, and euery wood with bellowing fild
Lamenting thence to mooue, and hils with noyse they left ylwild.
One heifer list her voice, and loude in dongeon sounding shzill
She yelling answere gaue, and Cacus hoape disappointed yll.
Than verily sir Hercules furious minde for egre paines
Did burne with bitter gall, his armour tooles in hands he straines,
His heauy club with knobs, and bp that hill he ramps on hie.
There Cacus, shzinking furst and furst affrayed, our men did spie,
With troubled eies moze swifter then than winde he trudging flings,
Straight to his caue he flew, seare to his tentoes added wings.

When

of Æneidos.

When he his lodge had lockt, and by his chaines a sunder wzong
 His huge brwelyd stone downe let, that there for rampier hong
 With yron and Vulcanes art, his bolts and barrs he fastening ramb,
 His dongreon mouth he stopt and strong with stusse he stifly cramd.
 Behold, furthwith sy Hercules present was with flaming brest,
 And entries al he beked, now here now there his eies he kest,
 For angre gnashing teth: thre times alone in seruent mood,
 All Auentious mount he compass round, and thrise he stode
 Attempting still those gates, and strong assaulting bound therat
 In vaine, and thre times in this bale he weery resting sat.
 A rocke right sharpe of flint there stood, with crags ofcut from sides,
 Against the dongreons backe vprising hie where clouds deuides.
 A nestling fortreffe fit for birdes of spoyle, and foules vncleane.
 That rocke where hedlong next the flood it partly low did leane,
 With shoulders shewing long in vaine he tried, yet adding strength
 He hogging still did striue, at last it shoke, and quite at length,
 He loosened low the rootes, than sodenly where most it swaied,
 He ouerthrew that with the throw, hie heauen rebounding braied.
 The banks w murmured brake, y streame ran backward wild affraied.
 But than the caue and Cacus vgly court disclosed clere,
 His hoale, with all his darksom dennes, and kennels close appeere.
 None otherwise, than if by force whole earth should gaping clue,
 And show the infernall seates, and kingdoms pale reueling rive
 Most hatefull sight should be: an endles gulfe down reaching deepe,
 Should fowle apear, and crawling soules at light should quaking crepe.
 When he with day vnloked for was caught, and shrinking low
 His deepest den he tooke, nor neuer earst so lowde did blow:
 Sir Hercules with his tooles on him did please, and weapons all
 He fearcelly plied both logs of tymbre long, and milstones tall.
 He grunting foule at mouth (for hope was none to scape by flight)
 A cloud of stinking stinking smoke (a wondrous thing to sight)
 He from his iawes outspued, that all the vault with darknes stuff,
 Depriving eies from sight, and through the dongeon thicke he puff
 His fumes as blacke as night, and mixt with mist he perbrast fier.
 That thing sir Hercules wold not hide, but hedlong down for yre, (bound
 Euen through y flames he lept, where smolthring stremes did most re
 Of smoke, and where most boiling bresth did caue most darke confoand.
 There Cacus black in cloud, and belching farte his burnings vaine

Hercules
 brake vp
 Cacus den

Die

The eight Booke

Ciclus
Claine.

He groping straitly gript, and round in knot he wound in twaine.
Then crushing necke and eyes, his thirstie throte of blood did choke.
Anone the gasty den wide ope is set with gates vpbroke,
The cattel furth are set, then pyles of pelfe and robbery spoyle,
To heauen are shewd, his carcas eke misshapen vile of foyle,
As by the legs outdrawen, mens harts in looking take no rest.
His grisly squealed eien, his lothly face, his bristled brest,
His mongrell members rough, his quenched fier in iawes opprest.
From that time furth this honoz grew, y^e youth with glad some game,
This holy day do keepe, Potitius first began the same,
And great Pinarias house, that Hercules offring euer serues
From yere to yere, and for his worship more that thus deserues
This groue and altar set, which euermore the chiefeest shall
Be cald of vs, and shall in dede be euer chiefe of all.
Wherefore come of, O youth, and for the praise of so great gift
With braunches binde your heads, and cups in quaffing loke you list
And call our general God, and skinke furth wines with glad good wils.
He said, the twisting Poppler braunch, his crowne with leaues he hils.
With Hercules Poppler leaues (all double huid) his temples tide,
And sacred boll with wine in hand he gripte, then side by side
All men with feasting dranke, and bozds they laide, and gods did pray.

Hercules
praiser.

The sun this while from skies did nere to night discending sway.
And now the seruice priests, and furst Potitius led their bands,
Of custome great in skinnies, and torches burning bare in hands.
Their banquets they renew, and ionkets courses after meates.
Their presents hie they heape, that euery bozd with bourden sweates.
Than singing measure layes, at the altars burning daunsing round,
The skipping *sally* were come, with poppler braunches bound,
In raze men set them selues, the yong men here, the old men there,
That Hercules praises great, and doughty dedes to heauen may beare.
How first he tender childe his stepdames monsters kild with ease
By hand, and serpents twaine to death he wringing flat did squeeze.
How stoutfull he by war did cities downe destroy fill strong,
Both Troia, Oechalia with more, how thousand labours long
At king Euristeus request, by Iunos deepe despise,
He ouercame and bare, thou lord vnuited most of might,
Thou slewest the mongrell beast, misshapen Centaures gotten of cloud.
Both Hileus, and Pholus soule, thou Creslies monsters proud

Didd

of *Aeneidos*.

Didst kill with hand, and Lion bolde in Nemea rocke didst quell.
 At thee did *Lymbo* quake, to thee the Porter huge of hell,
 To thee he trembling shoke, and left his bones begonne vngnation,
 He left his murdering caue, by thee from thence he was furth drawn.
 Noz was there neuer face that euer could thee make affrayde.
 No not him selfe *Typhoeus*, in burning armour vgly rayde
 With hundred hands that fought, noz thee that time thy reason failde.
 When *Lerna* dragon thee with heapes of heads all round assailde.
 Alhaye vndoubted childe of god, new ioy to saines aboue,
 Come visit vs with grace, and these thy gifts accept and loue.

Such things in hymnes they sang, but ouer all of *Cacus* hoale
 They mencion make, and of him selfe with breath as burning coale.
 The woods with song resounds, and hills with carols answers yelde.
 Than euery man when seruice all deuine was first fulfilled,
 Unto the towne them drew, the king him self of stouping age,
 Aeneas next him toke for mate, his sonne him led as page,
 With sundry spech of things to ease their way the time they past.
 Aeneas wondring much on euery side his eyes did cast,
 With euery place in minde he ransht was, and oft enquieres
 Eche thing, and monuments he gladly learns of elder yeres.
 Than king *Euander* spake, that first the towres of *Rome* did found.
 The woods (quoth he) sometime both Fauns, & Nymphs, & gods of ground,
 And fairy *Queenes* did keepe, and vnder them a nacion rough,
 A people saluage strong, and borne in tronks of timber tough:
 Who neither nurture knew, noz trade of life, noz bullocks taught,
 Noz gods bystore they could, noz wisely spare those things thei caught.
 But bowes of trees them fed, and hunting hard them kept from cold.
 First from *Olympus* mount (right neare the skies) good *Saturn* old,
 When hee from loue did fle, and from his kingdomis outlawd stood,
 Hee first that wayward skittish kinde disperst in hilles, and wood,
 Did bring to thrift, and gaue them lawes, and all the land this way
 Did *Latium* call, for sauely here long time he lurking lay.
 And vnder that good king men say, the golden world did dure,
 Such pleasaunt peace he taught, and peoples kept in iustice pure:
 Till woysse age at last, of baser sort by small and small,
 With mad desier of wars, and loue to haue, corrupted all.
 Than came *Ausonia* strength, than *sicil* folkes and countreys straunge,
 And oftentimes her name, *Saturnus* land was giuen to chaunge.

Than

Latium
why so
called.

The eight Booke

Than kings, and chiefly Tyber great with body burly tall,
By whose surname *Italia* folks this flood did *Tiber* call,
(For *Albula* the former name it lost forgotten quite)
My selfe expulst from out my countrey land by wrongfull might,
And folowing long the seas, with course extreme, as cause did shape
Almighty fortunes lucke, and destiny strong whom none can shape,
Hane planted in this place, and here my mother did mee chase
Carmenta prophet Nimph, by dreedfull songs of Phoebeus grace.
Skant this he said: and walking furth her altar huge of state
He shewd, and Carmentalis cald by Romain name the gate,
Which builded was, men say, for dame Carmentas mention deere,
That prophet destiny speaker, furth that sang in ditties cleere
Of great Aeneas lyne, and Pallantec that noble foet,
From thence the shirwood great, where saul defence, and free resort,
Duke Romulus bytooke, and in the rocke full cold on the wood
Lupercal temple close, and mistryes all therof he shewd.
He shewd also the sacred groue of Argilethus heath,
Detesting in that place where Greekish gest was done to death.
From thence to Tarpey seat, and capitoll he furth him led
All gilded now, but than with briers and byambles thicke besped.
Euen very than, religious feare the plowmens harts did shake,
Euen than, that dreedfull rocke & groue for reuerence did thenr quake.
This groue (quoth he) thou seest, this bushie hil so slope that clymes
(Unknowen it is what god,) here dwels a god, full often tymes
Arcadia men beleue there loue they saw, when darcksome blacke
His fearful shield he shooke, & thundring stormes there made to cracke.
These boroughs twaine besides with walles downe cast decayed y bee
(Their ruines lo thou mayst, and monuments of old men, see)
This Ianus auncient built, that other towne Saturnus wald,
Ianiculum this was, that other than *Saturnia* cald.

Such talk between themselves they had, and now they entring drow
To poore Euanders house, and herds of beasts ful thick they bew
And bellowings loud they heare, where now the shambles fat of Rome
Are kept, and where the markets stands, and Judges sit in dome.
When to the court they came: This gate (quoth he) this threshold small
Hath Hercules gon through, here he was lodged in this hall.
Be bold good gest, and learn to shake of pompe, and worthy deeme
Thy self by God, and with good wil our welcome poore esteeme.

of Æneidos.

He said, and to his simple hall he brought full boyd of feare,
Aeneas mighty prince, and him on bed he settled there,
On mattresse stufte with leaues, and laid with hide of boystous beare.
The night down falls, & blacke wth winges embrasing hides the ground.

But Venus as a mother, whom great cares did much confound
Of Laurent threatening lordes, these tumults hard in brest sh^e rold:
To Vulcan than he spake, and in her husbandes bed of golde:
She thus began, and loue deuine enspiring thus him tolde.
Such time as Greekish kings did Troian walles with fire deface
Well worthy th^{at} to fall, and towres with warres did quite downe race,
I neuer help to them (poore soules) nor armour yet requierd,
Of thy relief or craft, (o husbando sweeteloue most desierd)
Nor th^{ee} (deere hart) could I permit that time thy selfe to straine,
Nor see thy labours lost, or cunning works to wast in vaine,
Though I to Priamus sonnes for great deserts good will did beare,
And for Aeneas labours hard I wept haue many a feare.

Venus spake
to Vulcan.

Now he in Rutill Realmes by Ioues commandment settled stands.
Most lowly now therefore to thee I sue, and at thy handes
Enforced craue relief, O sacred spouse most vndefiler:
A mothers part I worke, I aske but harneis for my childe.
Danie Thetis for her sonne did like request obtaine er now
Of thee, so could Aurora cleare thy minde with weepings bow.
Beholde what nations ioine, what cities wald with gates vpsht
Do whet their fighting toles, that me and mine to wracke would put.
She said, and with her armes as white as snow his necke she helde,
Him softly colling sweet, with tender toyes: he loth to yelde,
At last conceived flame, and sodenly the acquainted heate
Outran through al his bones, and many tickling moist did sweate,
In maner like, as through some thundring cloude with rübling ript,
The lightning shining shoots, and fire at cliff outsprings vntript.

She felt her beautie work, and false her hart for gladnesse skipt.
Then father Vulcan spake, constrained with loues eternal lust.
What needs this circumstance far fet? where is thy stedfast trust
O lady, fled from me? If I had knowne thou hadst thus caard,
Defence for Troian walles we might that time haue wel prepaard.
For neither God almighty, neither destnies were so soze,
But Troy mought stil haue stand, and Priam liue yet ten yeare moze.
And now, if warre thou wilt, and thereupon thy mind is bent,

Vulcanus
answer to
Venus.

What

The eight Booke

What euer I with craft or cunning casting may intent,
What can be wrought in Steele, or siluer pliant mixt with brasse,
Looke what the fier, or breathing blastes may make (let praying passe)
Of mee, and all my strength assure thy selfe, be holde of this,
What euer lieth in mee, vndoubtedly, thine owne it is,
These words he spake, & close imbracinge swete his spouse he clipt,
And gaue desiers of ioy, with lap to lap relenting dipt,
Resolving limmes at rest, and fences deepe in slomber slipt.

Than first whan midnight course w race outrun, him brake fro sleepe,
As doth some wedlocke wife, some thriuing dame y house doth keepe,
Who life by labour seekes, and distaf worke doth weaue and spin,
Her couched harth she steeres, and sturging sparke of fire doth tin,
Encroching worke by night, and hard with facke her maydens all
By candels early plies, wherby she may her children small
Bring vp, and chaste her self mainteyne, and husband helpe withall.

In likely sort this fire puissant god, no slacke wise
From bed full soft that time, to smithie works did earnest rise.

An Ile there is, by sicill side vplifted large in skies,
Cald Liparen where smoke from stones to starres vpsreaming sties.

There vnder creepes a caue, and Cyclops chimneis gnawne in rockes,
Through Aenas thundring dens, of smiting strokes & bounsing knockes

That wailes, w sighing sounds, such battring beating through y chinks
Far rendring answers ring, and yngot gads with clashing clincks,

In blustring forges blowne, where dints replied with peyse, and pithes
Done metals dinging dyue, and sturpy Steele they stretch on stithes.

Vulcanus house it is, and Vulcans name that land doth bere.

The fire puissant god that time from heauen descended there,
The gyantes in that caue of wydnesse wast their tooles did plie,
Pyragmon nakedblind, and Steropes, and Brontes hie.

A worke in hand they had vnfashiond yet, but part made bright
One thundring burnisht bolt, w many a such from heauen doth smight.

Whan Ioue to ground them throwes, but part vnperfit did remaine.
Then store of strugling windes, & stormfull cloudes of clodded raine.

Thre wintertwisted showres, thre fireforked flashing beames,
Thre ratling tempest bals, thre southwind winged lightning leames.

Now glistring blasing lights, now gassly sights mens harts to keare,
In forging fire they shope, w thump thump sound both noise, & feare,

They mingled through their worke, & wzangled wzathes of following
flame,

Another

vulcania,

of Æneidos. 3d P

Another sort for Mars a charet swift with wheeles dild frame,
 A charet wold wherby the god vpskeeres both campos and towne.
 A sheeld for Pallas eke, in troublous felds full grim that frownes
 All horrible, with serpent skales beset, and fine with gold
 Where dragons drawen in wretches, and polisht pure in plated fold,
 And monster Gorgons head (with necke ofchopt) amid her brest
 They put, that men to stones may turne with eyes to death comprest.
 Set set aside all things, cast of (q he) your workes begon,
 Pou Ætna lads, let studies all to this one charge now ron.
 An egre man must valiaunt armour weare, now show your speede,
 Now shifting hands requiers, now maisters all of craft is neede,
 Breake hedlong al delays: noz more he spake. They swiftly than
 Besturring strue to stoupe, and by their lots to labour ran.
 Outgushing flowes in streames both gold, and brasse, and siluer swelts,
 And lumps of murthering steele, in furnies glowing softning melts.
 A huge hie sheeld they shape, one sheeld alone for weapons all
 Of Latines, and against all foes and force resist that shall,
 Emboasid brode with hoopes, whom bars in bars entangling bindes
 Seuenfolded thick. Som thrusting furth fro bellowes blasting windes
 Incessaunt yeld and draw, some dips in lakes and troughes of stones
 Boat hissing gleads: All Ætna vaults with annilds mourning grones.
 They still among themselues their armes in course by force vp lift
 With nūbzings iump, & grasping tough in fongs their masse they shift.
 While these things hasting were by Vulcan lord in Lemnos lande,
 Euander king from bed, the dawning day bad vp to stande,
 And early songs of birds his roof that fild with mirthfull note.
 He riseth aged man, and on his linnes he puts his coate,
 And thongs in Tyrrhen guise about his fecte he wrapt and tyde.
 Then sword with girdle strong from shoulders down he next his side }
 Did girt, and baldzickwise his wreath he ware of Panthers hyde.
 Two waiting dogs also that thentrie dooze at threshold kept
 Came furth, and matching foote by foote their maisters pace they kept.
 Unto his gess Æneas chambze straight, he softly dreswe,
 Remembring former talke, he of his word a lord full true.
 Noz morning styzer lesse, Æneas then abroad was stalkt.
 Son Pallas with Euander, but with him Achates walkt.
 They meeting ioyne right hands, and in the mids of hall downe set,
 In speche at last they fall, of causes bzgent free from let.

The eight Booke

The king thus saith.
Most doughtie Troian guide (which while thou art alive in helth
I neuer Troy destroyed shal thinke, nor vanquisht boyd of welth)
To such a carefull war, and for the same of thy regard
Small succour we can geue, here Tyber streame vplocks vs hard.
On this side Rutils waring, and at our walls their harneis sounds.
But peoples huge to thee, and kingdoms rich of larger bounds
I go about to ioyne, whom very now even chaunce vnought
Doth show to thee, even destinyes lucke this time thee here hath brought.
Not far from hence a towne there is, with auncient stones vpsraamd,
Which Agillina hight, where people sometime Lydia naamd,
A nation strong in war Etruria downes possesse and fill.
This land that many a yere did flowing raign with welth at will,
A proude king caught at last, and long by force with armes opprest,
Mezentius lawles wretch, whose moode miscreaunt neuer ceast.
What shall I tell the furious slaughters foule? to shame to speake
That tyrants odious deeds? god on his head and seede so weake.
Wens bodies dead he did deuise to ioyne to bodies quicke
In tortures, hands to hands, & mouthes to mouthes them binding thicke.
(O plague most miserous) and them through filth, and rotting cloied
In wretched claspings vile, with lingring death most lothly stroied.
But weery long at last, when he more mad would worse haue wrought,
His subiects weaponed rose, and him in house beseiging sought.
His mates they slew, and to his rafter tops their fier they slang.
He through their slaughter throngs to Rutil realme outskaping sprang.
Where with his hoast and mate king Turnus scarce him selfe he sends,
With iust reuenge therfore Etruria land al whole ascends,
Their king by war they clayme, and him by death they minde to quit.
These milions strong of men I will to thee Aeneas knit.
Their nauy furnisht full already thicke at shore remaines,
And streamers out they crie, an auncient prophet them restraines
By destiny singing. O you chosen youth of liuely lust,
You slowre of former yeres, you strength of men, whom anger iust
Proouokes to vengeance due, whose wrath Mezentius doth deserue,
No prince Italian borne may for this armie captaine serue,
Sake alien lords for guides. Egan all Etruria soze affright
Did setting stay them selues, and in that field their campe haue pight.
Him self embassadours to mee with crowne, and scepter sent

Duke

of Æneidos.

Duke Tarchon, and with kingly robes mee here he did present.
 But beſw the campe I ſhould, and Tyrrhen kingdoms al poſſeſſe.
 But mee my ſlouthfull colde, and worlds outwoꝝn in yeres erceſſe,
 Enuies mee now to raigne, and feeble ſtrength to late to ſteere.
 My ſon I would exhort, ſaue he by mother mixed nere
 Of dame Sabella part that countrey dra wes. But thou whoſe yeres,
 And kinred fortune loues, whom deſtinies lucke and gods requeres,
 Go thou O Troian, and Italian prince, moſt ſtrong of might.
 Beſides all this I ſhall, our onely hope and deere delight
 My ſon ſir Pallas here to thee commit, that vnder thee
 He may the ſeates of war as with a maiſter learne, and ſee
 Moſt weightie works of Mars, that from his youth thy worthy deedes
 He wondring may conceiue, and practiſe like if chaunce him needes.
 Two hundred horſemen ſtrong of freſheſt youth take here in hand,
 So many moꝝe alſo ſhal Pallas bring of priuat band.
 Theſe words he ſcantly ſpake, and ſired faſt with eyes on ground
 Aeneas ſadly ſat, ſo did Achates freend moſt ſound.
 Much heauie things in hart they through their breſts conſidering waied.
 Had Venus not from heauen by ſigne downe ſent their muſing ſtaied.
 For ſodenly with whirling noiſe the ſkies broad open fluſht,
 And lightning whiſtling came, as round about all things had ruſht,
 And blaſt of trompet blown in welkin bzim was heard to roare.
 They looke: lo yet againe, and yet, two, three, great thundꝝings moꝝe
 Bright armour through the clouds in coaſt of heauen moſt cleere of ſun
 Headſhining rough they ſee, that back repulſing rombling run.
 All other ſtood aſtoind, but he him ſelfe moſt baliaunt knight
 Aeneas, knew that noiſe, and what his mother him had hight.
 Than thus he ſpake. Be you good hoaſt, be you no whit appald,
 What newes theſe monſters meane, tis I aloft in ſkies am cald.
 This token me from heauen my mother ſaid ſhe would downe ſend,
 If warres ſhould roughly riſe, and Vulcans armes me to defend
 She brings me through the clouds.
 Alas, what ſlaughters wilde on wretched Laurents hang at hand:
 What turments thee (O Turnus) muſt I giue: how mixt in ſand
 Both ſhields and helms of men, with many a body ſtrong and tall
 O Tyber flood with waters troul thou ſhalt: and many a fall
 In fight ſuſtaine they muſt, whā truce they aſke yet breake they ſhal.
 Theſe things when he had ſaid, him ſelf vpliſting hie from benche,

Pallas com
 mitted to
 Aeneas.

The eight Booke

To Hercules altars first and sleeping fiers whom night did quenche
 He went them to reuiue, and seruice left since yester day
 He gladly by prestozes, and houthold gods they please and pray,
 Both king Euander self, and Troian youth with whole assent,
 Than to his ships furthwith, to visit there his mates he went.
 Among which number such as him to warfare should pursue
 Most hardy practiue knights he chose, the remnant downward due,
 The groueling streame them beares, & swift they home by water dresse
 To bring Ascanius newes, both of his father, and successe.
 To Troians than are horses geuen, to passe to Tirrhen towne,
 A royall courser for Aeneas, whom of Lion browne
 One hyde al ouerspreds with gilded clawes bright pendant downe.
 The rumour runnes, and through that citie small is blased wide,
 How horsen men vnto Tirrhen coast with swift course posting ride.
 For dread mens wiues with bolues do lade their gods, & more and more
 Men dangers cast, and face of Mars appeares not scene so sore.
 Than good Euander olde, Aeneas righthand clipping hyld,
 And thus at parting spake, and weeping still could not be fyld.
 O if almighty god would mee my yeres of youth restore
 Euen as I was, whan at Præneste walles (my troupes before)
 I fought, when heapes of conquerd sheelds I victor offering bzent,
 And with this right hand than, king Herilus to hell I sent,
 Whose mother at his birth him gaue thre liues in limmes to lag,
 (A grisly thing to speake) thre weapons he by course did wag,
 Thre times to death he must downe vanquisht be, yet breathings all
 This righthand him bereft, and soules, and armour thise made fall.
 Not now deere son, from thine embrasings swete should I be pluckt,
 O dulcet son: nor so Mezentius borderer, blood had suckt
 Dispyting still my head, such murthering deathes had not ben scene,
 Nor such asort of burgeis wiues should widowes now haue beens.
 But O you glorious gods, thou chiefe in heauen that raignst on hie
 Most mighty loue, of poore Arcadia king respect the crie,
 Giue gracious eare this time, and to my prayers piteous bend.
 If destinies mee by your good grace my son home saulfly send,
 If looking him I liue, and wee in one may meeete againe:
 Than craue I longer life, and glad I shal receaue all paine.
 But if (as god forsend) some soze mischaunce doth fortune thre eat,
 Now now let mee depart, and cruel life of casting freat,
While

The pater-
 tern of a
 kind and
 louing
 father.

of *Aeneidos.* 9d P

While doubtful care me keepen, while hope in minde bricetein is,
While thee my darling childe, mine onely ioy my parting blis,
Thus hauing here I hold, ere tidings worse mine eares may wound,
These things his father shed at leauing last, and flat in sound
With sobbing fainting fell: his pages him to house conueyed.

And now the horsemen band at open gates went out vnstayed,
Aeneas with the first, Achates trustie next his side.
Than other Trojan lords, him self in mids did Pallas ride
In glistering painted armes, and gay with cloke embroidered newe,
Like Lucifer that gracious dawning star, whom pure of hue
Dame Venus chiefly loues above all siers in heauen that shine,
All darknes he resolues, and gladneth skies with face deuine.
The women stand on walles with trembling harts, and far with eyes
Pursue their glittering harneis troupes, and cloudes of dust that rise.
They through the thornie downs wher nerest way no compass makes
In armour ioyntly ryde, hie shoutes vp rise, and clostring strakes.
They gallop, & vnder their trampling fete the ground with breaking
There is a groue of greenewood frith, by Cerits riuer cold, (quakes.
Religious, long and broad in reuerence kept by fathers old,
Whom caues of crooked hils with dales and downs that compass sets
On euery side doth close, and woods of fir tree blacke besets.
To Siluan god of beasts and fields that auncient Greekes men say
Did consecrate that place, and gaue both groue and feastfull day,
Which Greekes somtime posselt of *Latiū* countrey first the lands.
Not far from thence duke Tarchons host, and all *Atruria* bands
Incamped sauldy lay, and from the hill their legions strong
All plaine might now be beuied, that broad in fields outstretched long.
Aeneas to that place, and warlike youth, in minde wel please
Alighting, wery went, and horses trynd, and bodie easd.

But goddesse Venus white, from through the cloudes descending clere
Was ready there with gifts, and to her sonne approaching nere,
Whan secret him she saw, far from the flood in crooked vale
She offering shewed her selfe, and thus she shortly brake her tale.
Lo here my husbands worke, my promise due, cast of thy doubt
O son, noz feare not now to coape with all proud Laurents rout,
And Turnus now to combat call, though he be ner so stout.
She said, and of her son th'embrasing sweete furthwith she set.
Than vnderneath an oke in sight, those glistering armes she set.

The eight Booke

The fa-
mous
deedes of
Romans,
were en-
grauen in
y^e armour
of Aeneas.

He gladfull of those gifts, with minde for ioyes in mynth extolde
With sight could not be filld, but eyes on eche thing stil he rolde.
He wondzeth, and betwene his armes, and handes he oft vpturnes
A helme most horrible, with crests, out spitting flames that burnes.
A murth'ring fatall blade, a brestplate stiff of bras most fine,
All bloodred, sanguine, byg, like many times when sun doth shine,
Some blue cloud catcheth beames, & burning bright with ruddy rayes
A looke it selfe it shewes, and streaming light likewise displays.
Then bootes of siluer light enameld gorgeous mixt with gold.
A speare also with sheeld, whose wondrous worke can not be told.
There all *Italia* state, and peereles *Rome* with triumphes all
(Not ignorant of age to come, and destinies that should fall)
The fire puissaunt god had made: there all *Ascanius* race
In order faire was wrought, and foughten fields in every place.
He there also had put, where greene the caue of *Mars* begins
A she wolfe downe was layed, and next her duggs two goodly twins,
Two daggling sucking boies, her flanks betwene they hanging plaide,
Their mammies teats they lap with hungry lips nothing affraide.
She turning round her neck, now one, now one, them sweetely lickt
Reforming soft their limmes, & soft with tong them smoothly strickt.
Not far from thence was *Rome*, and *sabines* virgins rashly raight
At sight of stately playes, and thence by force for wedlocks caught,
The stozz all there stood, and sodenly new war did rise
To *Romulus* and *Tatius* old, and lordes of *sabines* wife.
Within a while those kings (their all contencions quenched quite)
Before *Ioues* altar came, and holding bolles in armour bright
They stood, and with a swine downe slaine did leag conclud & finite.
Not far from thence was *Metius* tozne, in quarters pluckt by stæds,
But why thou *Alban* to thy words accorded not thy deeds?
And of that lying lord did *Tullus* drag those false entrailes (hailes.
Euen through the wood, that thornes & briers with blood besprinkling,
Than king *Porfenna* strong commaunded *Romains* est restore
Their *Tarquin* outlawd king, and long be seiging wzang them soze.
Aeneas people scarce for freedom fast on weapons ran,
Him angrie, threathing like, you mought see chaase disdaining than,
That *Cocles* durst resist while bridge behind him broken was,
And *Clœlia* captiue wench with broken bands the streame did pas.
Vpon the *Tarpey* rocke, and *Capitoll* most lordly braue,

stood

of Aeneidos.

Stood Marlin that champion chiefe, his countrey idals to save.
 He for the temple fought, and enemies clambzing downe did pull.
 With stubble sharke of Steele, the Pallas court of Rome was full.
 And flickring there in golde, the filner Bander heakpug cried
 At hand, and in the Porches next the Frenchmen entring spied.
 The Frenchmen entring were, and taking Towres did scarce invade,
 By bushes climbing close, and kept with helpe of darke night shade.
 Of Gold their Tresses were, their golden garments trim them decks,
 In garded frocks they shine with roddid welts about their necks,
 In partles knit with Golde, two singing speares eche one doth lift,
 In Mountaine guise, and shields of length defend they bodies swift.
 Than came the shipping sort, in daunce disguised shaking thanks,
 The salij pranning Priests, with mitred crownes, and coppid tanks.
 The Luperts naked went, and armour holy listen alost,
 That downe from heauen did fall, the matrones chaff in Charets soft
 Religious led their gods, and through the towne procession brought.
 Along way far from thence, the demes of Hel most deepe wer wrought,
 And louring Limbo gates, with sandry sinfull wretches pangs.
 Thou Catilia wert there, on threathing rocke thy carcas hangs,
 Thy turments there thou bidest, and still dost feare those fendly lawes.
 But good men by them selues, and Cato them did gine their lawes.
 Among all this there went the salt sea broad with swelling broth
 Of Gold, but greene the frisking floods did some with hoary froth.
 And cut in siluer cleere the Dolphins swimming compas daunst,
 The streams w tailes they swept, & through y tides they therig glaust.
 In mids were bralen flectes of ships, and Actia wars at large
 Men might haue sene, how battels both conioyning bent their charge.
 The seas with harnies shimes, that boyling floods with gold did spring.
 There all Italia strength Augustus Emprour prince did bring,
 With commons all, with lords, w saints, w gods most great of might,
 Adnauncing cheif in ship, whose temples twaine with flames bpight
 Outsparkling spoutes a fier, his fathers siar his crowne bespyeds.
 Another wing with prosperous windes, and Gods in army ledes
 Agrippa lofty prince, whose pendant streamers proud stands out,
 His crowne couragious shines with garland won from topshipnout.
 On th' other part with all barbaria force of diuerse armes
 Anthonius drags his traine of nacions thick, in throngs that swarmes.
 He bidour late in wars, from countries far where Sun doth rise,

Augustus
 Caesar.

Rity

From

The eight Booke

Cleopatra
concubine
to Antho-
ny.

From peoples blacke of Inde, from red sea shore, from eastern skies,
All Egypt and all Asia strength extreme with him he drew,
Whom proudly (he for shame) his Cyprian wife doth next persue,
Together all they rush, and pluckt with ores conflicting clast,
The waues wth wastling fumes, & frots to frots their ships they crast.
To channell deepe they draw, a man would thinke y^e mountaynes mee^te
In seas, or iustling woods with woods hole rocks, and Zlandes flete.
So huge wth weight me^t work: fro towres, & tops their darts down strikes
Their wildfire Dkam fires, & stormes out th^{ro}wn of toles with pikes.
The clouds with cries are mixt, both ships & seas with slaughters spred,
All Neptunes flitting felos with bloudshed streames are darkned red.
The Quene in mids them al with timbrell noyse her hands bycheeres,
Nor yet two deadly serpent snakes, to her at backe apperes,
All monstrous kindes gods, Anubys dog that barking slaue,
Against all Romain guides (both Venus, Neptune, Pallas graue)
Their weapons vp they holde, outrageous Mars among them stamps,
All cut in carued Steele, and bags infernall fearcely ramps.
Dame Discord through the runs, with garments torne she ioyful ships,
Whom grim Bellona mad pursues at hand with bloody whips.
These things beholding thus, Apollo shooting plied his bowe,
Aloft from skies, all Egypt than, all Inde do wone couched lowe,
All nations wilde of South Arabia proude for all their cracks,
All Asia scattrring fled, all sabey kingdoms turnd their backs.
The Quene her self was seene with winds aduauⁿt vplifting sayles
To flee, and still with slackning shrowes she more and more preuayles.
Among those slaughters, her (for death at hand) wth countenance pale,
The fire god hath made be borne with waues, and westerne gale.
But there against with body great, was Nylus mourning put,
His bosom opening broad, and calling home their course to cut.
His garment gone he spred, and wide his lap of waters blue,
And to his lurking floods his conquerd men alluring drew.
But Caesar through the Romain wals three times triumphant borne
To great Italia gods he payed his vowes eternall sworne.
Three hundred * Synisters chiefe along the towne wide open stands,
All streets with mirth resounds, with games, wth sports, wth clapping hands
In euery temple wines, at euery altar singing queeres,
At the altars, euery floze with offering slaughters strowd of keeres.
Himself at Phoebus porch (so white as snow) in th^{ro}ne do wone set,

*churches

Surueys

of Aeneidos.

Burveys al countreys gifts, and garnisht posts with present fets,
In long arapes they gon, the conquerd nations captiue sad,
As diuette of their tongs as in their weedes and armours clad,
Thre sandy sorts of Moores had Vulcan cast, some tuckt in thyrts,
Some trayling mantels loose, or sirpleys windie wide of skyrts:
Of Cara, Lelega, by south, and archers byed in caues
Of Gelon sands, Euphrates now did flæte with softer waues.
And Flemings furthest out from men, and Rhyne with hornes in twaine,
Unconquerd Danes, and flood Araxes (bydge that did disdaine.)
Such woorks in Venus gift he wondzing saw by Vulcans sheeld,
And knowing not the things, their figures glad he long behæld.
At last, his childzens chaunce, and fame he did on shoulders weeld.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran

x. Septembris. finitum. 1558. Opus

xi. dierum per interualla.

Nv

The



THE NINTH BOOKE of the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

¶ Whilst Aeneas is busie in Tuscia to seke aid, Turnus is by the Raynbow admonished not to omit so good an occasion, who spreadeth him self forth as neare as he can to his enemies. And seeing them defended on euery side in their tentes, to the intene that he might cut away from them all hope of flight, assaileth to burne their fleet. But at Venus earnest sute: Iupiter deliuered the ships from present burnings, and transformed them into so many Nymphes of the sea. Towards night, Turnus layeth a watch before the towne gates for feare of soddein eruptions of the enemy, in which watch Messapus is chiefe. Therwhiles the Troians take take counsel whom to sed to Aeneas to make him priuy of these things, which Nylus & Euryalus, a pater of faithful freends take in hand to do. Who departing forth of the towne, & finding the watch overcome with wine & sleape: they see Rhamocetes with a numbre of Rutilians, & lade them selues with the spoiles. But in the morning, being spied of Volscens horsemen: they flie to the woods. There Eurialus by weight of his armor, and ignorance of the way much hindred, falleth into his foes handes & is by Volscens slayne. Nisus likewise, when he had slayne Volscens, and valiantly reuenged Eurialus death beeing strooke throug with many a mortall wound falleth downe dead vpon his freends body. Their heads are caried vpon speares pointes into the tentes, where the Troians knowing them from the walles, a great sorow riseth throug the whole towne. Turnus ceaseth not to assault his enemies with al force, and great slaughter is committed on both parts. There Ascanius killeth with the shoot of an arrow Numanus, that ouer proudly aduanced himself: Pandarus & Bitias proud of their good successe, open the gate, and drue backe the enemies entring in with great slaughter. Whereof Turnus being certified: issueth into the towne throug the open gate, and putteth the Troians to flight, but at length oppressed with multitude, rettyeth to the side of the towne which is next the riuer, & armed as he was, leapeth into the streame, and so escapeth.

Juno pte
beth forth
Turnus
by the
Raynbow



While these things working were, on sundry sides with
purpose bent,
Dame Iuno downe from heauen the Rainebow red her
seruaunt sent
To Turnus dzedeles prince. King Turnus than did seat
depose.

of *Aeneidos*.

In great *Pylumnus* vale, his parents woods whom round did close. }
 To whom dame *Rainbow* thus, with mouth bespake as red as rose. }
 Turnus (q^d she) that thing which neuer god if one had sought
 Could graunt to thee: lo, tumbling time alone it self hath brought.
 Aeneas now from home to king *Euanders* house is gone,
 And left both campe & mates, and town, and flæte with sauegard none.
 The fines extreme of *Corytes* townes he seekes, no^r yet ynough,
 But *Lydas* power he drawes, and armour giues to men from plough.
 Leauē doubting, take thy time, call charets out, now set furth steeds,
 Breake boldly all delayes, go take that campe that al thing breeds.
 She said, and lifting equall wings to heauen she mounted slowe,
 And huge in flight she spred, and vnder clouds, cut of her bowe.
 The yong p^rince her beknew, and holding hands to skies on hie
 He wond^ring her pursued, and as she fled he thus did crie.
 O *Rainbow* beautie bright of heauen, who through the clouds this tide,
 Hath drawne thee thus to ground: I see, I see, whole heauen deuide.
 I see the stragling stars, that from the poale their course declines,
 Such clearbright storme: I folow fast all these miraclose signes
 What euer thou art that mee to armour callst, and with that word
 Went forth, and from the swelling streame, he water sipt at ford }
 Requiring much his gods, and aire did lade with bowes outpowd. }
 And now the totall hoast in fields displaid their pace did hold,
 Right rich of hors, right rich of broyd^rid robes, and braue of gold.
Mellapus boward held, the rerward kept yong p^rinces twaine
 Of *Tirrus*, but him self king *Turnus* midst in battaile maine,
 Vauntsquaring spreds his armes, and ouer all by shoulders shines.
 Resembling *Ganges* flood that ouerflowes seuen streames, and fines
 In silence burbling broad, or *Nylus* fresh with waters fat
 When couching close he swels, and seasoneth fields with flæting flat.
 There sodainly a darksom dusky fog most like a cloud
 The Troians might behold, y^e round with rolles the skies did shroud. }
 Furst from a banke on hie did *Caycus* watchman crye aloud. }
 What is yon blacke, O mates: that like a bowle such dust vp skalls:
 Set swiftly furth your tooles, bying weapons out, and clym your walls.
 Here is our enemy lo, heylagh, loud clamours than they throw.
 The Troians all about at gates and wals, them close bestow.
 For such commaundment them *Aeneas* best of martiall skill
 At his departing gaue, if any chaunce should rise them yll,

The ninth Booke

Not rashly ioyne they should, no; trusting field their strength extend,
But closely kepe their campe, and saulſ their wals with bancks defend.
Though shame therfore wth wrath prouokes to fight disdainful deepe,
Yet gates to them they set, and due precepts obedient keepe,
And harneyſt hie they ſtand, ſo ſtalling foes on rampiers ſteepe.

Turnus (as he before the people ſlow, in poſt did ſlye)
With twenty choſen knights, on horſback ſtout the ſortreſſe nye,
All ſodenly vnlooked for is come, whom white with ſpeckes
A Thracian ſteede vphæaues, and helmet red gold creſted deckes.

Is any here good lads, wil firſt with mee prouoke our foes?
And to the winds a dart he whirling ſhooke: lo, there it goes
Quod he, this fight begins, and boyſtous large on field he ſlyes,
His mates with noiſe purſuen, with griſly ſhouts vplifting cries.
They wondzen at the Troyans daſtard harts, their cozage weake,
That neither geue them dare in open field, no; ſearce outbzeake
In armes as men, but faintly kepe their fort, now here, now there
He troublous bewes their wals, and ryding ſeekes ech entring where.

The noble valour
of Turnus

Aye watching like ſome Wolfe, that counterwaiting ſhipfold cots,
Through ſtormy ſhowres and winds about mens deiries houling trots
At midnight ſeeking ſtealth, whan careles loud the lambes do bleat
In ſaulſgard nere their dammes, he fretting falſe and mad for meat
Doth abſent teare their lims, ſo gripes his guts that gathzing gnawes,
Long faſting furth him dzyues, and thyſt of blood vpdzyes his iawes.
Euen ſo to Rutile prince, as ſerching wals and campe he turnes,
His fumes vſparkling ſpreds, and ſore in bones his grief him burnes.
What ſhift inuent he ſhal to giue thaſſault, or where finde place
To bzeake the Troians trench, or dzyue them down to equall ſpace.
Their ſleete that ſecret lay, euen at the ſide of Troian wall,
Enuironed with trench, whom water floods encompaſt all
He ſodenly onſets, and to his mates for fire exclames.

Himſelf outcaſting flings his pynetree bronds with ſeruent flames.
Than echman ſtoutly ſturs, the kings owne preſence men furth pricks.
On euery ſide freſh youth for armour takes blacke burning ſticks.
They ſparpling ſpoile their fiers. Than blaſing cloud with pitch comirt
Doth riſe, and ſmoke from torches mount, to ſtars with ſparks betwixt.

Now Mules tell what god did from the Troyans turne this yre
So great, and who then kept their ſleete from fumes of fatall fyre?
Speake truſting old repozt, but ſame therof ſhal neuer erpyre.

What

of *Aeneidos*.

A fable
of Aeneas
ships.

What time Aeneas prince in *Ida* woods his nauie made
At passing first from *Troy*, and through deepe seas should take his trade:
The mother of gods men say, that *Berecinthia* heavenly hight,
Petition that time made to loue celestiaall great of might
Entreating thus by speech. Giue son (q she) to thy deare dame,
One boone which I must aske, since heauens to thee bin brought so tame.
A *Wynetree* frith I had, which many a yere I saoured much,
And in the top a groue there grew of trees, there was none such
For beames of timbre blacke, and fir tree bourds with pitch and tar.
Great offrings there I tooke, and folke to serue me came from far.
Those trees to *Troian* prince, whan he so much of ships had need
I gaue with glad good will, now care my hart doth gripe for dread.
Releas my fear, let now thy parents words thus much obtaine,
Let neuer surge of seas, nor whirlwind storme their nauie straine,
Nor course of sayling shake, since on my hilles sometime they grew.
Her son to her than spake, whose wind doth stars and world subdue.
O mother what thing meanst? or which way destnies wouldst thou presse?
Can frames of mortall hands immortall state by right possesse?
Or should Aeneas prince in doubtfull daungers wandring stray?
That certein is of seate? what god so great such maistries may?
Say whan fulfilled they haue their fatall course, that ports, and realmes
Of *Latium* lands they touch, what ship sometime so skapes the streames,
Their mortall shape from them I will withdraue, and chaunge them all
To maidens bright of seas, like water Nymphes with bodie tall.
Lyke *Clotho* goddesse clere, or *Galatee* with membes white, (smite.
Who through their soming waues with persaunt brest doth swimming
He spake, and by the fens of *stygies* flood his oth he tooke,
By pitch of *Lymbo* pits, by gulfe and banks of *Plutos* brooke.
He gaue a nod, and at his becke, whole heauen trembling shooke.

The day therfore of conenaunt present was, and destnies dew
Performed had their time, whan *Turnus* scarce with dreadfull bew,
Compeld that lady satne from sacred ships that fire to drine.
There furst a sodain light before mens eyes did straunge arise,
And huge from morning skies descending cloud down gliding ran,
With quæres of spirituall wights, than dreadfull voice wide aire bega
To fill in *Rutiles* eares, and troupes of *Troians* brim to skan.
Do not affright your selues to saue my ships with labour baine,
You *Troians*, nor in armour put your strength, nor take that paine.

For

The ninth Booke

Aeneas
shippes
transfor-
med into
Nimphes
of the seas.

For first shal Turnus waters all consume, and burne by seas
 Ere he my sacred trees haue power to touch, go looke at ease,
 Go saltsea goddesses, your lady bids, and as it spake,
 Incontinent ech ship their bands at shoue, and halfers brake,
 And down (as dolphins don) conuerting sharp their beaking snoutes,
 In deepe sea sands they drowne, whence by furth w they ryle by routes.
 A maruell monstrous much, in virgin shapen and faces tryn
 On seas then felues they shoue, and sporting swift in sight they stwyn,
 Like Mermaides ladies light, of number iust, and not one more
 As they before did stand, with brassen stemmes in ships at shoue.
 Astonyed *Rutiles* wood, euen he him selfe in minde affrayd
 Mellapus, and his horses troubled were, the streames eke stayd
 Their waters hoarse of sound, and *Tyber* trembling foote retrayd.
 But not to Turnus hold did corage ought relent or hope.
 Mens harts w words he lifts, & cheering chydes with shoues at skope,
 These monsters to the Troyans come, lo god him selfe you see
 Hath take from them their strength, and wonted shift alwayes to flee,
 No *Rutile* powre doth neede, our fiers, our swords, they durst not byde,
 The seas therfore to Troyans fast are stopt, no place to ryde
 No hope to skape they haue: lo, halfe the world berast them is.
 As for the land in our possession lieth, and ouer this
 So many thousands strong Italian nations armour beare.
 The Troyans fatall songs, no iuggling sights can me not feare,
 No answers from the gods, if any such the wretches boast.
 Pnough for Venus is, and destinyes past, that once this coast
 Of rancke *Italia* land the Troyans powre had leaue to touche.
 My fortune them withstands, and I likewise may destinyes bouche
 To kill that cursed broode, and for my spouse byproote them quite.
 No not alone this grieve doth Agamemnons kindred byte,
 No Greeks haue onely cause for wedlock spoyle them selfs to arme,
 Yet had it bin ynough to stroy them ones, if but one harne
 Suffized had their sin, and not with spite all female kinds
 Thus villaynly disdain? what? doth this half trench puff their minds?
 Doth dichwoys giue them pride? so neare the death: such saufgard thin?
 Saw they not Trojan wals in fiers down sinke with gods within?
 But what is he (good mates) wil ponder trench with mee go feare
 With tooles, and ouerrun this campe, that trembling sinke for feare?
 I neede no Vulcans armes, no thousand ships, I sake them not.

Let

of *Aeneidos*.

Let all *Etruria* ryle, and ioyne for helpe in Trojan knot.
 They shal not feare no darke, by night on them we list not steale,
 We will betray no watch, nor keepers kill as Greekes did deale,
 Nor blinde in horses paunch will we go lurke, but cleere by day
 Their walles in compas round with fier, and soarce assaulding fray.
 They shall not thinke vs Greekes, nor at our youth haue cause to skof,
 I warrant them, nor such as Hector ten yeres long kept of.
 And now therfore since better part of day from vs is fled,
 Remaines no more, but sith we haue our things thus far wel sped,
 Prouide your selfe good chere, and looke for fight to giue dispatch
 Therwhiles to set the skoute, and euery gate with ward to watch
 Messapus charged was, and walles to girt with fiers and lights.
 Of *Rutills* seuen and seuen to gard the siege, most active knights
 Elected were by lot, ech one his hundred souldiours led,
 Carnation creastid youth in burnisht gold gay glittring red.
 They stray, they shift their turnes, and al along down laide on gras,
 With wines them selfs they chere, & cups vpturne & bolles of bras. }
 Their fiers before them shine, and long with watch y night they pas.
 Quoyding sleepe with mirth.

He prefer
 reth him
 self before
 Grecians.

These things beholding brim did from their walls the Trojans spie.
 In armour strong they stood, and some their towres did hold on hie,
 For dyede they grope their gates, & some did bridges clamping ioyne,
 And bulwarke banks they wrought, & engine toles to send and soyne
 All weaponed, them *Sr Menesteus* and *Serestus* sharply plies,
 Whom lord *Aeneas* had, if any fortune hard should rise,
 Made maisters ouer youth, and gouernours all things to guide.
 Afront the bauntures long by lots to daungers truly tried
 The legion waiting stood obseruing course, ech keepes his charge.
 One gate did *Nisus* keepe most egre knight with speare and large,
 Whom huntresse *Ida* sent as frend to serue *Aeneas* part,
 A bowman stout with shafts, and swift with stroke of whirling dart.
 Next him *Euryalus* his mate, whose fairer was there non
 Through all *Aeneas* campe, nor Trojan armour did put on.
 Fine princock fresh of face furst vttring youth by buds vnshorne.
 One loue between them was, & ioyntly fought like bryethren swoyne. }
 That time also they twaine one standing kept with gate before.
 Sir *Nisus* first, what is it? god sets thus mens minds on fire?
 Sweet frend: or is ech mans mind his god furth dzyen by deryn desire?

Some

The ninth Booke

Some great conflict or famous fact to attempt long while my brest
 Incessant mee prouokes, nor can content with quiet rest.
 Thou seest how careles now these Rutils bin this watch that keepe,
 Their lightes disseuered shine, and they them selues in wines & sleepe
 Resolued slurg on ground, wide Silence walkes, now friendly harke
 What rising moues my spzste, and wherupon my thought doth carke.
 Aeneas home to call bin Lords and people firmly set,
 And men they seeke to send, that tidings certaine soone may fet.
 If they will giue to thee such benefites as I requier,
 (For vnto me shall fame of so great fact suffice for hier,)
 By yonder banke thou seest, I could a way mee thinks finde out
 To passe to Euanders court, and by the same reuert about.
 Euryalus astonid stood, such loue him prickt of praise,
 He could him not conteyn, but to his freend thus feruent sayes.
 In things of so great weight my felowship dost Nisus grutch?
 Forsakst thou mee? should I send thee alone to daungers lutch?
 Not so my father Opheltes beaten in warres did mee conduct
 Through fearefull *Gracia* frayes, nor so my minde did euer instruct
 In trembling toyles of Troy, nor I with thee such parts haue played
 Since great Aeneas campe, and destnies mee extreme haue stayed.
 I beare a minde perdee dispising death, I lacke not spzight
 To thinke this prayse well bought, with losse for thee of life and light.
 Nisus to this. Such things in faith of thee did I not dzed,
 Gods forbod so to thinke, no, mee almighty Ioue so sped
 Or who so els of gods indifferent lookes, my head so strike.
 But if there should as many things thou seest in daungers like,
 If any soze missehap or chaunce or god should backward shoue,
 I would thou shouldst remaine, thy yeres to liue don best behoue.
 Let one suruiue that mee from foes may take, or my dead corse
 For money may redeeme, and to enter haue some remorse,
 Rewarding mee with earth: or if my lucke not so vouchsaue,
 Giue offrings for my soule, and it set forth with tombe or graue.
 Nor cause will I to thy deere mother be of so great grief,
 Who thee alone (O lad) pursues good soule of matrones chief,
 Respecting daungers non, and left *Acestes* land so lief.
 He thereagainst. Circuses baine, in baine thou doost but knit,
 Nor mine affection first doth from my brest ought chaunge or lift.
 Let vs be gone (O he) and calles the skoute, they strayt supplied
Their

One frēd
 wold saue
 the other
 frō dāger.

of *Aeneidos*.

Their rounes, & kept their turns. Thei leuing stādings both furth hied
In one minde knit like mates, and for their king enqueering spied.

All other breathing soules, on soyles disperst, than easments toke,
Releasing paines with sleepe, and cares from harts forgetfull shoke.

The dukes of Troians chiefe, and chosen youth about them holde,

Their counsaile than supream for kingdoms weight did carkfull hold,

What should be don, or to Aeneas now who message beares,

They leane with shilds in hands, consulting sad vpon their speares.

Amids the campe in fielde than Nisus to them fresh of chere,

With mate Euryalus besēkes accesse, to speake them nere,

A thing of burthen great and worthy of thanke they haue to breake,

Ascanius furst them toke, and Nisus quivering bad to speake.

Than thus, giue equall mindes, and eares to vs O princely pēres,

For iudge not our deuise by our apparauice light of yēres.

The Rutils silent lien in wines and sleepes and surfets dround,

Eke wee our selues haue belovd for our attempt good space of ground,

Where from our gate the way deuided parts, their fiers vnbroke,

Descries their vacant shore, and to the starrs the thicke blacke smoke,

Disseuering spreads in skies, giue vs but leaue to take our chaunce,

Wee to Euanders court vnto Aeneas close will glaunce.

Him here with slaughter strong, & spoyle more great than wee conceiue

You shal see straiter returne, nor vs our way can ought deceiue.

Wee saw from far that towne in vales obscure downe crooking low,

Continuall hunting there, and all that stood besides we know.

When this Alethes heard right graue in age and ripe of yēres,

Gods, Gods, O countrey Gods, in whose protection Troy still steres,

You minde not (I perceiue) poore Troians yet to quench downe rights,

When such coragious youth, such brests so bold, so liuelike sprights,

It pleaseeth you to send. And as he spake, he did embrace

The necks and armes of both, and teares downe trickling filld his face.

What gifts: what worthy gifts for such attempts and ventrous deedes

May recompence you Lords: but for your vertues such must needes

From gods come best reward: your maners eke no worse can gayne,

All other things to you Aeneas prince shall pay full sayne.

Ascanius also when he to perfit age attaynes

Such kindnesse will requite, nor neuer shall forget your paynes.

Yea I my selfe Ascanius than sayd, whose onely wealth

Depends on you to see my syers retourning swift in health,

The ninth Booke

By pulchre Trojan gods, unto you Nymphs both I sweare,
 By nine aduoury saints, by Vestas secretes hoare of heare,
 I here protest my sayth what euer chaunce or fortune haps
 What euer luck be mine, I put it whole in your two laps.
 Call backe my parent sweet, let mee of him haue once a sight,
 No heauines my minde can in his presence make affright,
 Two cumly silver cups I shall you giue with graving drest,
 My father wane them both, when he Arisba towne suppress.
 Two big threstoted bolles, eke talents twaine most large of gold,
 An auncient bason broad Queene Didos gift of price vntold.
 And if our chaunce preuaile, that we our kingdome here may stay,
 To take Italia land, and by the lots decide our pray,
 Thou shalt see what palfrey steede, what armor braue king Turnus bare
 All guilt, what shield: and how his helmet crest did streaming stare.
 Euen them to thee shal I from out the lots except with cure,
 Already thine they be, thou maist accompt them Nisus, sure
 A dosen matrones eke, of thristie kinred largest kind
 My father thee shal giue, with bondmen twelue of all things frind,
 Besides those whole demaines, which king Latinus self doth keepe,
 But as for thee, O lad, to whom my peres more nere do crepe,
 Thou reuerent stately child, how deepe in brest I thee reueue:
 Thou euer art my mate, whom force nor chaunce nor time can weue,
 Shall neuer pompe to mee without thy porcion sure be fought,
 What euer peace or wars I make, my doods, my words, my thought,
 Shall most remaine to thee: And hee againe made answere thus.
 No day shal mee disproue, nor of my dedes vnlike discus
 Fall fortune good or bad, thus much I graunt, but one thing thee,
 One graunt let mee require that passing all gifts is to mee.
 I haue a mother here, of Priams stock she comes of old,
 Whom neither Trojan soyle could after mee (good creature) hold,
 Nor king Acestes walls, but mee at all times folowing lues,
 She hereof nothing knowes, what euer chaunce may mee misluse,
 Ungreetid her I leaue, this night I take and thy right hand
 To my record, that I my parents teares could notwithstanding.
 But thy relief to her I must needs craue to appeas her wo,
 Let mee that hope of thee for certain beare, the bolder go
 To daungers all I shall, Than teares of eyes did thicke downe fall
 From Trojans pearced brests, and from Alcanius first of all.

pierce and
 duty to
 wards
 parents.

Eke

of *Aeneidos*. 3d V

The print of pure paternall loue, his piteous minde gan gall:
 Than thus he spake. I promise all to thee that worthy is for so great fame.
 My mother she shalbe, and sauing only Creusas name:
 No difference make I shall, nor small rewards doth her remaine,
 Who such a fruit furth brought, what euer chaunce this fact obtaine.
 Now by this head I sweare whereby my fire did oft protest,
 What euer graunt I gaue thy sault retorne if things did best:
 Unto thy mother sure and all thy kin shall firmly stand.
 So spake he weeping than, & from his shoulders gaue with hand
 His bright broad golden sword, whom wondrous arts and works did
 Of smith Licaons craft finestted light with Ieery sheath.
 Duke Mnestheus Nisus glides a Lions hyde of roughnes straunge,
 Unspoild with pawes, Alethes iust did helme with him exchange.
 Straff armed but they gone, whom lords and captains chief of sway
 Conducted through their gates, than youth and age for them did pray.
 The faire Ascanius came furth nor bowes to gods did spare
 Discreete beyond his yeres, endewd with sprite and manly care.
 With things vnto his father felt he bad, but blastes did breathe
 His wordes with wind, and scattering vaine to clouds, did all bequeath.
 They ouer ditches went, and by the shade of darke midnight
 Their ennies campe they pearce, there to destroy first many a wight.
 On euery side lay drinke, and strowne on gras all fast on slepe
 Mens bodies thicke they see, and carts with chardges non did keepe
 Here wheeles, here halter thongs, and men on traces surging laid
 Their armour mixt with wines. Than Nisus first bespeaking said,
 Eurialus, now bold bestur thy hands, now fine prouokes,
 Here lieth our way, take heede, loke well about, bestow thy strokes.
 Let no man rise behind, make all things sure anent our backes,
 I lead thee through this lane, and wide, and wast pat all to wrackes.
 This spoken, speach he stopt, and sodenly with soine of sword
 Proude Raunes through he strake, that on his carpet clothes at borde
 Lay stretched breathing big, outnoztng slepe with puffs from brest.
 A king he was, and to king Turnus deere he calkinges kest.
 But not with calking craft could he his plague betwitch that day.
 Than seruants next him thre, which by the weapons rathly lay,
 With squire of Remus chief he strait suppress, and strait did sang
 His charret keper there, and cut their throten that down did hang.

Slaught-
 ers done
 by Nisus.

The ninth Booke

Than he their maisters head with sword of chopt, and left his troupe,
 Furth pering belching blood, the soyle, the streames the fents bydonke,
 With Lamirus, and Lamus, and Seranus stripling gay,
 Which daunted had that night with amorous face, & prompt did play.
 His limmes had Bacchus bound most lucky lab if he that night
 Survived had his spoet, and drawn his toy to biond day light.
 Euen Lion lyle, that troubling flocke of shepe when folds are full
 (Wood hunger him prouokes) doth fede, doth fret, doth feare, doth pull,
 The sely soft beast (dun for feare,) his bloody teeth doth gnash.
 No; nothing lesse this while, Eurialus did slaughters last
 He thoroughly wareth mad, and people much not worthe name,
 With Fabus, Hebeus, and Retus strong he kild for game,
 Eke Abaris, vnwares they were dispatcht, but Retus than
 Broade awakened all things saw, and hiding shanke behinde a pan,
 But folowing face to face he through his brest did thrust his blade,
 Euen whole as he did rise, and in much death he made him swade,
 He spued his purple soule, and as he died his blood did spoute
 Apprending wyues with life, he still by stealth bestows his spoute
 And towards nobe Messapis mates they dreid, where fiers on ground
 They saw did furthest sayle, & stodes there stood at mangers bound,
 On forage feeding faire. Than thus in eare did Nisus round,
 For him he did perceaue to soze, to furious set abroache,
 Let vs now leaue (q he) malicious day doth neare approche,
 They metely well him poied, our way is won through mids our foes,
 Much plenty siluer plate behind them left they glad did lose,
 Good armour, chargers great, and costly carpets tapfery gay,
 King Ramnes trappers had, of gorgeous works that much did way,
 With bulions broad of gold, and gyrdling gythes miraclose fine,
 Which old duke Cedicus (men say) whan he first did combine
 In absence frendly league with Remulus of Tyburs coast,
 He sent that present then, for he of wealth had ryches moost.
 Bequested then from him his nephew kept them many a day,
 But after his decease, the Rutils wan by war that praye,
 Eurialus them caught, and on his shoulders strong in baine
 He fitly them bestowd, and of his spoyle he was right fayne.
 Than duke Messapus helme with beutous crests adorned pure
 On head he puts, than canope they leane and passe their idney sure
 This while from Lach town, the troupe of hoymen sent that way,
 (While

Slaugh-
 ters com-
 mitted by
 Euryalus.

of *Aeneidos.*

(While all the rest in legion armed stood and did but stay)
 Came furth, and answere brought of theyr estate to Turnus king.
 Thre hundred shieldmen all, all vnderneath duke Volscens wing,
 And towards now the campe they drew, and walls approached nie,
 When from a far these men take left hand course they might espie.
 And by the glimsing night Eurialus that swift went on
 His hie helme him betraied, that brightsom beames reflecting shone,
 Was not for nought espied. Duke Volscens cryed amids his troupe,
 Stand felows, where this way? what be ye so that shynking skoupe?
 Where run you armed thus? they not an answere to them gane,
 But swiftly through the woods made hast in trust that night shuld saue.
 The horsmen kest them selves in crokings knowen of quainted ground,
 Here, yonder, there, ech where, and entries all with keepers cround.

A wood with bushes broad there was begrowne with bigtree bolws,
 Whom thick entangling thornes, and byzy brambles fild with browes.
 No trade but tratling pathes, som here, som there that secret straies.
 Eurialus the braunches darke of trees, and heavy praies
 Don let, he cleane contrary runs beguild by wandring waies. }
 Nisus went on, and ennies all vnwares had scaped quite,
 And past that place which afterwards *Albanus* mountaine hight
 Of Albas name, king Latin there great pastures did maintaine
 When first he stood, and for his absent frend did looke in vaine.
 Eurialus poore lad, what countrey now shall I thee seeke?
 What path should I pursue? strait back againe from creeke to creeke
 Through that deceitfull wood vnwinding wayes perplext he sought,
 Still tracking marking steps through thickets silent stragling blind.
 He heres their horse, he heres their rustling noise, and ennies wind.
 Not long between there was when to his eares the cry came hot,
 And first Eurialus he seeth whom all mens hands had got,
 Through fraud of night and place of troublous tumult wareles trapt, }
 Wainstrungling working much, but round about him all they wrapt.
 What should he do? what strength? how could he shift or dare dispose
 To rescue thus this lad? should he run rashly mids his foes? }
 Enforcing faire to death with comely wounds his life to lose?
 He swiftly shooke his dart, and hie beholding bright the Moone
 He whirling bent his arme, and thus he seruent made his boone.
 Thou goddesse, thou this time, thou in our labours lende reliefe,
 Thou beauteous Queene of stars in forests virgin keeper chiefe.

Eurialus
is taken.

The ninth Booke

If euer gift for mee sir Hirtacus my father gaue
 Vnto thine offerings scates, if euer I encreased haue
 Thy sacred altars fees, with hunting daily through my costs,
 Or deckt thy church with spoyle, or hangd about thy holy posts,
 Giue me to breake this plumpe, & through y^e skies now guide my dart.
 He spake: and straining totall strength his toole with hand and hart
 Kest furth, it whirling flew, and through the shade of shinring night
 It past, and into Sulmons backe with noise did sharpely light,
 In peeces there it brake, and to the hartstrings perst the wood.
 He tumbling (cold) outspued al hoat from brest his reking flood,
 Farfetching yering slow, his guts bygathering smites his sides.
 Oche man about them loke. Lo, yet againe a smarter glydes,
 Which he with force outslang, and leauel kest direct from eare,
 Whiles all they troubled stood, to Tagus whistling ran that speare,
 Athwart his head it came, and thirld him quite through temples twain
 With noise, where fixed fast it stack warme waxing through his brain,
 Duke Volscens storming frets, nor him that did that weapon sling
 He one where could behold, nor whither seruent mad to spring.
 But thou this while (q^{ue} he) these two mens death shalt surely rue,
 If any hoat blood in thy hart there bee. And strait outdye
 Against Eurialus his sworde. Than verely in deede dismaide
 Did Nisus loudly shrink, nor more to lurke in darknes staide,
 Such torments than him tooke, he cried amain with voice affaied.
 Tis I, tis I, here, here I am that did, turne all at mee,
 O Rutils with your toles, my onely craft here it is, not hee,
 He neither durst nor could, this heauen, these stars, I witnes take.
 Onely for to much loue his wretched frend he nold forsake.
 Such words he gaue, but deepe with dynt the sword enforced furst
 Had ransakt through his ribs and swete white brest at once had burst.
 Down falles Eurialus in death, his limmes, his faire fine flesh
 Al runs on blood, his necke down fainting nods on shoulders nesh
 Wel like the purple floure that cut with plough lettfalling lops
 In languish withring dies, or like weake necks of poppis crops
 Down preising heauy heads, whan raine doth lading grene their tops.
 But Nisus to his ennies scarcely ran, and through their mids,
 Duke Volscens out he seekes, he onely Volscens battaile bids.
 Whom Rutils clustring close on ech side shoues, and stout withstands.
 Yet nerethelesse his sword like lightning bright with both his hands.

Eurialus
 slayn.

He

of Aeneidos. IT

He swindging sturde, and as duke Volscens cried, he smote him so
That through his throte in went, and euen in death he kild his fo.
Than wery digd with woundes, on his dead freend him selfe he kest
Crypyng life at last, and toke his death for pleasant rest.

Volscens
drepne.
Nisus
drepne.

O fortunate both twaine, and if my verse may get good lucke,
Shal neuer day nor time from mindfull age your praises plucke,
While prince Aeneas house, while Capitol most stately stone
Unmoueable shal stand, while Romain rules this world in one.

The Rutil victor knights with spoyles and pray departed there,
And Volscens dead their duke all weeping sad to campe they beare.
Nor wailing lesse there was, whan Ramnes king was headles found,
So many Lords at once through all the campe so strowd on ground,
With Numa, with Serranus huge concourse and preasing strong
About their bodies came, some yet halfe panting strecht along.
Ech place of slaughters smokes, & stremes of blood did flushing some.
Anon they knew their spoyles, and duke Messapus helme come home.
King Ramnes trappers eke with no small swet recovered soze.
And now dame Morning furst bespreding lands with light renewd,
Forsooke sy Tythons bed all heauenly paynted saffronhed.
Now sun disperleth beames, now things discovered broad bin belwd.
King Turnus fresh his folks and strength of men, and armour steeres
In complet harneis bright his brasen troupes to wars vpcheeres.
Ech captein cals their bands, and rumours run mens moodes to prick.
Besides all this (a piteous grisly sight) on speares they stick
The heads of these two knights, and loud with cries they them pursue,
Furialus, and Nisus.

They
stick their
heads vp
on speares

The painefull Troians tough did on their left hand walles within
Resisting set their front, for flood their righthand compast in.
Their trenches hie they hold, and lofty towres defending keepe,
All pensue standing sad, and heads on poales before them peepe
To well poze wretches known w filthy blod down dropping deepe.
This while doth flickering Fame on message flie with fethrid wings
Through all the trembling town, and swift in moment tidings brings.
And filles the mothers eares of that yong strippling earst of tolde.
All sodenly poore wretch, all heat her bones forsooke for colde,
Her weauing web down fell, & spindels scattrng thrown on ground,
She flies furth (wofull soule) and howling shrill in womans sound
Disheuillid teares her heare, and to the walls in hast she speedes,

Fame.

Lamen-
tation of
Furialus
mth. r.

Diig

She

The ninth Booke

She neither daunger kest, nor men regards, nor weapons dreades.
 But heauē wth moane she fil, & thus through people wailing spredes.
 And is it thus, Eurialus, that I thy face behold,
 Mine ages late reliefe mine onely ioy, my comfort old?
 And couldst forsake mee thus thou cruell hart to leaue me alone?
 For entring daungers such might I thy mother captiue crone,
 Obtayne thy talking last, and make on thee my latter stoundes?
 Alas, in land vnknownen, alas, to feede *Italian* houndes,
 To foules a pray thou liest, O welaway for euermore.
 For wretched mother I, thy funerals brought out before,
 For could come close thine eyes, nor wounds wth waters washing bath
 With clothing couering soft, which I both nights and dayes to rath
 Did ordaine gay for thee, and houely hasting did prepare,
 In webbing wasting time to ease therby mine aged care.
 Where should I seeke? what countrey land containes my lims distract?
 What nacion teares my flesh, my funerals my membes ract?
 Is this thy gift O son, thou bringest me home, thy workes of hands?
 Is it therfore that I thus solowed haue such seas, such lands?
 Dig, dig mee downe with darts, throw all on mee your weapons keene
 O Rutils (if ought pitie be) consume mee I be not seene.
 O thou most mighty father of gods, haue mercy on my vnright,
 Down thrust this hateful head to *Lymbo* lakes most lurking light,
 Since other wise my lothsome life to breake I haue no might.
 With sorowing thus mens mindes molested shrank, & sad through all
 Deepe mourning makes them slacke, vnuicted strengthes begin to pall.
 She blobbing still, and kindling further greif two kinsmen kept,
 Commaunded by sir *Ilione* and *Ascanius* much that wept,
 Betwē them her they tooke, and bare to house and there her kept.
 But brightbr as troupe from far, his fearfull shiuring sounds expels,
 Thick, thick, and therupon men shout, that hie heauen palping vels.
 The *Volscans* ioyntly knit, with targates couering close their heads,
 The trench attempting feare, & rampier stakes with dich down treads.
 Some seeke their entring breach on skaling ladders clambzing quicke
 Where few resisters stand, and soldiors round ring not so thick,
 Where wall most enter shines. Against them *Troians* hie from tops,
 Al sorts of turments turne, & thicke them down they thrust with props,
 Expert in long defence, and practise old to keepe their towne.
 Great stones also they weld intollerably tumbling downe,

They
 giue an
 assault.

of Æneidos.

If any where that couered plumpes might breake, when they againe
 Did vnderneath theyr shields all chaunces hard conioynt sustaine.
 For now they more can byde, for where their engine ioynes his iolle,
 A huge vnweldy weight the Troyans rumbling downe did rolle,
 Whose fall did Rutils whelme and brake their tortais roof distwinde.
 No more with such deceit they care to coape in conflict blinde
 Strongharted Rutils bold, but from the trench they seeke to dzyue
 With darts and hurling toles.
 On th'other side with odious noise a lothsome sight to loke,
 His fyriesmoking bzonds on standarstaff Mezentius shoke.
 But deus Messapus tamer strong of steeds, god Neptunes bzond
 Cuts down theyr trench, & skales their walls, he cries outrageous word.
 Now muses help, now help, now to my song aspire your breath, (death
 What murthring quars of me, what heaps downe thzown, what toils of
 King Turnus then did giue, and who: what man sent downe to hel?
 Reuolue with mee this war, and chaunces huge what things befel.
 You ladies, your remembze best, and vttring best can tell.

A towze of stepe vpsight there stowd, with skaffolds large of length
 In place vpfamed fit, whom all the Italians total strength
 Incessaunt still did sault, and force extream of charge at ones
 They spent to ouerturne. The Troyans it defend with stones,
 And through their launcet loupes their whirling darts do thick bestow,
 A blasing burning linke of cresset light did Turnus thzow,
 And to the side the flame did fyre, whom winde vpheauing hoyfts,
 Which fastning caught the bourds deuozing posts and timber ioyfts.
 They bustring quicke within for feare gan quake, and as to flee
 They sought, and toke the side, which of that deadly plague was free,
 Whiles clustring close they cling: Than sodeinly the towze for weight
 Down fel with thondzing force, that heauen did ratling roze on height.
 Haulf mangled dead to ground men by that building huge opprest
 Came peccemeale tottring down, som tozne with timber through theyr
 Some w their own toles thirlid were, yea scant with much ado, (brest,
 One Helenor, and Lycus skope, the elder of them two
 Was Helenor, whom bond Lycinia maide to Meon king
 Broughtforth by stealth, his father him to wars while youth did spring
 Unlawfull sent to Troy, his worshop win he should in feld,
 All light with naked blade, yet honourles, yet blanke in sheeld.
 He when him selfe he saw so many thousand men among,

Helenor
 bzene of
 Meons
 concubine

The ninth Booke

Lycus
taken.

Great armies here, great armies there, on ech side Latines strong
 Euen as a beast whom hunters round in ring haue gotten in hold,
 She seeth no way to scape, than willingly to slaughter hold
 She frantike runs on death, & beares downe toles, & boares peres edge.
 No other wise this lad, where enemies thickest him did hedge,
 With will to die did breake among the mids constraining stripes.
 But Lycus better far with feete, euen through his enemies gripes,
 Euen by their weapons swift escaped had, and swift with hands
 Endeavouring climes his wall, his mates to reach on rooves that stands.
 Whom Turous in pursuit did with his weapon thrown arrest,
 Him catching railing thus. What doost thou think y madman a beast,
 To scape scotfree from vs: and as he there did pendant skral,
 He pluckt him backe by force, with great peere following from the wall.
 Euen as an Egle doth some tymrous hare, or neare great brokes
 Some Lilywhyted Swan vplifting beaue, in talent hookes.
 Or suckling lambe whom bleating long the dame still seeks about,
 Which from the coat the rauening Wolf hath caught. On ech side shout
 Doth ryle, inuasion hoat begins, than rampier bankes are brast.
 Some other burning bronds to houses tops do slingring cast.
 And as Lucetius came with pitch and flamme to fier the gate,
 Syr Ilionee with stone downe tumbling, quite did quash his pate,
 With stone downe toppling great, no litle lumpe of broken hill.
 Than Lyger did Emathion, Corynee Asylas kill,
 He good at dart, that other chiefe with shaft that far begyles.
 Syr Ceneus Ortagium slew, but Turnus him eryles
 From life, and Turnus Ityn kilde, and Clonyus, and with him
 Syr Promulus, and Sagar, syr Dyoxip large of lim,
 With Ida boytous knight, before the towres that ward did beare.
 Pryuernum Capis kilde, him furth before Themillas speare,
 Had pinched small with prick, he like a dolt kest of his targe,
 And handling groapt his griefe, an arrow therfore swift with charge
 His left side wing came by, and to his ribs his paw made fast,
 That longs, and breathing pipes, that mortal stroke with brusling brast.
 There stood in armour fine, the worthy son of Arceus duke,
 Gay needle wrought in cloke, embroided brown in Spaniards puke,
 Much noble, sayre in face, his father him to warfare sent,
 Syr Arceus bred in woods, and by the floods of simeth bankes,
 Where stands Palycus church, and altars gracious rendring thanks.

A while

of Æneidos.

A whistling whirling flying Mezentius took, and armes downe flang,
Him selfe three times the thongs about his head in compasse twang,
And leuel right him strake, that in the mids the melting lead
His temples twaine did slue, and large on dust outstretcht him dead.

Then furst, Ascanius in war his swift shaft (as men say)
Did shote, which wonted was before wilde chittish beastes to affray,
And with his hand he Numan proude downe layd, whose surname hight
Duke Remulus, he Turnus yonger sister lately plight,
Then wedded had. He royster furst in forefront rayling loude,
Things toto bad reuiled, of kingdomes new promotion proude,
All spyteful swolne in brest, and byg with noyse him selfe did beare.
Are ye not yet ashamed to lurke in hoales cftlones for feare?
Twise captiues Troians? what thinke ye by walles to saue your lines?
These be the princicke bloods, lo how they looke that fight for wines?
What deuil? what mischaunce? wher were your wits, what madnes blind
Italia made you seeke, you shal not here Atrydas finde,
Nor prattler preaching lyer Vlisses fine to teache men speake.
Wee be a stouter stocke, in other sort our sonnes wee breake.
Our children furst from byrth into the floods wee thow to swim,
With waters numme and frost wee harden tough both hart and lim.
Our boyes on hunting run, they study still to beate their woods,
Their playes are Darts of horne, and for disport breake hoales moods.
As for our youth they toyle, and either ground they tame with rakes,
Contenting mindes with small, or towne in wars besieging shakes.
We wear our liues in spending stele, w speares our beasts wee pricke,
Our dyue of heards, our boties daily encrease, nor age vnquicke
Enfebleth ought our mindes, nor altreth natures force in fleshe,
Our hoare heares helmets hyde, and ouermore our prayes afreshe
Wee fetch from countries far, it doth vs good to dryue and watche,
We warlike lyue by spoyles, euen by the things our hands can catche.
You must haue painted wed, gay ioly Jerkins, saffron shirts,
Your slipcoats must haue sleeves, your corrom coines, bo graces girts,
Your study chief is daunse in pampyring feasts with giglet flirts.
O very Troyan trulles (for Troians are you non) go soles,
Go fisliggs, frisk your woods with double pype in skipping skoles
Hark how your minstrels cal, your tabzets, bagpipes, shalms, of bors.
Go trim your freslock tyres, get on your gloues, your finest frockes.
Geue weapons by for men, let warrs alone for catching knocks.

Ascanius
first ex=
plot in
war.

First by
Hercules,
next by
Greekes,

Him

The ninth Booke

Him cracking thus, and iangling more despite with odious songs
 Ascanius could not beare, but sinnowy bow of horse hide thongs
 He bent, with pointed shaft, and armes disbukling severall wayes.
 Before his Ioue he stands, and humbly thus with bowes he prayes.

Almighty Ioue giue to my bold beginning good successe,
 Unto thy temple shall I solempne gifts of offrings dresse,
 A yong steere white as snow, with gilded front of liuely lust,
 Wyheaded like his dame, and with his horne desyres to iust,
 Already strong which with his fete vpsparpling spredes the dust.
 The father aloft him heard, and vnder cleare skie left handlowe,
 Did signe of thondring shew, than with a sound from deadly bowe,
 The swift shaft whistling fled, & through sir Numans temples twain
 At grisly strake. Go go mens manly dedes with mockes disdain,
 Twise captiues Troians lo, these answers Rutils send againe.
 Ascanius spake put thus, the Troians then with ioyfull voyce,
 Al ioyntly gaue their shouts, and lifting minds to starres reioyce.
 That time as fortune was bryghtheaded Phoebus for disport
 Behold from ayry coast bothe Latines hoasts, and Trojan host,
 As hye on could he sat, and thus to Ascanius gaue report.
 Thats thats my peereles lad, such vertues new leades lords to stars,
 Begotten of gods, and gods engender shalt, by right al wars
 Must vnder Dardanes line, in time by destiny quite downe sinke.
 For Troy can thee containe, and with that word er one could winke,
 Him selfe from skie down skips, & breathing puffs remoues from aire.
 Than to Ascanius he drawes, and chaunged countenaunce faire,
 Resembling Buten old. He to Anchises great from childe
 Was henchman bearing armes, and kept his garde of trust vnfilde,
 The old man him to Ascanius then had put, so Phoebus went,
 All thinges like aged man, both voyce, and hew he did present,
 White heary locks and angrisounding armour, calme of brest,
 And to Ascanius thus that feruent was his words he drest.
 Let it suffice thee now that Numan freely vanquisht is
 Good child: lo now Apollo great commends thy prayse for this.
 He geues thee chief renown, nor lyke with toles to match both passe.
 Abstaine hencefurth from blowes my boy, so Phoebus entring was:
 And in the mids his tale, mens mortal eyes he cleane forsooke,
 Desferring thinne from sight, and flittering fource to skies betoke.
 The lords beknew that god, perceiuing straye his toles deupne,

Phoebus
 resēbleth
 Buten.

His

of Aeneidos.

His arrow shewes they heard, and ratling noyse of boltbag fine.
 At Phoebus word therefore, and in respect of his great grace,
 Ascanius backe they kept that egre was, them selfs in place
 Succeds, and ventring liues eftsones to daungers turne their face.
 A clamorous noise bpmounts on fortres tops and bulwarkes towres.
 They strike, they bend their bowes, they whirle from strings sharp sho-
 ting shoures.
 All streets with toles are strowd, thā helmets sculs with battings mard,
 And shields dishiuring crack, byrleth roughnes bickring hard.
 Like how the tēpest storm, whan winds outwastling blowes at south,
 Raine ratling gets the ground, or clouds of haile from winter mouth
 Down dashing headlong driues, whan god from skies with grisly steuf,
 His watry shoures outwings, and whirlewind clouds downe breakes
 Sye Pandarus and Bitias, two brethren, Troyans stout, (from heauen. Pandarus
 & Bitias.
 Whom to Alcanor knight dame Hera saluage Nymph brought out
 Among Iones sacred woods, in firtree groues of mountaines colde,
 Two valiaunt boyssous knights, coragious, strong, and equal bold,
 A gate that by their captaine damned was they broad set oape,
 So trusted they their strength, and bids their foes come neare to coape.
 Them selfes before their towres, both right, & left hand braue out strept
 All armed skif in stele, and bright with crests their standings kept,
 Wyheaded like two trees, like two great Dkes by Padus banks,
 Besides their ioyfull flood, aboue their mates they ryse by rancks,
 Their heads to heauen they lift with lofty tops vnshorne they beck,
 Welshadowing broad the bowes, and hie sun stretching skies they check.
 The Rutils in they breake whan furst they saw their entrie free,
 Immediately the Dukes in armour gorgious gay to see,
 Sye Quereons, and Equicohus either beaten turne their backs,
 Or they with all their bands even in the gate went dead to wracks.
 Thā more & more mens minds disordring chase cōtempning doubts,
 And thither Troians now round gathring drado, by plumpes & routs,
 Conflicting hand to hand, and further salyeng dare row out.
 To captain Turnus fierce, than troubling folks on backfort side
 A post with message runs, how Troians now haue caught new pride,
 Great murder stoutly made, and how their gates broad ope they set.
 He leaues his works began, and huge with wrath to giue the onset,
 To that presumptuous gate, and brethren proude, he rushing ruines,
 And furst Antyphaten, of king Sarpedons bastard sunnes

The ninth Booke

The chief by Theban dame, for he against him furst did shone,
 He threw down dead with dart, the Italian tronke in skies above
 Disseuering, tender aire, came through his brest and out at back,
 His stomack round it rent, & wound from caue giues out blood black
 Pernixt with fumes, and first in lungs the steale warme waring stack.
 Than Merops, Aphidnus, and Erimanch with sword he slew.
 Than Bitias that boystous sturd with eies of sparckling hew,
 Not with no dart, for dint of dart, could life not make him yeld,
 But thrown wth strength extreme, a tronched speare most strōg to weld,
 Big like a lightning bolt at him he drane, whom doubled solde
 Could neither backs of bulls, nor brest plate faithfull strong of golde
 Susteine from mortall plague, his membes huge down foltring flucht,
 The ground at falling grones, and thondzing huge his shield he crucht.
 As by the Bayon hoze men building hauens done for the nones
 With laboring log befor, through engins means lay monstrous stones.
 Down sinks the weldlesse weight, and on the ground it settled stands.
 The wilde seas meeting mire, and darkning skies vpleapes the sands.
 Than with the soundes the soyles aduopnant shake, & mountains next,
 Where whelmd by gods reuenge in dongeons deepe are giants vert,
 Their array puissant Mars both prickes, and force to Latias harts
 Did ad, and stings of egre wrath, in eith mans brest vpsalts.
 He made the Troians flee, and gaue them blackday mist with drede,
 From euery side they flocke since now the sight pproceedes in drede,
 And in their mindes the nurthering angell sits.
 When Pandarus his brother saw down falne before his eyes,
 In what case fortune stands, and how things now in daunger lyes:
 The gate with much turnioyle conuerting hinges hookes on rings,
 With shoulders shoting broad at last he shuts, and bolts vptwings,
 And many his mates in hard conflict he leaues, and out them lockt.
 But other he receyues as with the peas they rustling shocke
 An prudent man, that when the R^{ex} king did through intrude
 Could him not entring spee, but in the fort did him include,
 Euen like a Tyger wilde among the flocks of cattailles rude.
 Incontinent new light they eyes distaines, and armour strange
 Did grisly giue they sound, his quivering tress with blood and raiuge
 Like beames of lightning burns, & from his shield that flames outflew.
 Anon they hatefull face, and monstrous lymes the Troians knew,
 Disfraught with soden sight. Than for his brothes Pandare huge

Bitias
 slaine.

Incens

of Aeneidos.

Accurst with feruent wrath: Thou shalt haue here but bad refuge,
 This is no ioynter towne, king Latyns wife gets here no gage,
 For she (or he) thy fathers walls this time empounds in cage.
 Thine ennies fort thou seest, hence neuermore shall Turnus out.
 To him than Turnus spake, all smyling sober free from doubt.
 Begin (if any manfull minde thou hast) approach mee round.
 I'll make thee Priam tell that here thou hast Achilles found.
 Thus speaking an vnshapen bunchy speare with barke vnpyld,
 Sir Pandare whirling thre w, with strength extreme it went wel wilde.
 The winds vpeaught that stroke, and Iuno Queene the daunger brake,
 Whongwresting as it went, and in the gate did sticke the stake.
 But not this tole, of mine which in my right hand here I shake,
 Shalt thou escape, great difference now shall our two puissans make
 (Quod he) and stretching broad with armes his sword did mouiting lift,
 His brainpan through it smote, and in the mids it made a clift,
 Deuiding chekes, & chaps, and heares vpgrowen with gaping wound.
 The soyle than shuddring shoke, and with the weight did yeld a sound.
 Downe lueles falls his lims, and armour mirt with blood and brain,
 With corpes he strowd the ground, & equal clyuen in porcions twain,
 His head on shoulders hung, one here, one there disseuered gain.
 The Troians than for fear they: fete gan take with trembling flight,
 And if he victor than remembred had, and tane foresight,
 Strait waies to breake the bolts, and through the gates his folks let in,
 That day to Troyan war, and to their lynage last had bin.
 But furious feruent minde, and greedy lust of slaughters more
 Enforst him forwarde still.
 First Phalaris and maister beines of Giges huge he sheares.
 And as the people fled he gathering darts, and skattred speares
 Bestowed them in their bakes, for Iuno gaue both might and minde.
 Than Halim felow vnto them he ioyues, and kylls behinde
 Sy: Phegius with targat pyke downe pusht, than by the wall
 He runs, and such as fighting there, of this knew nought at all
 Neomonus, and Prytanis, with Hellus he downe slew.
 Alcander than and Lynceus which toward him stout dretw,
 Outmustring mates for helpe, he leaping trench did swift preuent,
 And with his gliftring glayue he such a stroke vnwares him lent,
 As hand to hand he fought, that quite from shoulders at on chop
 His head with helmet fel, and far from him did hobbling hop.

Iuno p^{re}
 serued
 Turnus
 life.

Lynceus
 slayne.

From

The ninth Booke

The
Troians
are reco:
foyed.

From thence sir Amycus he slits that wilde beasts ever stroyed,
More lucky none there was, nor neuer man more oft them noyed,
With oymments arming steele, wth popsoned toles he stil them cloyd.
Than Clyti^{us}, and the dulcet frend of Muses Cretea fine,
By Cretea Muses mate that euermore with voyce deuine
Melodious warblid songs, his pastime chief was harpe and kit,
By numbring ran his Rimes to synow^y cords concurrant fit:
Alwayes of fteedes, of armes, of men, he sang of battails maine,
At last the leaders great, whan they first heard their men so flaine,
The Troyan captaynes came, sir Mnesteus and Serestus strong,
They saw their stragling mates, and enmy entred thicks among.
And Mnesteus, what auayles this flight: where run you now (q^{ue} bee?)
What better bullwark walles: what other towines or trench haue ye?
One man alone (O sirs) even in your mids incloso in campe,
So many slaughters made: in such a fozt round skoffree rampe
So many chieftain knights vnuenged sends to Lymbo dampe:
Make ye no more of countrey soyle remorse: faintharted fy:
What shall we shame our gods: and great Aeneas nought set by:
With such rebukes mens minds vphindled staied, & thick with preas
They stood. But small and small from flight did Turnus than surreas,
Retirng to that side where stood the foztresse gydes about.
So much the more pursute the Troyans make with restless shout,
And clustring close they shoue. As when sometime men gathring thicke
A Lyon wilde assayne, and hard with toles oppressing prycke.
But he affraied resists, sower skowling grim he backward strides,
And neither taile to turne his pryde him lets, nor wyath his sides
Will suffring make him shew, nor fozward can set furth his ioynts,
Though faine he would, not able he is yet foz men, foz weapons points.
None otherwise did Turnus than retracting seeke bypath,
With stalking doubtfull steps, and deepe in minde reboyles his wyath.
Yet notwithstanding swisse his enemies mids he did innade,
And twise conuerting backs them take their walles in flight he made.
But th^{is} uniuersall campe together ioyning whole did rise,
Nor Iuno Quene durst more against such strength so great suffice.
Foz Ioue vnto his sister downe her ayry Raynbow sent
With message nothing milde, and how that some should soone repent
If Turnus from the Troians lottie walles did not reuelo.
The yong prince now therfore, with neither right hand yet, nor shield
Enduring

of Æneidos.

Enduring can resist, so thickthrowne tooles on ech side prest
About his temples round bigbounsing beats, no: neuer at rest
His helmet stichling tings, & stones with bumpes his plates disglasse.
His top: right cress from crown downe battred falles, no: bzasen bolle
Sufficient is so: strokes so doubledziuing they not skint.
The Troians all with speares, eke he him selfe with lightning dint
Sy: Mnesteus so: ward shoues, than every lym on streaming swet
Doth drop down black as pitch, no: giues him time his bzeth to fet.
Faint panting puls his ioynts, and tyerd with pains his entrails beaf,
Than with a leape at last to Tyber flood in all that heat
He headlong kest him selfe, in complet armour compass all.
He smooth with chanell blew did softly him receyue from fall,
And to his mates him glad (fro slaughters washt) home sent withall.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, 3. Aprilis finitum.

1560. Opus 30. dierum

P The





THE TENTH BOOKE

of the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

Jupiter calling a parliament of Gods, exhorteth the to concord. Venus complayneth of the Troians danger, and Junos vnfaciable malice, and requireth at length some end of calamities. Iuno layeth all the blame in the Troians, as the first causers of war, & in Venus her selfe. When Iupiter perceaued they would grow to no agreement, to offend neither his wife nor his daughter: he promisseth to take part with neither, but will put of all to the indifferencie of descentes. This while the Rutilians returne to thassault with all their force, whom the assaulted repel to all their might, & this in Latium. Aeneas hauing brought al things in Erruria to wished end, beinge assisted by diuers peoples: returneth to his mates with a nange of thirtie sayle. There hee meeteth with the Nymphes that were not long befoze transformed from ships, & is by them cerrefied both of the losse of his fleete, and of the daunger of his men. Then he landeth his power within the sight of his enemies. The Rutilians leaue the siege, and run to shoare to kepe the enemy from landinge. There they fight with great losse on both sides. Where pallas, after many slaughters on his enemies: is at length slaine by Turnus. With sorow wherof, Aeneas all enraged: maketh plenty bloudoffrings on his foes for his friends soule. The Ascanius issueth forth, and topeueh power with his father. Iuno carefull for Turnus, casteth befoze his eyes a false representation of Aeneas. Which, whilst he pursueth into a ship: Iuno breaketh the cables, & by force of a tempest, bringeth him to the shoare neare Ardea. Mezentius then, at Iupiters commaundment, encreth the battle, and sleeth many both Troians and Etruscans, until Aeneas haue wounded him, & being rescued by Lausus his sun: is scarce able to depart the field. Lausus is also sleene by Aeneas whilst he endeuozeeth to reuenge his fathers wound. Which when Mezentius vnderstood: he returneth into the battle, & is sleene by the same hand & his sun was.



Roode open in this while of glorious god th'almighty hall,
The father of gods, & king of men him self doth counsel cal
Into the starbright seat, whens kingdoms large in seas
and landes

He lofty low beholds, both Troians fort, and Latins bands.

A parliament house they sat twigated wide: him selfe begins,
Celestials great, how happens now so soone your sentence twins

Kenoltynge

of Æneidos.

Renoltynge iudgement first: why thew ye thus with minds brimmede,
Ioue foredefending warres, by Latins now on Troyan flæte?
What discorde now contrarious makes you feare: what wroth, what
Sets these or those on gog not suffring rest to shield nor speare? (feare
A time to fight there comes, call not to fast for fatall houres,
When wilde Carthago proud in tract of yeres to Romish towres
Destruction great shal send, and mountaine tops down tearing breake.
Than spare not your despites, than rap and reave who list and wreake.
Now let them rest, and quiet league compound your selues to smight.
Thus Ioue in briez, but not in briez than golden Venus bright
Replied as thus.

Dunck
warres.

Venus
cōplayut.

O father, O thou everlasting strength of god, and man,
For what thinge els haue we to whom for helpe now cry we can?
You see how Rutils rampe and with what brauery bolne in pride
King Turnus prosperous rydes, scant in their wals can Troians bide,
But euen amids their gates, euen on their bulwarks rampier byms
They bickring dayly die, that trench and ditch with bloodhead swimis.
Aeneas absent knowes not this, will you giue neuer leaue
To rest poze soules from siege, must ennies euer still downe reave
The walles of springing Troy: and yet more stil with straügers hoasts
Poze Troians troubled bin, yet ones againe from Greekish coasts
Must Diomedes ryse: I wene my flesh must yet be cut,
And mee your heauenly childe man mortall shal to daungers put.
But if contrary to the pleasue of your heauenly grace,
In Italy ben Troians entred wrong, vsurping place,
Than let them buy their sinnes, nor ayde them not, but if they haue
But folowed your precepts, which gods and spright such numbers gau
Why now should any creature dare controle or hang downe groyne
To bend backe your decrees, or destnies now presume to royne?
What should I now reherse our navy bzent at sici/ shore?
Or name the king of stormes with all his tempest winde bypoze
Against vs whole byraisde, and Raynbow clouds so oft downe strainde:
And now the fends forsoth, for that one quarter yet remainde
Unsought besides the world, yet sodenly lo thence to skies
Alecto reare she did, and made by madnesse towne byrise.
Supremitie, nor for their empier moues me not such things,
We looked long in baine while fortune was, but this not wrings.
Make victours whom you fauour most, our hope so hie not springs.

The tenth Booke

If no one corner be that your spouse can vouchsafe to giue
 To Troians poore for spite, nor countrey none, nor place to line,
 Yet by the piteous fall of smoking Troy from soyle destroyed,
 Good father I beseeke, let me Ascanius keepe vncloued:
 Let me my nephew small withhold from Mars, as for my son or sonne
 Aeneas, he shall tosse in seas vnknewen as earth hath don.
 And what way fortune leades, where euer it bee, let him go prone,
 Yet let me saue his childe and him from battails hard remoued
 In Cypres land some cities faire I haue, I haue Cypres
 Idalium, Paphos hie, and Amathus, let him dwell there,
 Vnfamous free from wars, and honourlesse lead out his age.
 Than may your grace condempne all Italy to great Carthage
 In slauedome vnder Moores, no hindrance than to Affrick towres
 Can come, large emper rule they may no Troians nere their bowes
 What hath our seruice now preaild, what goodnes haue we got
 By skaping Greekeish fiers, and mortall plagues of Mars so hot?
 So many perious lands, such wast wide seas with paines outwozne,
 While Troians Latium seeke, to reyse the walles so oft down tozne
 Had it not better been, if in their countreys reking buff,
 On soyle where Troy did stand they settled had, than thus to trust:
 Yet giue them wretches leaue to turne their backs, and home relier
 Vnto their natie streames, lorde be so good at my desier.
 Reuert their former toyles, all miseries that earth haue bene
 Giue ones againe to Troians gracious sir. Than Iuno Quene
 Enfozt with furious rage vprose: why dost thou me constrain
 Deepe silence now to breake, and to disclose my couched paine?
 Did either god or man Aeneas thine to war compell?
 King Latin to impugne, or yet his subiects cause rebell?
 Italia land he toke by destinyes woode, admit so were
 Through mad Cassandras spite, yet did we euer tyre him there
 To leaue his campe vnkept: and to the winds his life commit
 To giue his childe the charge of walles, and wars did we giue wit:
 Or make him nations moue in rest that sate, or faithes remit:
 What god did such deceit? where was that time that power of ours
 So sore: or where was Iuno than, or bolue down sent with shoures
 Is it so vyle a thing that springing Troy besieged stands
 With fier? and that king Turnus seeks to saue his countrey lands,
 Of king Pilamnis blood Venilia Nymph that had to damme:

What,

Iuno
 reply.

of *Aeneidos.*

What is for Troian theues, all Italy with bonds to flanne,
 Subdue their neighbours lands, and robbie booties rine by snaps,
 Compel men giue them wiuies, and spouses reauie frō parents laps,
 Entreat for peace by beekes, and traitors arme their ships for traps?
 Thou couldst Aeneas thine from hands of Greekes somtime withdraue,
 Suppliedst his place with cloude, with empty winde of wauering flau.
 Thou couldst conuert their flete to seuerall ships with stormes renewd.
 If wee helpe Rutils ought, lo what a sin, what broile is bred?
 Aeneas absent knowes not this: nor may he absent know.
 Thou hast *Cithera* towne, his *Paphos*, and *Idalium* low,
 Why troublous sturk thou thus mens angry modes, why dost procure
 New warres to *Latium* town that trauayls old could scant endure?
 Ist wee that will vpturne the sittring state of Troy from soyle?
 Came it by vs, or first by him, that Greeks made Troy a spoyle?
 Who first began that cause, why rose in armour first on wreke
Europa and *Asia* both? who did their leage by theuedom breke?
 Was it by my conduct, th'aduoutrer stole the *sparta* Queene?
 Gave I them tooles to trie, or louers wars mainteind with spleene?
 Then oughtst haue ben affraid for thine, now causes dost but square
 In baine, and flinclam flirts out throst at them that nothing care.
 Such talkings Iuno gaue, and heavenly wights with murmur round
 All sondry cried assents, as first whan blasts begin to sound,
 With puffes they wag the woods, and tomling blind with soft bypore,
 They nere pronostike winds, and tels the seaman stormes befoze.

Th'almighty father than that all thing rules in totall some,
 Wespake, and at his speech, the court of high gods staggred downe,
 And from the grounds the soyle contrembling shooke, than lofty ayre,
 Than winds layd downe their noyse, and calme sea surges settled fayre.

Take this therfore in minde, and in your brests imprint my saws,
 Since Rutils with the Troians will not knit nor take no laws,
 And forasmuch we see your quarell strivings make none ends:
 Loke how mens fortune stands, this day what hope ech one pretends,
 Be it Troian or Italian he, no difference finde they shall,
 Our iudgement right shall stand, this is our sentence once for all.
 If fatall fortune be that Troian campe besieged is,
 Or Troians by deceit *Italia* lands haue taken amis,
 Nor Rutils we discharge, ech mans owne medlings euen or od
 Shal praise or penaunce bring, loue sits in different all mens god.

The tenth Booke

God is
indifferent
to al men.

Ascanius
described.

The destinies will inuent a way, yea by our brothers brooke,
By pitch of Lymbo pits, by gulfs and lakes so glom that looke.
He gaue a nod, and at his beck, whole heauen obedient shooke.
This end the talking had, king Ioue from golden throne byrose,
Whom home to heauenly court celestials garding all did close.
The Rutils all this while, at euery gate their battries plyes,
With dead men ground they strow, and wals beset with fire that flies.
The Troyan garisons in campe with hard siege be bestad,
For hope of flight they haue, on towres more men they stand ful sad.
Smal furthring roūd at vauures tops, w strength which thin thei had
Duke Imbras out of Asia land, and duke Tymetes bold,
Assaracus two captaines, with sir Castor Tyber old,
At forefront battell kept, with them there stode the brethren twaine
Of king Serpedon great, than noble Echmon dragd his traine
With lords of Lycia land, him selfe right huge with total might,
For burthen bare a rock, a mountaines peece not small in sight.
Sy: Agmon at Lyrnesia borne, inferior not in facts
To great sir Clitius his syre, or his brother Mnesteus acts.
Those ply their darts, these other strue to send with stones and bowes.
Their wield fire fast they sling, from sinow strings sharpe shafts out
Him selfe amidst them chief dame Venus darling, iustest care, (thowes.
Their yong prince loth procede with reuerent face headnaked bare.
As perle it precious shynes, or glistring stone bright gold that parts,
Which garnish maidens necks, or set forth heads, or as whan arts
Haue medled finely moldes, and Query cleere enclosed in bore,
From tablet seemly shewes, his milkwhite shoulders lifts his locks,
His heare downshadowing shed, but gold embroiding bindes their
Thee there also coragious knight sir Ismar all men saw, (docks.
With cast of canes enuenimed, thine enemies blood to draw.
Thou gentle knight of gentle Meons house, where fields right fat
Bene batfull wrought with men, where flood Pactolus gold doth scat.
Sy: Mnesteus also there was scene, whom proud of al mens praise,
For Turnus hard repulse, much glory hie to heauen doth raise.
And Capis, he to Capua towne did surname first deriue.
They still among them selues, in bashards hard of wars did strue.
Distrest Aeneas than with ships at midnight streames did clue.
For from Euander first whan to Etruria campe he came,
He met their king, and to their king declared his blood, and name,

What

of *Aeneidos*.

What help he seekes, what help also he brings, what peoples might
 Mezentius gathering drawes, of Turnus brest the Spitefull sprights
 He shewes, and wherupon mans wit in such case may conclude
 He giues advise, with mixt entreating words: all which thing be wde,
 Strait Tarchon iornes his strength, & leage cōpōnds, thā free frō crime
 By destiny songs of gods, the *Lydian* host did naute clime,
 With alean lord for guide, Aeneas formost helde with ship,
 Her stately stem on streamies, with Lions large of Troy doth slip,
 With ida mount on pup most frænfly signe to Troyans lost:
 There great Aenas sits, and with him selfe reuoluing tost
 The various ends of warres. On left hand Pallas next his side.
 And now the stars he seekes that ships in dim night serue to guide.
 Now call to minde he doth, by seas and lands his trauatles tride.

Du'ie
Tarchon.

Now muses moue my song, now let me sup your learning streams,
 To tell what manred strong, what company from *Tuscan* realmes
 Aeneas armed brought, conueyed by waues on timber beames.
 Duke Malsicus with brasen ship cald Tyger, cuts the floods,
 With him a thousand hands from *clusa* walles, all youthfull bloods,
 And they that came from *cosa* towne armed with shafts, and dartes.
 Corites with shoulders light, and from their bowes but death departs.
 Grymskoulung Abas big, his bands fine harness gorgeous streames
 Reflectes, and Phœbus on his golden pup stōd light with beames.
 Sixe hundred valiaunt lads dame Pupulon his dame him gaue,
 Expert in feats of war, thrē hundred more from *Ilua* braue,
 Where neuer cessing soyle doth skælebright stuff send out from mines.
 Than don *Afila* priest, that gods and men can skrie by signes,
 Whom secret vaines of beasts, whom stars of heauen obeyen at beck,
 And thretning lightning fiers, and chattring birds with toong & queck,
 His .M. people thick in throngs he drawes rough ranekt with speares.
 All these obedient came from *pisa* coastes whom *Alphe* reares,
 Their towne is *Tuscan* soyle. Than fairest *Astur* next pursues,
 Hy? *Astur* trusting stēd, and armour braue of chaunging hewes:
 Threē hundred they do ad, all issued out with one god will,
 Such as *Cerites* house did keepe, or *Mymon* crostes did till.
 All *Prigus* antique brood, *Grawisca* timeles troupes did syl.

The na-
mes of
such as
tooke
Aeneas
part.

Yet will I not neglect thee also lusty *Lumbard* lord,
 Thou *signus* warriour strong, and with thy few of ioynt accord
 Hy? *Supauc* from whose helmet crests rise fetthered winges of swan,

The tenth Booke

Your flaundring grew of loue, your cognisaunce your fier began.
 For Tignus (as men say) whan he for Phaeton mourning made
 Among the Popler bows, and vnderneath his sisters shade,
 Whiles whetoling sad he sat, and long lamenting sang for lone,
 Al feathered white with down, hoar age did him from man remoue.
 Than Swan he left his lands, and folowed stars with voice aboue.
 His son with equall hands accompanied with fleeting ships,
 His mostrous Centaure shoues with ores, she huge with tugging trips,
 And to the water threafning stone she shewes, with strength men pull
 The vnweldy weight in waues, & deepe seas long she shears with hull.
 Eke from his natius countrey coasts great strength fir Ocus toke,

Mantua of Mantus destnie speaker, and the sonne of Tuscan brooke.

Which gaue the Mantua walles, and of his mother made the name
 Of graundfiers Mantua rich, but all of one discent not came.
 Thre nations rule she doth, and vnder them foure peoples good,
 She prince on peoples sits, her strength procede from Tuscan blood.
 Fiue. C. knights from thence against him self Mezentius armes,
 Them Mintius lake, Benacus child, whom grey reeds close beswarms,
 Sent forth to seas in Pinetree ships, ful strong to benige their harms.
 Than graue Auletes went, and with his hundzed beating Ores
 He topsy turnes by streames, the marble somes reboyles at shoues.
 Him Tryton combrous bare, that galeon blew with whelkid shell,
 Whose wrinckly wreathed flue, did fearfull shrill in seas outvell,
 He swam with swinging sides, and bressed heary rough from haunch,
 His face like mankinde shoues, but foule in fish decates his paunch.
 His monstrous saluage lims through froth, through some with fluthing
 So many chosen lords in threetimes ten of ships did slide (launch,
 To new Troy fast for ayde, and salt sea some with brasse deuide.

And now the day departed was from heauen, and hie with wheeles
 Night wandring dame Diane did midskie beat with palfreis heeles.
 Aeneas (for in carke to rest ons lymmes it nought preuailes)

Him selfe at sterne he sits, he guidis his helme, he serues his sailes.
 To him in mids his way, th'assembly faire of ladies whight,
 Somtime his mates that were fro ships transformed creatures bright,
 To whom great power of seas Quene Berecinthia did commit,
 They ioyning swetely swam, and swaping salt sea skum did flit.
 As many iust as ships with brasen stemmes did stand at shore.
 They knew from far their king, and sporting daunst his flete before.

The
 Ships of
 Aeneas
 transfor-
 med into
 Mermaids
 met him
 on h way

of *Aeneidos.*

Of whom the talker best, Cymodoce by name that hight,
 With right hand held his pup euen hard at back, and bolt by right
 She brest high shewes her selfe, than faire in sight she cleare appeared,
 With lefthand couthing waues, and smooth her self she vndersteerd.
 Than him vnwares she spekes, now wakest thou? wakest þe gods elect?
 Aeneas wake (q she) and sailes to bowling ropes obiect.
 We were thy sacred trees, on Ida mount sometime that grew,
 Now salt sea maides we been, thy flete of late, whan force vntrew
 Of Turnus king, would vs, with swords & flames haue quite consumed:
 Unwillingly thy bands we brake, and thus far haue presumed
 To seeke thee through the streames, in this forme vs our Lady put,
 Lamenting thy mischaunce, and made vs Mermaides seas to cut,
 In water lyues to lead, from whence non age vs out can shut.
 Thy child Ascanius in walles with deepe trench is beset
 Amids thy mortall foes, and Latines grim that armours fret.
 Euanders horsemen saue at place commaunded keepe the lands,
 Conioynt with Tuscan strength, to set against them halfe his bands
 (Lest force to thee they ioine) king Turnus full determinde stands.
 Arise, go to, and in the dawning first call forth thy mates,
 In armour first appeere, and take that shield which brode in plates
 The feyruis god vniue, gaue thee with golden grates.
 This morow morning next (if thou beleueest I speake not vaine)
 Shalt slaughters huge behold of Rutils bloods by heapes downe slaine.
 She said, and in departing she with righthand pup did shoue,
 In sort as well she knew, the ship than straight in streames aboue
 Fled swifter forth then swiftest dart, or shaft that perceth winde.
 Than others mend their course, himself vnwares astoined in minde,
 The Troian prince did muse, yet with good lucke mens harts he cheres:
 Than shortly thus he praied, beholding round the Zodiac spheres.
 Almighty mother of gods, in whose great mercy Troy yet sits,
 That rulst both towne and towres, & lyons yokst with brideling bits,
 Thou be my patron prince, my guide in fight now prosperous stand
 To Troy god gracious dame, confirme thy signes with mightfull hand.
 These onely words he saied, and in this while the gray day light
 Returning ripe appeared, and darknes far did chase of night.
 First to his mates he byds, that they their standars shal pursue.
 With armour match their mindes, and waite for fight in order due.
 And now in sight his Troian campe he hath, and belies their field,

The tenth Booke

Joy for
succour.

Aduauncing stout on pup, in liffhand than his gliftring shield
Uplifting large he shewes, the Troians gaze to starres acrie,
Upmounting on their walles, hope kindleth wrath with comfort nie:
Their weapons vp they throw, as in the clouds done herds of cranes,
With croaking casting signes, whē lōg in ayre they laūch like lanes,
Whē southwind first they flē, & glad w sounds their ioy proclames.

But these to Rutil king, and Latin lords great meruels were,
Till toward shore they loke, than flectes arriuing bustling there
They saw, and vnder ships the seas all couered shew no where.
His top right crest it burnes, and flame forth sparkling hie from head
Outbelching spouts forth beames, his goldbright shield fire perbakes
None other wise, than whan by nighttime nesh som blasing star (read
All bloodred sanguine shewes, and lōuring lookes on men from far.
He not for creatures welth, but forces, & doughts, and sicknes straunge
Doth spring, & sad with frowning soure doe light frō skies doth chaūg.
But not from Turnus bold did corage ought or hope remoue
To send them lofe from land, or from the shore with force to shoue.
He cheres their sprites which speech, and of him self to his men doth cry.

That ye haue long desired, lo here it is with swords to try,
Euen to your hands is Mars descended syrs, let ech man nēdes
Now thinke on wife, on house, your liues, your lands, & valiant dēdes
And honour of your auncetours, encountre them at land
Whilft fearful they come forth, and their first steps do sag in sand.
Fortune is freend to venturers, and cowards hateth most.
When this was said: he doth deuise who shal defend the coast,
And who shall still the Troian wals besiege with armed hoast.

Duke
Tarchor.

Wherwhiles Aeneas from his lofty ships his mates to shore
By planks conueyes, but diuerse stay till flood the sea restore.
And some by setters short, to set them selues to land apply,
And some by Dres. Tarchon, the coast along doth searching try,
Where he ne sword doth finde, ne noyle of broken surges heares.
But when the calmed sea to swell by force of tyde appeares,
He quickly wendes his ship, and to his mates request doth make.
Chosen crue, now to your sturdy Dres your selues betake.
Hallawe, set forth your ships, and with the beakes cleaue out of hand
This enemies shore, let weight of keele turne vp, and cut the land.
My self do not refuse in such a rode my ship to breake,
If once the shore I might obtayne. These words no sōner speake

Did

of *Aeneidos*.

Did Tarchon, but his mates arise in Dyes, tyll Latine ground
The foming ships do touch & keeles echwhere dryland haue found.
Their beaks do beat the brinke, & sand with earth theron they sound.
Where all in saltie syt, saue barke, & Tarchon thine, alone.

For whilst on sand it smites, and strikes on banks of beach and stone,
Uncerten on which side to fall, and surges soze it beates,
It splits in twaine, and men in midst of wayes, and water weates.
Whom hatches, broken Dyes, and flaxing liues of boord, and beame
Do stay, and ebbe pulles backe their seete againe into the streame.

He Turnus sluggish slouth doth stay, but fierce with speede he bends
Gainst Troians all his power, and on the shore afront them tends.

They blowe alarme. Aeneas first the rusticke sort sets on
For happy hansils sake, and Latines layes the ground vpon.

Where Theron toke his bane, the mightiest man in all the field
That set vpon Aeneas, whom with sword through brasen shield,
And through his golden plated Jacke he thrust into the side.

Theron
slayne.

Then Lycas next, from mothers wombe cut forth wherof she died,
Anoured Phoebe, to thee, who might in youth haue shund before
Warres doubtful haps, and Cisse hard, not pausing enymore,
With cruell Gias, who with clubs the rancks to ground did beare,
He sent to death: nought Hercules armes which they in fight did weare,
Nought might their valient hands, nor fier Melampus helpe that was
Alcides mate, whilst he on earth his trauailes great did passe.

Lycas,

To Pharon loe, with boasting talke which doth him self aduance,
Into his gaping mouth his hugie dart he threw by chance.

And thou likewise, with yellow tendre downe on cheekes in prime

& Cydon whilst sye Clitie thou pursuest in luckles time,

By Troian hand yslaine, quite carelesse of thy wonted loue

To boyes still bozne, poore wretch, the force of death wast like to proue,

Had not a troupe of brothers rescued thee, sir Phorcus seede,

Who seuen in number were, and darts they seuen did cast indeede,

Wherof some from his shyeld, some from his helmet backe do flye

All voyde, and Venus noble dame directeth some awyre

As they were throwne. Aeneas then to good Achates spake.

Reach mee my dartes (for none in vaine with righthand he did shake
Against the Rutils) which sumtime in Grietian bodies ran

In Troian fields: a mighty speare he ketcheth quickly than

And throwes it forth, which flying strikes of Mecons shield the brasse,

He harte
neth him
self by re-
membraunce
of forme
prowesse.

And

The tenth Booke

Ac' ates
wound
in y^e thigh

And percing through, with brest plate strong, into his brest both passe.
To whom Alcanor steps, and downe his brother falling staves
Up with his hand, through whose arme streight y^e speare flies forth his
And all with blood imbued his course he keepe yet stil amain, (waies,
The arme from shoulder hanging stays by synewes one or twaine.
Then Numitor from out his brothers corps doth pull the dart,
But lawfull tys not sure like wound on him againe t' impart,
There through Achates thighe he forced it, and forth it flies.
Then Lausus stout of lim, and trusting speares him thither hies,
Where Driopis with sturdy lance full soze he strikes from far
Right vnder aeth the chyn, the bloody wound his throat doth mar,
And with one blow, of language both and lyfe him reues, that hee
With forehead beats the ground, and blacke blood spues that all may see.
And three likewise in Thracy bozne in farthest northern coast,
Three also which of Idas fier, and Ismare soyle might boast,
By diuerse meanes he throwes to ground. Halesus in that space
Comes on into Aruncas hands, and of Neptunus race
Sprong forth Messapus braue with steeds, now these, now they do strue
In very brinke of Latine land ech other thence to drue:
Lyke as contrary winds amid the aier that roue about
Do strue among them selues, with equall force, and courage stout,
Not one to others power, not cloudes, nor seas do yeld a whit,
The battell doubtfull hangs, ech thing aduerse so close doth sit.
None otherwise the Troian bands, and Latin ranks they rair
Togither, setting foote to foote, and thronging man to man.

The Ar-
chadians
put to
flight.

On tother side, where as the streame of pebblestones great soze
Togither rouled had, and thrown downe trees vpon the shore,
Th' Archadian band whose wont was not on foote their force to trie,
When Pallas saw to Latines turne theyr backs, and fast to flie,
Whom sharpnes of the place had forst from horses to alight,
The last, and only shift which serues for men in such a plight,
With prayers oft, and oft with taunts hee them prouokes to fight.
O whyther fly ye mates? now by your selues, and deeds of might,
And by your prince Euanders name, and battels won or this,
And by my hope which match vnto your countrey prayles is,
Trust not vnto your feete, through midst of foes a way we must
Breake forth, where now the thickest rout of foes vpon vs thrust.
This way both ye, and Pallas, and your native soyle requests.

of Aeneidos. 587

No gods against vs fight, tis mortall foe that vs hioleth
 No tall like vs, as many soules, and hands we haue as they.
 Behold, we are beset by mighty sea that stops our way,
 By land we can not flie, shall we to Troy by sea againe?

This said: into the thicke of all his foes he thrusts amaine.
 And first by cruell destinies thither brought he meeteth freight
 With Lagos, whom whilst he pluckes at a stone of huge weight,
 With bended weapon sticks; in myddle space the rybs betwene
 As backbone would permit, and forth he pulles the speare agene
 Earst sticking in the bones, on whom sir Hisbon falles not iust
 Though hoping so to do, for whilst in rage to ground he rush
 Unwares of fellowes chance, with cruell death him Pallas slewe,
 And soone his mighty sword quite through his swelling linges he dyne.
 At Helene next he goes, of Rhoetes eke auncient stocke offred
 Anchemolus, that durst with incest staine his stepdaughters bed.
 And yee likewise, O Twinnes, your fall in Rutil fields yee toke
 Of Daucie impes, Larid, and Tymber, who most like did looke,
 And scarce could be discerned, to parents kinde a sweete deceat.
 But Pallas now vnto you both hath giuen a difference great.
 For why O Tymber, thy head off, Euanders sword did strake.
 Thy righthand Larid, onte chopt of, thy corple doth forthwith seke,
 And fingers halfe a liue do moue, and weapons downe let fall.

Th' Arcadians thus hartned on, and viewing therewithall
 His valient deedes, both græse, and shame do them to battell call.
 Then Pallas soone sir Rhoetee which in charret fled him bie
 Throughgirdes, and tarience like he giues to Ilus, or he die.
 For he at Ilus did from far direct a mighty dart,
 On Rhoetee which, (betwene that came) did light, and strake his hart,
 Whiles Teuthra the, and brother Tyren thine he flies, and reeles
 Downe from his charret, beating Rutil ground with both his heeles.
 And like as wishedly when winds in summer season blowe,
 The shepheard doth his fires in diuers parts of woods bestow,
 Which quickly taking hold, together ioyntly run apace
 Through largest fields, sir Vulcans power doth take his cruell race.
 He lyke a conquerour his fires doth sitting looke vpon:
 None otherwise their fellowes for together meets in one,
 Which Pallas, the delights. And about Halesus fierce in field
 Sticks such as do withstand, and close defends him self with shield.

Pallas
 slaugh-
 ters after
 his exho-
 ration.

Larid and
 Tymber
 Oyne.

The tenth Booke

He Ladon sleys, and Pheretus, and Domodocus quite;
 Strimonies righthand eke he sone strikes of, with sword full bright
 Raught to his throat, and Thoas fate he batters with a stone,
 And goary bloody bzaines together dashes with the bone.
 The father telling things to come, in woods Halesus hid,
 But when to auncient fier, colde death his vitall twyne vndid,
 The destnies hands layd on his threde, and him bequeathed thay
 Vnto Euanders armes, whom Pallas meeting first both pray,
 Graunt father Tyber to this Dart, which here in hand I rest
 Goodfortune, and a redie way into Halesus breast.
 This armour, and the spoyles of this the man thine Oke shall haue.
 The god did graunt. Halesus whilst Imaons spoiles would saue,
 Unhappely his bared breast yields to Archadian Steele,
 But Lausus, at so worthy a persons death lets nere adde
 His rankes to feare, him selfe the greatest part of war, and right
 Agaynst him Abas sleys, the force and stay of all the fight.
 Downe falles th' Arcadian brood to ground, Heruscan youth is slayne,
 And you O Troians of the Greekes unhurt, there take your bayne.
 The rankes together run, with captaines match, and equall might,
 The rerwards fast approach, so that the throng in midst of fight
 The weapons weld, ne hands can moue, Pallas soze bzgeth here,
 There Lausus, youtnes, that very much of semblant age appeare,
 Of passing beuty both, to whom fell fortune had denide
 Their countries moze to see, and loue that all the wo:ld doth guide
 Would not consent that they together meete their force to trie,
 But vnto ech their chaunce remaines through greater foe to die.
 Therwhile Iuturna sayer, her brother Turnus puts in mind
 To rescue Lausus, he through midst of routs flies swift as wind.
 When he beheld his mates, leaue of from fight, he saies, anone,
 My selfe will Pallas match, for Pallas vnto me alone
 Belongs, whose father present here I with his chance to vie.
 This said, his mates thus chargo, to speed themselves fro field wdzew.
 At Rutils quicke departure thence, and charge so full of pride,
 The youth much wondring, stound at Turnus stands, & eyes doth glide
 His mighty corps vpon, and fierce ech thing he doth behold,
 And thus replies vnto the king with words, and courage bold.
 For princely spoiles I either praise will gayne, well won in fight,
 Or for a noble death, my fier esteemes of both aright,

Destnies.

Coue-
roufnes
cast him
away.

Compe-
rison be-
tweene
Pallas, and
Lausus.

Iuturna
After to
Turnus.

Leaue

of *Aeneidos*. 17

Leane of thy threats he said, and forth proceeded amidst the playne,
A chilly colde th' Arcadians harts do feele through euery bayne.
From charret Turnus leapes, and forth on foote he drawes him nie.
Like as a Lyon fierce, when on a mount he stands on hie,
And spies from far in fields a bull prepare him selfe to fight,
He thither hies, such was the looke of Turnus coming, right.
Whom when he thinkes within the reach of his darts call to bee,
Then Pallas first drew neare, good fortunes ayde at neede to see,
Although in strength not match, and thus to lostie skies he said.
By gessed at my fathers house, and tables vnto the laid
Alcides, I thee pray, good fortune to my purpose giue,
Halfe dead that he may see me of his armour him berue,
And Turnus do he die behold me stoutly win the feild.

Alcides heard the youth, and from his hart within doth yeld
A wofull greuous grone, and frustrate teares lets fall amaine.
Then loue with frendly words his sonne recomforts thus againe.
Ech mans day stands presert, time short, and swift with euerlesse breeth
Is lotted all mankind, but by their deeds their samie to stretch,
That priueledge vertue gines. Under the lofty walles of Troy,
Full many sonnes of gods were sleene, yea Sarpedons and
My childe was there ywrought. Turnus likewise his destnies call,
And to his fied terme of graunted lyfe run forth he shall.
This much he said, and straight his eyes to Rues fields downe bends.
And Pallas then with mighty force an hugie speare forth sends,
And glittering sturdy sword from hollow scabbard out doth pull,
That flies, and where the armour on his shoulders rises, full
It lights, and passing forth along on bym of bucklar bright
At length it doth on part of Turnus hugie body light.

Then Turnus, aiming long in hand a dart of sturdy Oke
Well typt with stele, at Pallas forth it flung, and thus he spoke.
Loe, see if that our dart be sharper then thy weapon was.
He sayd: and through so many lynnys forge of iron, and brasse,
And through so many folds of hydes of bulles there laid about,
The whirling head through shield at one blow beats a passadge out,
And gorgets force through gyds, and glides into his mighty brest.
In vaine the warined dart he from the wound doth quickly wrest,
For by the self same way both blood, and soule their passadge take.
He falles vpon the wound, his armour falling noyse doth make,

And

The tenth Booke

Pallas is
slaine.

The story
of Dana-
ides that
slew their
husbands.
An ad-
monition
not to be
puffed up
in pros-
peritie.

Aeneas
waxeth
wood for
the death
of Pallas.

And dying, with his bloody face falles on his enemies ground, he suns
On whom thus Turnus sitting, sayes: *And thou shalt see the golden
De Archades, (as he) these words say faithfully y^e tell* Turnus more
Euander kinge, I send his sun as he deserueth well.
What honour of the graue, what comfort is in buriall moor?
I graunt, no litle price Aeneas harbour him shall cost.
He said, and then anon his left foote to the corse he reight nedus
Starke dead, and quickly pluckes away his belt of hugie weight,
With this foule fact therein exprest, how on the wedding night,
A troupe of youtnes were slepne, and beds embred with bloody spight:
Which good Eurytion did sometime engrave in massie gold,
This booty Turnus baunts him of, and ioyes he doth it hold:
Unskillfull is mans minde of chance to come, and future fate,
And knowes no meane to keepe, once rayso a lost in happy state.
To Turnus time shall come, when he shall wish he dearely bought
That Pallas were vntoucht, these spoyle, and very day in thought
Shall hate. His mates with wofull dole, and bitter teares him lag
Upon a shield, and Pallas thence they carie thicke away
O greife, and honour great that to the father wil remaine
This day thee first brought to the warre, this tooke thee thence againe:
Yet doost thou leaue behinde thee hugie heapes of Ruells name.
By this time had no vayne report hereof, but trusty post
In hast unto Aeneas told, in what distresse his hoast
Did stand, that time it was his vanquishd Troians for to goe.
Each thing him next he mooues to ground, and forth a way he laye
Cut with his sword amid the ranks, thee Turnus proude to finde
For slaughter new, Pallas, Euander eke he beares in minde,
And still in sight they stand, and tables which in getred wise
He first approcht, and righthands ioynd, and there anon hee spies
Foure valient youtnes at summe borne, and foure which vsens bred,
Whom thence he hales a line, and offreth by onto the dead,
And burning bonetier flambes he all bedewes with raptiue blood.
At Mago next a whirling speare he threwe a far that stood,
But stouping he escapes, the quivering dart forth flies his waies.
Then suppliant on the ground his knees embracing thus he prates.
Now by thy fathers ghoste, and if I luke hope to thee
Woe deere, preserve this wretched life both to my sonne, and mee.
An haultie house I haue, wherin there lie deepe hid in ground

Great

of Æneidos.

Great summes of siluer toyne, of gold likewise full many a pound
Some formed, and some not, in mee ne Troiane conquest lyes
My selfe life in no respect so great aduentures tryes.

He said, to whom Aeneas thus replies with words full fell.

These summes of siluer, and of golde wherof thou late didst tell,

Keepe for thy children, Turnus first these customes toke away

Of war, when he erewhiles in cruelwise did Pallas slay,

This doth Anchises soule, this doth Iulus vnderstand.

And speaking thus, his helmet fast he roughly raught with hand,

And bended downe his necke by force, and treating still for life

Into his throat he thrust vp to the hylt his fatall knife.

Not far from thence, Aemonides, to Phoebe, and Diane prest,

Whose head with myter bound, and sacred scales was brauely drest,

All glittering in attire, and well besene in armour gay,

Him meeting, out the field doth chase, and on him selde doth stay,

Whom offering vp he couers with his shade. Serestus takes

The armour vp, wherof to thee a trophie, Mars, he makes.

The ranks do then restore sproung forth of Vulcanes noble seede

Sy: Cocculus, and Vmbro, sprounge from Mars hilles indeede.

Gainst whom Aeneas stands in rage, and sone stricks of to ground

Anxures left arme and therewith falles to earth his bucklar round.

Thesame some loftie words had spoke, and those he firmly thaught

In time should take effect, his minde perhaps to heauen he raught,

And promist to him selfe hoare heares, and race of many yeares.

Sy: Tarquitus on th'other side, that braue in armes appeares,

Whom Driope Nimphe sumtime had bozhe to Faunus siluane god,

With him thus raging mates, who with his lance in length full od

His brestplate, and his shield of hugie weight he breakes in twaine,

And strait his head, that now begins to pray, but all in vaine

He swaps to earth, and downe to ground the corps yet warme he kest,

Wheron he stoutly stode, and thus he spake with hatefull brest.

O terrible lye there, thy noble mother shall not haue

Thy corps for to entumbe, nor lay thy bones in native graue.

To foules thou shalt be left, or surging sea shall beare away

Thee to the hungry fish, a very swete, and deyntie pray.

Antæus, and sy: Lycas eke, king Turnus bowwards, hee

Pursueth strait, with Numa strong, and browne Camertes thee

Of valient Volscens bozne, most rich of ground in Latio land

Aeneas
is repred
to mony,
but no-
thing
could ap-
pease him
after that
pallas was
slayne.

Mago is
slayne.

The tenth Booke

Amicli,
rien of
few
words.

Of all that were, and whilst Amicles scepter held in hand,
 Lyke as Briareus, that an hundred armes had, as men say,
 An hundred hands likewise and fiftie mouthes wherewith alway
 Fier from his brest he spet, when loue against him lightning threw,
 So many backlars by he held, so many swords he drew.
 None otherwise Aeneas victour chafes, the field about,
 When once his sword wart warinc, but loe against Niphocus stout,
 His charret horse against, and gainst his breast his course he took.
 But when the horses spied him coming far with egre look,
 For feare they do retyre, and foundring backward downe full sore
 They throw their lord to ground, and draw the charret to the shore.
 In charret drawne with milkewhite steeds comes riding in that tide
 Spy Lucagus, with Liger that his brothers horse doth guide,
 There Lucagus full fierce his naked sword about doth glide,
 Aeneas then no longer could their frantike rage forbear,
 But to them hies, and vp in sight doth hold an hugie speare.
 To whom thus Liger speakes.
 Not Diomedes horse, nor yet Achilles charret heere
 Thou seest, nor the Troyan fields, of war, and life so deere
 Thou in this land shalt finde an end. These words of Ligers sayd
 Abroade flie forth at large, howbeit the noble prince of Troy,
 Meanes not with wordes to wage but forth a dart at him he hest,
 As Lucagus downe stoupes to fetch his stroke with weapon prest,
 And forth his horse doth beat, and liftste quickly putting out
 Prepares him self to fight, the lance by th'utmost brim about
 Of glittering shield slides by, and way into his flanke it found.
 He beaten from his charret fallies halfe dead vnto the ground,
 To whom then good Aeneas prince with bitter language sayes.
 O Lucagus, it is no slouth of horse that thee betrayes,
 Ne yet no gholt, nor dreadful shape of foes enforst thee flye,
 For thou thy selfe thy charret leftst, downe leaping from on hie.
 This said: the charret raignes he takes, the other brother cries,
 And holding by his hands on earth salne from the charret lyes.
 Now by thy selfe, and parents which thee bred so worthy a wight,
 Spy Troyan spare my life (I pray) from dreadfull deathes despight.
 And praying more, Aeneas thus replies. Such words of late
 Thou didst not speake, now die, and isyntly tast thy brothers fate.
 The harbour of his soule, his brest forthwith he perst with blade,

And

of *Aeneidos*.

And many a valiant slaughter more about the field he made
The Troian duke when here, and there he ran in furious wise,
Much like a running streame, or when a whirlwine black doth rise.
Ascanius yong at length comes forth abroad into the playne
With al the youth, and tentes they leaue that were besieyde in vaine.
Then Iupiter therwhils, to Iuno speaking thus he bowes.
O sister myne, and eke the same to me most louing spouse,
As thou didst thinke, dame Venus (for deceaue thou art not sure)
The Troians welth sustaynes, els warres they might not thus endure.
In hands no force, in harts no might they haue, no paynes abide
They coulde, vnlesse sum heauenly weight did them support, and guide.
To whom thus Iuno lowly then, most fayerest lord, and kinge.
Why dost thou grieue me stil, & aye w words great dreading bring?
Such force in loue as I haue had in yore, or ought to haue
If now I had thou shouldst not sticke to graunt that I do craue,
Almightie since thou art, both Turnus now from fight to take,
And him for euer salse to auncient Daunus sier to make,
Howbeit let him dye, and yeld his blood to Troyans hands.
Yet in direct discent of kinde of gods he rightly stands.
Pylumnus fouerth is from his sper, thy temples largely hee
With gifts adorne hath, which furnisht wel with presents bee.
To whom Olympus heauenly king againe this aunswer gaue.
If stay of present death, or tyme for mortal youth you craue.
Which so you thinke I may deferme, take Turnus then away,
And do by flight, his dangers prest which destnies thre, cat, delay.
So longe I am content to lyue, but if you farther craue,
By subtile treatie sure redresse of al this war to haue,
Or that the fates may altred be, your hope is spent in vaine.
To whom then Iuno whining ripe, In word which you no dayne,
What if you that in hart would graunt, and Turnus life prolonge?
But gilllesse now an heauie end him bides, or would I wrong
Did iudge, and I with needlesse feare I were deceaued quite,
And thou which canst, these thinges a newe woldst turne to better rite.
When she these words had said, fro heauen on hie she down descends,
And with her brings a winter stozme, and cloudes about her bends,
And to the Troyan host, and Laurent tentes she fast doth hie.
And there an hollow cloud, a forcelesse shadow, by and by,
Much like Aeneas shape (a thinge most strange, and rare to see)

Iupiter to
Iuno.

Iuno
reply.

Iuno
of stormes
& clouds.

The tenth Booke

In Troian armes he frames, his hogle shield, and creast doth shée
 Unto his head deuine in semblant fit, and gloasing talke,
 And sound without a minde, and feines his gate as he did walke,
 Such one as fante reports dead shapés of men departed flie.
 Or like to dreames that do delude such as in sleepe do lie.

This shadow brauely stands, and haunts it forth the ranks before,
 And Turnus still with weapons ege, and tempts with language sore.
 To whom then Turnus steps, and at it sone he forth doth cast
 A whirling dart, that turnes the back, and thence it flies in hast.

When Turnus then supposed Aeneas fled him fast away,
 Much troubled then in minde, vaine hope conceauing, thus gan say.

Aeneas where away? do not thy promist wife forsake,
 This hand to thee the land, which long by sea thou soughts, shall take.

Thus crying fast he followes on, with sauchon redy bent
 In hand, ne spies how these his ioyes with wind away they went.

By chance there rode a ship, fast ioyned to a rocky ridge,
 With ladders lying forth, and plancks prepar'd a ready bridge,

In which Olinus king, from *Clusium* citie thither came.
 Aeneas flying shapé strait thither hies, and in the same

It selfe doth shrowd, and Turnus after hies him self apace,
 And lingring none he makes, but bridges hie doth ouertrace.

Who scarce the ship had toucht, but luno strait the cable brake,
 And lainsht the ship from shore, and did to boistrous sea betake.

Him now Aeneas absent much in battell seeks, and sends
 The bodiés of the Rutil youtthes vnto their fatall ends.

No lenger then this senseles shapé in corners seeks to lye,
 But strait aloft doth mount, and to the darkned cloud doth flye.

Therwhiles into the midst of seas the whirlwind Turnus brings,
 Both thanklesse for his lyfe, and quite vnwares of all these things,

And both his folded armes with these words vp to heauen he flings.
 Almighty Ioue, and doost thou iudge so much I do offend,

This punishment on mee, which same haue not deserud, to send?
 O where, or whence go I: what flight: or whom shall it restore?

Shall I againe *Laurentum* walles, or tents see enymore?
 Or els those men which mee, and eke my quarrell ayded haue?

Whom all (alas) I now haue left vnto their death, and graue.
 And now I see them stragling quite, and heare their woofull cries

As they be sleyne, what shall I do: what earth may now suffice

Turnus
 complaint.
 for breach
 of este-
 mation.

of Aeneidos.

My corps with gaping to reteaue: you windes some pitie take,
 Gainst rockes (for willing Turnus I to you my prayers make)
 Do strike my ship, or beare me hence where cruellst quicksands bee,
 Where neuer Rutil wight, ne yet report may follow mee.
 Thus speaking, in his minde to this, sumtime to that he flyts,
 The present shame for to auoyd, like one distract of wits.
 Where it were best his naked sword betwene his ribs to driue,
 Or cast him self amid the floods, so to returne aliue,
 By swimming to the crooked shore, vnto the Troyane fight,
 Thise whilst both wayes he did attempt, thysse Iuno full of might
 With held him, and with pitie moued his purpose did restraine.
 He driues vpon the sea, with happy streame, and tyde amaine,
 At last arriues at auncient towne where Daunus king doth raigne,
 Therwhiles, at becke of mighty Ioue, Mezentius burning mad
 Into the battle comes, and sets vpon the Troyans glad.
 The Troyan bandes together run, and with one hate they fall
 On him alone, and with their darts they do assaile him all.
 He like a mighty rocke, amid the seas aloft that lies
 With all aduentures metes, and fretting rage of surge abies,
 And forces all sustaines, what so by heauen, or sea are done
 That firmly fixed stands. Sir Hebrus Delicaons sonne
 He throwes to ground, and Latagus, and Palmus swift in flight.
 At Latagus an hugie fragment of a mount in fight
 He raught, and strake him in the face, and Palmus ham he riuers
 In twaine, and lets him softly roule, and armes to Lausus giues,
 Who same vpon his shoulders sits, and plume on helmet weares.
 Euantes eke the Troyan bozne, and Minas match in yeares
 To Paris, and companion his, Theano whom the same
 Vnto his sler Amicus bare, when noble Hecube dame
 A burning bzond sir Paris brought to light, he found a graue
 Within Troy towne, but Minas thee Laurentum fields now haue.
 Like as the Boze, which from the hils the hounds bring down in chase,
 Whom Vesule pinie mount hath fostred well a mighty space,
 And Laurent fields in couert deape of reeds full long haue fed,
 At length when he him selfe perceaues in tangling toyles bespred
 Still stands, and fiercely whets his tusks, and bristles by doth set,
 No courage any to be wroth, or neare to come doth let,
 With bozspeares slung from far, & hallowings loud the beast they tyre

Mezentius
 cometh to
 battle.

The tenth Booke

Even so all those gainst whom Mezentius stout hath cause of ire,
None hath the hart in equall fight to meeke him hand to hand,
But throwing darts, and raising hugie noyse, aloofe they stand.
He fearlesse lookes about, and doubts which way his course to make,
And gnashes with his teeth, and on his backe their darts doth take.

From auncient coastes of *Coritus*, a Grætian Acron hight
There came, who promist wife, and wedding had forsane by flight.
Whom when Mezentius sees, amyd the rankes moue stir, and rise
In purple plumes full braue, and scarlet weede of promist wife:

Like as an hungry lyon fierce the forest round doth prance,
(So hunger mad constraines) if he a rowebucke swift by chance,

Or els a Soxe may find, whose tendre huznes begin to ryle,

He rampes for ioy, and wide he gapes, and vp his brestles flies,

And falles vpon him close, and strait he bathes in goary blood

His greedy iawes:

Mezentius so him hies against his foes in hasty mood.

Unhappy Acron falles to ground, and earth with heeles doth beate,

Whilst vp he yelds the goft, and speare not burst with blood doth weate.

He sir Oroles would he dayne, that thence apace did fle

To cast to ground, ne at his backe his trembling dart to wrie,

But full in face him meeets, and man for man with him doth fight,

Inferiour in craft, but not in deedes of martiall might.

On him then prostrate on the earth both setting foote, and speare,

Of war no porcion small, loe fall Oroles lyeth there.

His mates againe a dubled sound send forth with ioyfull hart.

He dying speakes, sure vtrenuengd my death what euer thou art

Thou shalt not finde, ne long enioy, like destnies thee do call,

And where I lie, these very fields shal see thy fatall fall.

To whom Mezentius smiling, mixt with anger, answered then.

Thou now shalt die, as touching mee, the father of gods, and men

Loke he to that, and with that word the speare from corps he drew.

Into his eyes doth bitter rest, and deadly sleepe ensue,

With eye enduring night, and neuer moze the day to view.

Then Cædicus Alcathous fleies, Hidaspis eke at length

As by Sacrotor fleynes, Parthenie eke by Rapo, in strength

Right rough likewise hee Orles, and Messapus reuies of breath

Sir Clonie strong, Ericate Lycaon sends to death,

Who now by fall of frantike iade lies on the ground, the latter

Acron
Aine.

A fol.

of Aeneidos.

A footeman him now slewes on foote, and who from Argos thither
Sir Lycius came him gainst of grandfiers force not frustrate quight,
Braue Valerius doone throwes sir Sale Antronius killes in fight,
And him Nealces slewes, in casting dartes of noble skill,
That could from very far strike with an arrow what he will.

The greuous fight like sorowes now, & mutual deaths had wrought,
Ech others slew, and they them selues were sone to slaughter brought,
Both conquerours and conquerd sozt, ne these will flie, ne thay.

The Gods from Ioues supernall court their bootlesse wrath do way,
And pitie on both parts do take, and mortals heauy plight.

On th'oneside Venus fayer lookes downe, on th'other Iuno bright

And pale Tisiphon fretting fumes in thickest amid the fight.

Mezentius fierce a mighty dart then shaking in his hand,

Comes flying to the field, much like Orion great from land

When he on foote through midst of deepest seas and surges walkes,

And cuts a way through lakes, and to the necke in waters stalkes.

When an auncient Oke from highest hilles he home doth fetch,

And walking on the ground with lofty head the cloudes doth retch.

Mezentius so right fierce in monstrous armour in comes hee.

Aeneas straight when him within the rankes afar doth see,

Prepares against to goe, but he alwhit not dreading staies,

Untill his foe approach, his mighty corps he there do paies.

And measuring with eye the space how far his dart could glide,

This righthand this of mine, and flying launce which here I guide,

We happy God to me I pray, and here a bow I make,

The spoyles which now from of the corps of this same thiefe I take

Thou for a monument, shalt Lausus haue, that sayd, a launce

He straight casts soorth, that flies, and from Aeneas shield did glaunce

And worthy Anchor strake, and twirt his ribs and guts it went.

Anchor to sir Alcides mate, that was from Argos sent,

And to Euander claue, and auncient Itayle towne possesst,

With others wound unhaply slaine his face to heauen he kest,

And yelding vp the ghost, sweete Argos oft doth call to minde.

Aeneas then a dart doth cast, that flies as swift as winde.

And where the hollow bolle about with threefold plates of bras,

With linen strong, and threefold playtes of bulles hide couered was,

The whirling dart through flies, and in his flanke doth fiercely light,

So force might it withstand, He gladly drawes his sauchon bright

Tisiphone
which sig-
nifieth de-
ser of re-
uenge.

The tenth Booke

Huge hanging downe his side, when Tyrrhen blood he doth espie,
 And to him trembling all in rage he quickly draweth nie.
 Then Lausus for his fathers chaunce doth mone in piteous wise
 When hee the deed beheld, and plenty teares ran downe his eyes.
 This hatefull hap of death, and eke those valient factes of thine,
 (If therto later Time to credite giue do not repine)
 Thy passing deedes, O noble Youth, in silence shal not lye.
 Mezentius hurt retires, and back vnweldy fast doth hye.

The sun
 came to
 rescue the
 father.

And with his shield his ennies speare alway with him he drew.
 Forth Lausus sprang, and strait him selfe amid the weapons threw,
 And now his righthand vp he cast, his mighty stroke he set,
 When vnderneath Aeneas sword the stroke doth cunning let.
 Their mates with mighty noyse, and shout, this worthy deede pursue.
 Then hid with Lausus shield the father him self from thence withdrew,
 And darts they thicke do throw, and foes from far prouoke to fight.
 Aeneas raging frets, and shields him self with bucklar bright.
 And like as when a cloud, fullfraught with hayle to ground doth fall,
 The ploughmen rough from out the fields with speede conuey them all,
 The husbandmen thence hie, the waifairer some harbour takes,
 Some riuers bancke, or hollow stony cliffe his succour makes
 Whilst downe it poures, that when the Sun returnes againe in sight,
 To wonted traueill fall, and labour lately left they might.
 So stands Aeneas still, on ech side sore with toles opprest,
 On him whilst thick this cloud of war, and ragyng all doth rest,
 And Lausus then begins to checke, and Lausus thus to threat.

Aeneas
 pitieth
 him, for
 he rescu-
 bled An-
 chises face

Where desperat runst: a doost attempt things for the power to great:
 This foolish loue of thine hath thee vnskillfull quite forlorne.
 And he likewise against his foe, no lesse doth brag, and skorne.
 Vnto the Troyan prince great fary now in breast doth raigne,
 And destnies had the vitall threed of Lausus cut in twaine,
 For through his bulck Aeneas some his mighty sauchon draue,
 And hid it in him whole, his shield, and armour all he claue,
 His coate likewise his mother which of soft fine gold had knit
 And fild his bosome full of blood, his life away doth sit,
 And wofull hasting to the soules, his body leaues behinde,
 But when he saw his face which now to gasty death resignd,
 His face which pale in wondrous sort did looke, he wofull stands,
 And heauily bewailing vp with grieve doth cast his hands,

The

of *Aeneidos*.

The semblant deape of fathers loue comes eft into his mind:
 What praises due O youth, shall I for these thy merites find:
 What may Aeneas worke so worthy nature to requite:
 Thine armour keepe, wherein alwayes thou tookest most delyste,
 Thy soule vnto thy grandfathers gosts, thine ashes to the graue
 I send, if so thy friends herof some due regarde will haue.
 This onething yet a comfort to thy dolefull death shalbee,
 That great Aeneas thee hath slepye: His fellowes straggling hee
 Much blames, and vp the corps he liffes, begoaring all with blood
 The curious kembed lockes, as then the finest fashion stood.
 Therwhiles his father on the bancke of Tyber noble flood
 His woundes with water wipes, and feeble body there doth rest
 Against a bending tree, his brazen helmet, and his creast
 Farof hanges on a bough, his armour great lies on the grasse,
 And chosen youtthes about him stand, and panting where he was
 His feeble necke doth ease, his beard hangs downe vpon his brest,
 And much of Lausus he enquires, his minde can take no rest,
 And many forth to him he sendes from fight him to recall,
 And of his fathers carefull hart him to enforine withall.
 When Lausus dead his mates bring homie with greefe and doubled paine,
 Lamenting soze so mighty a man, so mighty a wound had slaine.
 The minde that mischiefe did abode, his sun afar did know,
 His hoary heares with filthy dust he daubes, and vp doth throw
 Both hands vnto the heauens, and fast vnto the corps doth cleaue,
 O sun, had I such lust here still to liue, ne life to leaue
 That I should thee to cruell enemies rage obiected see,
 Whom I begat: and with thy blood preserved aliuie to bee,
 Thus liuing by the death: To mee poore wretch doth nought remaine
 Saue erile sharpe, this bitter wound my wofull hart hath slayne.
 And I (my sun) thy noble name with soule reproch haue staine,
 Pulst forth through spite fro princely throne, & place wher father raine
 Due punishment haue wel deserud, at countreys hands to die
 All kindes of death, which (but to glose) I cannot sure denie.
 Howbeit, as yet, I liue, ne men, ne light I do forsake,
 But shortly so will do, and with that word he doth betake
 Him to his wounded thigh, wheron he stands in painful case,
 The deaply stroken wound doth cause him much to slack his pace,
 But nought in courage quaild so: steepe he ralles, his only stay,

More ho-
 norable
 to be slaine
 by a noble
 conqueror.

mezentius
 lamenta-
 tion for
 Lausus
 death.

The tenth Booke

And only comfort will that was, wherby he went away
 Still conquerour from field, and to his steede thus gan to call.
 O Rhcebus, long (if ought to mortall men be long at all)
 We liued haue, this day with bloody spoyle returne agayne,
 O with Aeneas bend thou shalt, and so of Lausus payne
 Reuenger be with mee, or els if force no way can finde
 With mee together shalt be slaine, since they of valient kinde
 Canst not abide (I thinke) a straunge, or Troian lord to know.
 This said: vpon the wonted backe himselfe he doth bestow.
 And eche hand strait he armes with deadly dart, and pearling speare,
 The brasen helmet glittering shines, and creast of horses heare,
 And swift he throngs into the thickest, great shame his hart doth feare,
 Deepe lodgde within, and madnesse mixt in breast with sorow great,
 And loue intense with rage, and priuie touche of enemies might,
 Then thus Aeneas there with mighty noyse he calles to fight,
 Aeneas knew his voyce, and glad in minde began to pray,
 The king of Gods, Apollo eke do graunt thou say not nay,
 To deale with mee in fight.
 This much he said, and with an hugie speare him straight doth mete,
 To whom then he, O cruell wretch with threats why dost thou grate
 Since thou my Sun hast slayne: this was the next, and only way
 For thee to frame my fatall fall, and weaue my last decay.
 No loue to lothsome light I beare, for life I do not care,
 Nor is there any of the Gods whom I regard, or spare.
 Hereafter I leave of, I come to die, but first this gift to thee I bring.
 He said: and strait a quivering dart against his foe doth fling.
 Then forth another, and another throwing, round doth ride
 A mighty race, the golden shield can well their force abide.
 And thus the Carrire round about him standing in the feld
 In casting forth his dartes he rode, the Troian lord his shield
 Thus beareth round, with cruell wood of dartes quite overspred.
 But when he shames so long to stay, so many a sticking head
 To pull away, and neede compels vnequall fight to try,
 And foes incensed rage, aye bent to blood, and death doth spie,
 Much casting in his minde, at last breakes forth, and doth enforce
 A dart into the hollow temples of the warlike horse.
 Mezentius the steede on end, and beates the aier his heeles withall,
 Then downe he tumbling turnes, and faultring on the man doth fall.

Vee

of Æneidos.

He groueling on his face with shoulder worst from ioynt there lies.
The Troyans, and the Latines eke with clamour touch the skies.
Aeneas flying comes, and from the sheath his blade drawes out,
And thus he speakes. Where is I pray you now Mezentius stout?
Where now that cruell force of minde, and courage bold in fight?
To whom Mezentius, when he larger breath, and heauens light
Had drawne, and daunted sprites began refreshed well to bee,
A bitter foe, why bragst thou thus, and threatnest death to mee?
By slaughter is no wrong ywrought, he came I so to fight,
He did for mee my Laulus deare such league, or bargaine smyte.
This one thing I request, of lordes if bassayles grace may craue,
My body let entombed be, I wote my subiectes haue
Great hatred mee against, their rage defend from me a way,
And do vouchsafe in one self graue, my sun, and mee to lay.
He spake: and strait the sword aduise into his throat receaues,
And gushing goary blood the life amid his armour leaues.

DEO GRATIAS.

Inchoatum per Thomam Phaer, finitum Londini

per Thomam Twynum. 23. Maij. 1573.

Opus 7. dierum per interualla.

The



THE ELEVENTH BOOKE of the *Aeneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

Conquerour Aeneas setteth by a monument to Mars for Mezentius slayne.allas corps is with grear pompe sent to Euanders towne. Embassadours are dispatched from Latinus, to intreat for truce of twelue dayes, during which time they yeld the dutie of sepulture to their dead, on both parts. And this while Venulus that was sent at the beginning of þ war, to require ayd of Diomedes: returneth with denyal. Then Latinus destitute of hope calleth a counsell, and consulteth to send Embassadours to Aeneas with conditions of peace. Drances & Turnus vpon aunciet hatred inueigh one at the other. Therwhiles Aeneas deuiding his arme in twaine: sendeth his light horsemen befoze directly to the towne: And he himsele, with the rest of his power, marcheth through woods, & ouer hilles towards the hiest part of þ towne, which being once knowne within Laurentum towne, they leaue the counsell, & prepare such things as are necessary for resistance. Then Turnus vnderstanding Aeneas intent: by spies deuideth likewise his power in twaine, and giueth Messapus, and Camilla charge of the horsemen. Himsele taketh the straites, wherthrough Aeneas must needs passe to the towne, and there lieth in ambush. The horsemen on both sides meete, and the victorie is a great while vncerten. There Camilla after many slaughters, whilst vnwarely she pursueth Cloreus Cybeles priest, mooued therto by the beauty of his armour: is by Aruns stroke through with a dart. Whose death neuerthelesse Aruns bare not vnrueged. For not long after he was stroke through likewise with an arrow, by Opis, a Nimphe of Dianas traine. The Rutilians dismayd at Camillas death: commit them selues to flight, the Troyans prepare to besledge þ towne. These heauy tidings being told by Acca, Camillas mate vnto Turnus: lea- uing þ ambush he hastneth to come succour his men. Aeneas followeth after, & by cause þ night drawing on, they coulde not fight: both pitch their tents befoze þ town.

Care os
uer þ ded,
the part
of a noble



Then the dawning day this while, þ Ocean sea had cleerely left.
Aeneas though some Time on those whom warres of
liues had rest,
His care constraines him to employ, their graues for to
prepare.
And now his minde, and senses all on funerals fixed are,

To

of *Aeneidos*.

To gods yet nathelesse, at rising of the morning gray
For conquest great obtained, his vowes, and seruice due doth pay.
A mighty Oke, whose boughes were quite shread of from euery side
Upon an hill hee pight, and armour braue thereon hee tide,
The duke Mezentius spoyle, a trophie mighty Mars to thee,
And sits therto his creastes, which yet with goareblood dropping bee,
And tricheons burst of spears, his brestplat twelue times I roughly smit:
And in so many thrustthrough, and bucklar bright of brasse doth sit
To his lefthand, his blade with Iuery trimd hung downe his nick:
Then there his mates (for all the troupe of lords about him thick
There stode) reioycing he exhortes and thus to them gan say.

Captain
and of a
good man

A mighty dede we ended haue, all feare expell away,
Here now remaine the spoiles, and hantsell of that haucie kinge,
Mezentius loe here lies, whom to his death these hands did bring.
Next goe vnto the king we must, and to Laurentum wall,
Chere vp your hartes to fight, and hope the war will haply fall.
Let lingring none vnwares, so soone as ensignes wee assay
At Gods commaundment to remoue, and youth from tentes conuay,
As hindre, or els feare from purposed fact vs hartlesse stay.
Therwhiles our mates, and bodies which vnburied lie, to graue
Let vs betake, this only due departed soules do craue.
And go (q^d he) these worthy wightes which with their blood this land
For you haue bought with last rewardes to honour out of hand,
And to Euanders wofull towne let Pallas first be sent,
Whom not deuoid of courage stoute, myshap his life hath rent,
A dire, and disuold day hath drencht ful deepe in deadly lake.

These thinges he weeping spake, & to the place his way doth take
Where Pallas body dead Acetes auncient sier did tend,
That was Euanders page in youth, but not vnto the end
With like goodluck allotted was companion to his sun.
About him seruantes al the rout and troupes of Troians run,
And doleful dames of Troy, with heare of custome quite vntrust.
So soone as into lostie dozes him selfe Aeneas thrust,
A mighty skritch they raise vnto the skies, and breastes they beat
With woful cryes, and plaintes resoundes againe the pallaice great.
But when he saw the head of Pallas saier held vp his face,
And wound in breast so smoth, broad gapinge wide a mighty space
Which Turnus laice had made, the trickling teares ran down his eyes.

Aeneas la-
mentary-
on at the
sight of
dead pal-
las.

And

The eleuenth Booke

And wretched lad (q' hē) when lucky fortune gan to rise,
 Enuide she thee to mee, that thou our kingdome shouldst not see,
 For yet vnto thy fathers coastes as victour borne to bee,
 Not I this promise to Euander king thy fier did make,
 When him I parting fro, in folded armes he mee did take,
 And to a mighty reigne me sent, and warnd me what might fall,
 The men were fierce, the nation hard that I should deale withall,
 And now deceaued much with frustrate hope, and vaine desire,
 Perhaps he praies makes, and altars heapes with blood, and fier.
 Vnto this youth now dead, and to no goddes beholding, wee
 With heauy harts do honours giue that nought auailing bee.
 Unhappy man, thy deare sunnes wofull burtall shalt behold,
 These are our glad returnes, and triumphes after wars so bold,
 This is the trust in mee reposed, yet sure thou shalt not see
 With shamefull dastard woundes thy sun (Euander) slepne to bee,
 He wish him dead whilst he did liue, O grieffe, and sorrow most,
 How great a stay *Ansonia*, and *Iulus* hast thou lost?
 When he for all these things had wept his fill, the corps anon
 He bids them vp to take, and from his army many a one
 A thousand men in tale doth chosse the funerall pompe to guide,
 To present be at fathers teares, some comfort to prouide.
 Though small in his so great a grieffe, which wofull fathers take,
 Some hurdles thicke with force do frame, the coffin some do make
 Of tendre twisted twigs of trees, and slendre slips of Oke,
 And on those builded beds, with boughes thicke shadowes do prouoke.
 Hereon the lad aloft on wad of countrey straw they lay,
 Much like a flower which virgins thombe from stalke hath nipt away,
 Where it were tendre violet, or dafill withring white,
 Whose glittering hue not yet is gone, nor passing beutie bright,
 Though mother *Tellus* yeld no sap, and strength be baded quite.
 Two mantels then with purple fine, and gold that stiffe did stand
 Aeneas forth did bring, which once *Queene Dido* her one hand
 In happy state for him had made, with web of gold ful small.
 The one of these vpon the youth for honour last of all
 He putteth on, and lockes that must be burnt therewith doth hide.
 And many a worthy spoyle reserud since *Laurent* war beside
 He heapes thereon, and bids the spoyles be borne in long aray,
 And horse, and weapons ads, which from his foes he toke away.

A notable
 descriptio
 of a war-
 like buri-
 all as is
 either of a
 captayne,
 or some
 noble mā.

And

of Aeneidos. 10 3d P

And certen captiues bound for sacrifice therewith he sent
 Unto th' infernall gods, whose blood the fiers should all besprent,
 And truncheons great of speeres, with armour tane from sores theron,
 He bids the captaines beare, with sores names fastned thereupon.
 There goes Acetes sad (good man) with store of yeares oppress,
 His face oft mangling with his nayles, oft bounsing of his breast.
 With faintnes down he falles, and corpes along on earth doth rest.
 And charrets also forth they lead, embued with Ruis blood.
 Then Aethon next, his courser sayer, beread of trapping stode,
 And after weeping comes, and weates his face with mighty teares.
 Some beares his speare, his helmet some, the rescue Turnus weares.
 Since him he slew, the mournfull hands of Troyans do ensue,
 And Tyrrhen capteynes, Archads eke, with weapons turnd askeue.
 But when this godly traine afar, was marched on the way,
 There still Aeneas stood, and morning wise these words gan say.
 The semblant woful chaunce of war doth vs from hence withcall,
 Of many another valient youth to wayle the wofull fall.
 For euermore alhaye, for ever, Pallas, now adieu,
 He said no more, but to the walles his steps he strait withdrew.
 And now Embassadors were come from Latine towne so great,
 With branch of Oliue bough in hand, for licence to entreat,
 Such bodie as lay dead in fieldes with mortall wounds oppress,
 For to require, that they in graues might take their finall rest.
 Gainst conquerd wightes, & wanting breath, no sight remaines at all,
 His hostes that he would daine to spare, whom fathers he once did call.
 To whom then good Aeneas, since but iust, and rightfull thay
 Did aske, doth licence graunt, and more vnto them thus doth say.
 What fortune soule, O Latines, hath yon to such warres betake,
 In such rash wise and foolish sort our frendship to forsake?
 And do you leaue, and licence now for men departed craue,
 Whom I do wish, that liuing they the same should rather haue.
 He had I come, but destinies here a place for vs did chuse,
 For I against your nation fight, Your king did me refuse
 To enterpeyne, and rather claue vnto king Turnus might.
 For whom more equall it had byn to trie this deathes despite,
 If so with hand this war to end, and Troyans hence to shoue
 He do prepare, in armes with mee his fatall chance to proue,
 Then he should liue whom gods, his life, or his righthand would spare.

Aethon
 Pallas
 Acetes.

But

The eleuenth Booke

Drances
was gret
enemy to
Turnus.

But now depart, and for your peoples buriall rightes prepare.
These wordes Aeneas spake. They stood astound, and nothing said,
And ech on other glauncing oft their eyes, their mouthes they staide.
The auncient then that Drances hight, for crime, and iust desert
With Turnus that offended was, his wordes thus gan impart.
O perlesse prince of great renowne, in armes of greater fame,
How shall I shew thy praise, or to the gods compare the same?
Thy land for Justice shall we first, or martiall feates admire;
These things vnto our cite we will shew with great desire,
And the vnto Latinus king, if fortune graunt, will ioine,
Let Turnus in some other place for leagnes anew purloine.
And farthermore, the hugie mole of fatall walles to reare
We shalbe glad, and to that worke on shoulders stones to beare.
He ended had, with one consent the same they all allow,
And for twelue dates they Truce do take, and peace a space do bow,
The Troyans, and the Latines mixt in woods do wandre free,
And round on tops of hilles they romie, and holtes full huge that bee.
And here with stroke of mighty are the brittle ashe both sound,
There lofty Pyres that touch the stars, are throwne vnto the ground.
The mighty Okes, and Ceders smelling soote the wedges teare,
And sturdy Cartes do crack, full heauie lade them home that beare.

Report of
Pallas death
cometh to
Euander,
and his
towne.

Euanders
wofull
lamenta-
tion for
his sonne

And now the flying fame of griefe so great, and tydings ill
Euander wofull man, his house, and all his towne doth fill,
That Pallas late in Latium land a victour did report.
The Archadians run vnto the gates, as is their wonted sort,
And funerall byndes do beare, the wayes along echwhere do theene
With rankes of flaming fiers, and seuerals make the fields betweene.
The Trojan rout approaching fast do ioine their wofull lay.
Whom when the auncient Dames perceand to court to take their way,
With wofull cries, and piteous shoutes the towne they do repleat.
No force Euander then than say, no reason him entreat,
But forth into the thickest he thronges, and downe him self doth lay
Upon the beare where Pallas was, and there doth weeping stay,
And scarce vnto his speech with much adoe could ope the way.

Didst not, O Pallas, thou to mee thy fier this promise make,
That charely thou wouldest thy selfe to cruel war betake?
I knew rightwell the nouell pride, and glory first in fight,
And pleasaunt honour won in armes how much preuaile it might.

O hard

of Æneidos. book 5

A hard beginninge to a lad, and woofull martiall tragedye, and husbande
 My sacrifice, and prayers send to gods power forth in wayned righte
 And I knowe howe wife and Queene, by death thise happy thee, yee
 That halt not liend vnto this day, this wretched sight to see, and
 But I by seeing this, my fatall terme haue passed quite, and
 That father yet remaine a line, and see this woofull sight, and
 More meete had bin the Troyan armes I followed, had in fildes
 And ouerwhelmd with Rutil darts, my life to death had yeld, and
 And only mee this noble pompe, not Pallas house should bring, and
 He can I you, O Troyans, blame, you fledgne, mo yet the thing
 Which we w right hands ginck on both parte figne, when in my groud
 Most faithfull harbour, and in court you in catfainment found, and
 This chaunce vnto mine elder yeres, I see, allotted was, and
 But since my sun by death vntimely from this life must pas, and
 I comfort take, the Troyans singe to satum in the brought, and
 So many thousand Volscans steppe, his fatall end he taught, and
 For other funerall rites shalt thou, sun Pallas, get of mee, and
 Then good Aeneas, Phrygian eke, and Tychonies giue to thee, and
 Great monuments they bring of such as died by thy right hand, and
 And thou like to say, mighty corps wold beare in armes should stand, and
 O Turrus, match if that his age, and equall strength to thine, and
 His yeres had made, so much the more I should not then repine, and
 But why do I you Troyans now so long from battle stay, and
 Depart, and to Aeneas king from mee this message say, and
 That I this lothsome life endure, since Pallas now is dead, and
 Thy right hand is the cause, which to the fathers hoary head, and
 And to the sun doth Turrus owe, herein thou must deserue, and
 Alonly well of mee, and proue thy chaunce. Not to preferue
 The ioyes of life I seeke, ne doth mine age the same requier, and
 But to the ghostes below to beare those newes is my desier, and
 The mourning there, the whiles to men reposed had againe
 The cheerefull day, that naught to them but traualles bring, and paine,
 Aeneas, the, and Tardion toyt, the croked shore along
 Great bonifires built, the bodies dead of all their friends the throng
 As cuntries custome bids do bring, and fier therunder make,
 The loftie heauen anon with thicke and smutthy smoke lookes blake,
 And thise about the burning fiers they ran in armour bright,
 And thise on horsebacke rode about the fiers with hollowing rite,

He is
 glad of
 reuenge.

The cus
 some of
 burning
 the dead in
 olde time.

The eleuenth Booke

And wofull wailings both did shew and teares let fall aduised and
 Upon their weapons, and upon their haire like the raine. Withall yee
 The cry of many to heauen ascended, and rattling Armes pots and
 And some the spoiles of such as there lay slaine of Latine ground,
 Their helmets laye into the fier, and gilden swordes they threw,
 And bridles braue and charret wheeles yet warme, wherof they knew,
 By others some cast in, the like shelles and weapons void of dulle,
 And many an ore shining they gave to death, and their plucke
 And many a brizell bowe, and castyle shot the fields throughout
 They lie and sing them in the flames, then all the shore about
 Their fellows burning they behold, and bones half burnt do keepe,
 And scarce from thence can be with drawen, till moostie night that sleep
 Proouokes, the heauen to stand, and whose with stars replenish had.

Now on the other side in semblant sort, the Latines sad
 Innumerable hostiers whist, and many a body that

In graues deepe digd host, and many a corpe they send away

To neighbours nigh at hand, and to Latine towne againe.

The residue, and the huge heape of such as there lay slaine,

Both numbrelles, and honourlesse they burne, the fields full wide

With plenty flaming fiers bright shining shed on euery side

The thirde day had from heauen night, chylie shade impeld away.

When heauely the ashes heapes which there confused lay

In vrnal pots they put, and smolting would theron do sing.

And now within the walled towne of rich Lavinus king,

The greatest noyse was heard, and far the iourne full of chere,

Of mothers, daughter, and with the plaints of fathers deere,

And babes bereft of fathers sweet, this cruel war detested

And Turnus promptist spousals, and that he above the rest

In single fight was fought, that he his force must trie in fight,

That for Italia scepter seeks, and honours due of right.

These things good auncient Drances fiercely telles and record heere

That Turnus tis alone whom Trojan prince in fight requereth

With diuerse things besides, which many against him did dispute,

Howbeit the countenance of the Queene doth them all full refused

Though fame of many booties tane do much his name aduance

Then in these furies amid this tumult hot, by wondrous chaunce,

Behold, from forth the mighty towne of Diomedes king,

Embassadours with answer do retorne, that they nothing

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of *Æneidos* whole 9th

With so great travail spent, with gifts, & gold to endyme brought,
 For earnest prayers tane effect, new meanes there must be wrought,
 Of the Troian prince some league of peace there must be sought:
 With sorrow great in soundings then doth one father Latinus king,
 And that Æneas desires there, and power of gods did bring did him
 The wrath of gods there shewes, and graues fresh digd before his face.
 Wherefore assembly great of nobles all to come in place
 By wyptes he warnes, and to his princely house doth them transport.
 They all do meete, and to the place ech way they thicke resort.
 Latinus then in midst amongst them all, of auncient yeares,
 With carefull countenance sits, and chiefe in hand his scepter beares.
 The legates there that from *Æolia* towne with answer came
 He bids declare their charge, and orderly requires the same.
 When whist was once proclaimed, & men were bid not silence breake,
 Sir *Vetulus* with duetie due, thus then began to speake.
 Wee *Diomedes*, & citizens, and *Argiuentis* haue scene,
 And dangers all we passed haue which in that Iorney beene.
 And we that hand haue toucht whereby proud Troy to ground did fall,
 His towne he *Ægryps* by name of native soyle doth call,
 Which conquerour he built in *Chryseis* lappes land.
 When in we came, and leane we had to speake where we did stand
 Our presents by we yeld, our names, and countrey we declare,
 Who war on vs haue made, and why to *Aspos* come we are.
 When he our message heard, with calmed speech these wordes gaue say,
 O happy people where *Saturnus* king sometime bare sway,
 And auncient *Auhonians*, while liues in rest ye lead,
 What fortune causd you then the pathes to straungy warres to tread?
 So many of vs all, as *Troian* fields with war did soyle,
 (Such things I passe, as vnderneath the walles with woful soyle
 Were done, and what kind men do vnder *Simois* water lye)
 The same with wofull punishment throughout the world we lye,
 And all of vs great penance for that foule offence sustaine,
 Whom *Priame*, if he liued, now of pitie sure would daine.
 This doth *Minerua* cruell tempest tell, *Eubois* rockes,
 And *Capharees* reuenging hill, and many deadly knockes
 Against the shore, to diuerse coastes when we dispersed were.
 And *Menelae* *Atreus* sun far hence is banisht, where
 Done *Proteus* pyllers stand, right wel the *Cyclops* all were knowne

The man-
ner of cal-
linge to a
princes
parlamēt.

The Em-
bassadors
answere.

The eleuenth Booke

Unto which and his mates unhappy thither blowne
 Neptowms realm what shall I name and cities ouerthrowne
 Or else the Ozoly that dwell on shore of Lybia land
 Pea Agamemnon king the leader chiefe of Grecian band
 At first his running home was by his spoute dispyghtfull flaine
 So wher he lay had rase a Argi thus in his seat did roigne
 And shall I the w the spite of gods my selfe I did endure
 The inhomie came in hope to finde my lady chaste and sure
 My citie fayen that Calidone hight now monstrous sightes
 Still conuerfant before mine eyes my senses much affrightes
 For why my mates which I haue lost the ayer in wings haue raught
 And turned to foules the floods do haunt (O plagues that I am taught
 To know of mine) and hollow cliffes with weeping voices fill
 And since that time all other things I doubt and feare as ill
 When like a beelem beast, selfe shall waightes with Steele I smit
 And into Vengis hand a greuous wound did hastily hit
 Do not I pray you, friends, mee to such battaile euer call
 For much since first great Troy downe fell by fatal falls
 With Troians would haue ought to doe, ne doth it mee delight
 When of these mischeues I do thinke, though they be swift quite
 As for the presents which to me you bring from out your land
 Unto Aeneas beare them backe, with whom we hand to hand
 Or this haue fought, and him against in open armes haue stand
 Belue me that haue tried, in shield with what force he doth rise
 And with what deadly dint his mighty speare in fight he wries
 If that besides this man two other such Troy towne had bred
 Themselues forth to Inachus towne the Troians sure had sped
 And Grecia with contrary fates should waile her heavy plight
 For what soeuer lingring time was made in Trojan fight
 Through Hector, and Aeneas hand the conquest still was stayd
 Wherby that war to terme of ten yeares complete was delayd
 Of valient courage both, and both in armes of worthy might
 In godlines yet this exceld, do peace with right hands might
 Whilst good occasion offred is, by all meanes do eschue
 In war with him to wage, least haples hap do make you rue
 And thus sir king, the answer of that mighty prince you haue
 And of this great, and wofull war the iudgement that he gaue
 Scarle had the legates done, when mumbling mūning much doth rise
 Amongst the Latines all, as when great stones in semblant wise

Some

called
 Diomedes
 foules, se
 plint lib. 10

He com-
 pareth
 Aeneas to
 Hector.

of Aeneidos.

Some riuer swift do stay, the streame within doth rattling sound,
 And all the bankes about with crackling noise againe rebound,
 So soone as were their mindes appeald, and mouthes at rest do stay
 The king to gods first praying from his throne these words gan say.
 Before this time, O Latines, to determine of this case
 More meete had bin, and I my selfe therof desierous was,
 And not as thus at present time, a counsell now to call,
 When foes be fast at hand, and enemies round besiege the wall.
 A bootlesse war, good Citizens, with stock of gods we beare,
 And with a man whose valient force no wars could euer weare
 For weary once in fight, nor cause him leaue though he were won.
 If in *Aetolian* armies some hope to put you once begun
 Whom now for ayd you call, henceforth looke that reposed be
 The hope of ech one in himselfe though small, as all do see.
 For other things, how they on ground do lie with wofull fall
 Before your face you see, and in your hands are daily all.
 For do I any man accuse, echone hath done his best,
 The bodie whole of all the realme within this war was prest.
 And now at last what sentence in my doubtfull minde both lie
 I meane to shew, in few words (glue eare) I will descrite.
 There lies an auncient field to *Tyber* riuer neare about,
 Forth butting on the west, and vnto *sicilia* stretching out,
Arunci, and the *Rutis* till the same, and hillockes smart
 With ploughes they turne, and mountains sharp to pastures do conuert.
 This cuntry whole, and hilly coast with Pines that doth abound
 For *Troyans* friendship let vs giue, and equall leagues compound,
 And make them fellowes in our land, and place vnto them yeld,
 Since that so great desier they haue, and cities let them bueld.
 But if to other coastes to cut, strange nations to assay
 They do intend, and from our land they may depart away,
 Twise ten tall ships of *Irish* Oke to build them by and by
 Or moe we may for neede, the stiffe by *Tyber* side doth lye.
 Let them the numbre poynt, and for their ships the fashion shew,
 And we the keeles, and workmanship, and tacklings will bestow.
 Moreover these our words to tell, and leagues of truce to frame,
 An hundred legates forth to send to them in *Latines* name
 I thinke it best, and *Olime* boughes of peace in handes to hold,
 With gifts of price of *Iuery* fine and talentes great of gold,

The eleuenth Booke

Drances
oration.

And kingly cloth of state, and mantel, badge of all our land,
To publique welth do wne to me almost; let now your helping hand.
Then Drances wroth (whom secret hate of Turnus same did prick,
And same of great exploits atchieued against him cause to kick,
In goods right rich, but more of tongue; in war of dastard minde,
But yet in sad, and counsell graue, not far the best behinde,
Full fit sedicious seede to rayse, whom mothers noble blood
With pride had prickt, but of his fire vncerten still that stood)
Upstanding, him in wordes doth blame, and aggravates with ire,
A thing well knowne, and no mans helpe to shew that doth requyre
Most mighty king you do perswade, and all do know full well
What thing the people most desire, but that they feare to tell.
But let him give me leaue to speake, and lay apart his pride;
By whose unhap, and dealings far from honest maners wide,
(For speake I will, though swords to me, and cruel death he threat)
So many valient lords are slayne, and all this citie great
With mourning life amroapte, whilst Troian tentes he doth assay;
Then takes him to his heeles, and welkin winnes with armes to fray;
Among these many giftes to Troians which you send, one thing
Do cause more quer, like wise to be borne, O mighty king;
Let no mad rage of any man so much your mind peruart,
But that vnto so worthy sun in law, you would impart
Your daughter bright in marriage, perpetuall peate to make;
But if such feare of Turnus in your trembling breast do ake,
Let vs entreat him earnestly and to him let vs sue,
That to our king, and cuntry he would yeld that is their due.
Why dost thou thus our citizens in doubtfull daunger bring
So often, they of Latium plagues that art the only spring;
By war no sauffie sure we get, for peace we all do craue;
At thy hands Turnus, and the maid Lauinia younge to haue;
And first my selfe, whom scarce (I know) thou thinkest thy friend to be,
For care to be, for pitie loe entreating come to thee;
Take pitie on thy cuntrymen, lay downe thy peacockes traine,
Depart, since thou art vanquished, to many bodies slaine;
We do already see, our broad wide fieldes forlorne do lie;
But if such great renowne, or courage bold in breast on hye
Thou dost conceaue, or princesse yong thou dost desire see,
Assay him then, and with bold hart encounter with thy foe,

That

Of *Aeneidos*. 11

That Turnus may by meanes therof enjoy a Queene to wife.
 Wee selly soules, vnburied lost, and vnbewailed, rise
 About the fields thalt lie: And thou, if eny force remaine
 Of sparck of fathers valient vertue in thy breast, againe
 Looke him in face that thee doth call.

Hereat then Turnus all in rage doth boyle in burning brest,
 And giues a grone, and from his hart full deepe these words doth wrec.
 Great store of talke is reuy, Drances, euermore with thee,
 When bloody wars do hands require, and first in place to bee
 Thou wilt be sure, to parliament when Senators resort.
 But still the court must not be filld with wordes, and vaine report,
 Which in abundance great from thee do flow, whilst citie wall
 Betwene thee, and thine enemy stands, nor ditches blood withall
 Do flow about. Wherfore as is thy wanted guise persist,
 And thoundre but thy twatling talke, as long as thou shalt list,
 And do of feare mee then accuse, when thy couragious hand
 So many heapes hath sleyn of those that came from Troian land,
 And all the fields about with trophies faire braue decked stand,
 And there what can thy mighty manhood do thou mayst assay.
 And as for foes, we neede not to goe seeke them far away,
 For round the walles they do besiege. Come on, and let vs goe,
 And still through dastard cowardice continue not so doe.
 What? with thy prattling tongue alone thus alwaies wilt thou fight?
 And shall thy foolish fete be prest alwaies to shamesfull flight?
 Was I repulst? or is there eny (wretched varlet) well
 Thesame can prone, with Troian blood when tyber streame to swell,
 And all Euanders stock, and house to ruine brought to bee,
 And all th' Archadian host, of armes, and force despoild that see?
 Not so did Bitias find in mee, nor yet Pandarus fell,
 For thousands, whom this righthand in one day sent downe to hell
 When I was cloasd with walles, and hard with heapes of foes beset.
 By war no sautie shall we get: these vaine deuises let
 Be boded to Aeneas head, and to thine owne estate.
 For cease not still to trouble all with foolish fearfull fate,
 And to extoll that nations force, that twise was won in fight,
 And by that meanes for to debase great king Latinus might.
 And now the valient peeres of Greece the Phrygian armes do dread.
 Prince Diomedes, and in Larissa towne Achilles bred.

Turnus
reple.

The eleuenth Booke

He speaketh
of
Mezentius

Time, &
Fortune.

O els *Ausidas* river swift runnes backe vnto his head,
 See, this dissembler vile great feare doth feigne for dread of mee,
 And aggreuates the crime that it might seeme more big to be.
 But neuer thou by mee thy life shalt lose, hold thee at rest,
 Let that abide with thee, and still remaine within thy breast.
 Concerning thee, and those the counsels great thou dost disclose
 Most mighty prince, if in our strength no trust thou do repose,
 If so wee be forsaene, and when our force is once subdued,
 We quite away ben cast, and fortune cannot be renued,
 Then let vs treat for peace, and yelding handes to him submit.
 But, O, if any iote of wonted valure bide as yet,
 The same aboue the rest for happy paynes, and courage holde,
 I will extoll, in him who left the like he should beholde,
 Himself did yelde to death, and with his teeth did teare the grounde.
 But if some sparkes remaine, and youtnes vntwicht may yet be founde,
 And frendly townes in Italy, and peoples mayne of might:
 And if our foes with losse of bloud haue woun the prize in fight,
 And equall slaughter they sustayne, and like lucke them attaynt,
 Why should wee thus like dastards vile, at first beginning saynt?
 And feare before wee do beginne to fight, thus vs appall?
 Longe tract of Time, and sundrie happes, which in our life befall,
 Chaunge thinges to better state, and Fortune whom she did disgrace,
 Oft times agayne doth rayse, and prinkes him vp in prouder place.
 Though *Diomedes*, *Aripenses* eke to vs no help will bringe,
Messapus will, and happy prince in warre *Toldanius* kinge.
 And Dukes from many nations sent, ne is it simple prayse
 Which all the mustars tane through *Latium* lande are like to rayse.
 And from the noble *Volskan* blouddes the mayde *Camilla* hight,
 A troupe of horsemen that conductes in brazen armour bright.
 But if the *Troyans* me alone do seeke for hand to hand,
 And so you please, and publique weate so much I do withstand,
 So conquest (as I trust) from these handes will not part away,
 That any hazard for this hope I dread for to assay.
 With courage gaynst him will I go, though he *Achilles* pass,
 And weare like armour strong, that made by hande of *Vulcan* was.
 This life, I *Turnus*, to you all, and to *Latinus* bow,
 To any of mine auncestours in prowes that will not bow.
 If me alone the *Phrygian* prince do call, I am content,

of *Aeneidos*.

O: if against mee (wofull wretch) the wrath of god is bent,
 I would not for my sake, that Drances die, or har me sustaine,
 O: if the field I win, one iote of praise get by my paine.
 These words among them selues they do debate of doubtfull things,
 Aeneas then remoues his campe, and forth his battaill brings.
 When loe, into the pallaice strait with dread, and tumult great,
 A skout approaching comes the towne with feare that doth repleat,
 How Troyans now from Tyber shoare come fast in battaill ray,
 And Tyrrhen bands in rankes there round about the fields they lay.
 Then strait amazed were mens mindes, and peoples breasts with feare
 Astoined, with most feruent flames of ire intensed were.
 They trembling then for armour call, the youth for weapons fret,
 The wofull fathers wepe, and mumbling moninge voices set.
 An hugie noise of sundry tunes into the ayer doth ryle,
 None otherwise then when a shole of foules aloft that flies,
 And on a thicket lightes, or when by Padus riuer shoare
 The horcey swannes do lift their lay, the bankes the same do roare.
 Then Turnus taking present time, O citizens, he sayes,
 Goe call a counsell now, and sitting speake of peaces prayse
 Whilst foes into our realmes do run: no more therof he sayd
 But flynging forth full sone him selfe out of the house conuayd.
 Thou Volusus, commaund (q he) the Volscans, armes to take,
 And thou thy self the Rutils lead, Messapus, ready make,
 And with his brother Coras ioynt the coastes about to skoure,
 And some go fortifie the gates, some furnish euery tower,
 The rest with mee, as I haue told, into the field shal yede.
 They by and by vnto the walles do sling with flying speede.
 Th' assembly then, and counsels there begun the king forsakes,
 And with vnwilling mind them to another time betakes,
 Himselfe much blaming then, that neuer by his owne accoꝝd
 He called to the towne his sun in lawe the Troian loꝝd.
 Some trenches cast before the gates, some pyles aloft do rayse
 Of wood or stone, alarme the trompets call to bloody frayes.
 Anon with sundry troupes they compas round about the wall,
 The matrones with their babes, for daunger calles to labour all.
 Polesse vnto the sacred church of Pallas goddesse strait
 The Quene is boꝝn, a beuie brane of dames on her doth wait.
 Great giftes she bare, and next her side Lavinia bright of hue,

He deu-
 otch the
 charge to
 his Cap-
 taines.

The eleventh Booke

The cause of all the strife, and aduice to ground her eyes the thred;
 In throng the Ladies thick, the church with incense soote doth reake;
 And from their lofty thrones, with wolfull voyces thus they speake.
 O thou that only art of warres, Tritonia virgin, chiefe;
 Confound the weapons with thy hand of this proud Troian thiefe,
 And strike him dead to ground before our gates & workes our griefe.
 Kinge Turnus raging then offruiues forth to the field is prest,
 His braue Rutilian armour now was buckled to his brest
 With brasen scales right rough, his thies with plates of gold were clad
 His head as yet vnarm'd, his sword to side he fitted had,
 All glittring bright he shines, and from the pallaice forth he goes
 Triumphant in his minde, and whole in hope hath foyle his foes.
 Like as some noble horse that from the stable is start away,
 And freely flinging forth in open fields, and pastures gay,
 To others leaze, and heards of Mares doth headlong running dash,
 O: hies him hastily to some wonted streame himself to wash.
 His mane then vp he lifts aloft, and wanton runnes his way,
 The crisping curling lockes vpon his necke do waving play.
 With whom Camilla meeting there with giward of Volscan rout,
 Against him comes, then there the Quene her self the gates without
 Downe lights, of whom did all the armed troupe example take,
 And softly from their horse they leape, and thus to him she spake.
 If noble harts may any hope repose in valient hands,
 O Turnus, both I dare and vow to meete the Troian bands,
 And with the Tyrrhen horsmen eke encounter on the way.
 Let mee the onset giue of formeost fight this present day,
 Still stay you heare on soote, and manfully the walles defend.
 Then Turnus speaking on the virgin fierce his eyes doth bend.
 O virgin flower of Latium land, what thanks to yeld to thee,
 O: kindnes to requite shall I deuise may worthy be?
 But since thy valient hart doth all aduentures great excede,
 I pleased am (O Quene) to part this paine with thee in dede.
 Aeneas, as the same and skoutes do tell, for this entent,
 Before him well arayd his troupes of horsmen light hath sent,
 To sack the fertile fields, him selfe through craggy hilles on hie,
 And deserts deepe, in hast vnto the towne approbeth nie.
 In secret Ambush I, in yonder wood, in place not wide,
 That so both waies I may besiege, my selfe intend to hide.

Camilla
 of Volca.

Do.

of *Aeneidos*.

Do thou vpon the Tyrrhen hoſmen ſet with ioyned band,
With thee ſhall ſharpe Meſſapus yee, and troupes of Latine land,
And ſtrong Tiburtus power, and take to thee the charge of all.
He ſaid, and with like words Meſſapus forth to fight doth call,
Him with his captaynes all alike hee kindleth gainſt their foes,
And forth him ſelfe anon beſore them all with courage goes.
There lies a vally low with crooked turnes a craftie place,
And fit for ſleights of war, whom thickets blacke on ech ſide trace.
The ſides do narrow ſhut, a litle path therto doth lye,
And paſſadge paſſing ſtreight, or ragged craggd entrance hie.
This plaine lyes quite vnknoſne with corners ſauſe to lurk within,
Where on the liſthand, or the right the battayle do begin,
Or on the Hill you liſt to ſtand, and ſtorme of ſtones down caſt.
By redieſt way in coaſt well known, doth Turnus thither haſt,
And quickly takes the place, and thicke in woods him ſelfe he hides.

Therwhiles Diana ſaier in loſty ſkies aboue that bides,
Dame Opus ſwift to her doth call, a chaſt and fellow mayd,
And one of her vntouched troupe, and thus to her ſhe ſayd
With heauy chere. O Virgin pure, Camilla forth doth paſ
Vnto a bloody war, arms with our tooles in vaine, alas.
Her do I loſe aboue the reſt, ne to Diana new
This lyking lately ſprang, nor ioy in minde on ſodein grew.
Puſt out through ſpite from natiue realme by ſubietes hauty might,
When Metabus from old Priuerna towne did take his flight,
This infant vp he ſnatcht, when rage of war was thickeſt of all,
A mate in exile ſharpe, and her by mothers name did call,
And of Caſmilla her by ſhorter name Camilla hight.
Her in his armes he bare when through the deſert tops his flight
Of waſt forlornd hilles he tooke, and dartes about him flew,
And him on euery ſide, thicke troupes of Volſcans did purſue.
When loe, in miſt of flight Amasenus with water ſtoze
Aboue his bankes brakeout, ſuch plentie rayne not long beſore
There fell, wherouer whiſt anon to ſwim he doth aſſay,
He feares (alas) his burden deere, pure loue doth cauſe him ſtay.
Then muſing much in minde, at laſt this practiſe beſt he thaught.
A mighty ſpeare which into hand that time by chance he caught,
When as he fought, of knotty wood ſhapt forth, and like fullſtout,
To this his doughter deere in barke of treẽ enclowd about

The ſort
of camilla
is Metabus
her father

The eleventh Booke

He bindes, and fitly to the mind of mighty speare he ties,
And oft it shaking in his valient hand, thus loud he cries,
Diana bright and virgin pure that in these woods dost hide,
I bow a seruant here to thee, that bound vnto her side
Most humbly holding fast a speare, flies from her foes, receaue
Her (goddesse) to thy charge, whom here in doubtfull case I leaue.
He said, and strait with bended arme the weapon forth he throwes,
The waters sound, aloft the riuer swift, Camilla flies.

Camillas
actiuite
in her in-
rancie.

Then Metabus when now the prease began approach him nie,
The riuer strait he takes, his speare, and babe, therewith doth tie.
Out of a greengrass turfe, a gift that great Diana sent,
No people house for harbour him, nor walled cities lent,
Nor if they eny offered had, he neuer would consent.
A shepheards life among the sole, and saluage hills he led,
His tendre child in thickest thornes, and beds of beastes he fed
With milke of mares vnild, and sucke of beastes were neuer caught,
And to her tendre lyps in milking, downe their dugs he caught.

But when her pretie sote she first began to set to ground,
Her hands, and every part with sharpned darts he laded round,
A quiver on her shoulders small he hung with crooked bow.
In steade of golden caulle, and mantell braue should hang below,
A Tygers skin downe from her head along her backe doth fall,
With litle childish dartes her handes he armes to play with all,
By a twisted thong about her head she whirles a sling,
Wherewith sumtime a Crade, sumtime a Swan she dothone doth bring.

Her many noble dames through Tyrrhen towne wheras she went
Haue wisht in bayne, their doughterlaw she were, but she content
Alone with chaste Dianas grace, her selfe preserueth still
Untwight vnto her toles, and virgins lyfe leades most at will.
Would god she had with no such fond desier of war bin caught,
When first the valpent Troyans to prouoke in fight she sought,
Her do I tendre much, and would she yet remaind with mee,
But now with destinies her, and fatall fall oppress I see.
Descend, deere Nimphe, from heauen, and Latine fields go visite streite,
Wheras with haples hap, and bloody broile this fray they feight.
Take these, and from this quiver, shaftes of sharpe reuenge addresse,
And whosoere her sacred corps with wound shal once oppresse,
Where he of Troy or Latium be, his blood shal that repay,

Then

of *Aeneidos*. 10 307

Then in an holloſt cloud anon her woſull corpe away,
And armour vndeſilde, I to her native ſoyle will beare,
And in a waiſhy ſepulcher my ſelfe interre her there.
She ſaid; then through y flickring aier w wings ſhe down ward ſlides,
And giues a ruſh, and with a tempeſt blacke her body hides.

Ther whiles the Troian bands vnto the walles approached nie.
Hetruſcan captaines with their troupes of horſmen, by and bie
Them ſelues beſtow in good aray, the palſries ſtamping fret
Throughtout the field, and raiud with ſturdy bits forth ſoftly iet
Now here now there, the field rough ſtands with many a pye & launce
And from their loſty helmets far the glittering Sunbeames glaunce.
On tother ſide Meſſapus ſharpe, and Latines fierce to fight,
And Coras with his brother, and Camillas wingt ſo bright
Stand forth againſt them in the firſt, and lances faſt do make
Within their reſtes, & pointes of trembling ſpeares faſt charged make,
Their ſoes abode, and noiſe of ſteedes them ſore on fier do ſet.
But when both armies were at caſt of dart together met,
There ſtill awhile they ſtayed, a ſhriching ſhout they ſodeyn raiſe,
Their chaumping horſe they harten forth, the dartes ſlie enery waies
Like ſnow that thick doth fall, black ſhade the heauen quite ouerlaies.

They
giue the
onſet

And firſt with ſpitefull ſpeares, Tyrrhenus with Acontie fall
Encountring fiercely meeſte, and firſt with mighty noiſe do fall
To ground, the ſteedes echothers breaſt with breaſt doth ſqueezing iolt.
Acontie there vnhoſt as ſwiſt as thickeſt thunderbolt,
Do like ſome ſtone by engine great of war forth ſlung downe lightes,
And into thin and flickring aier exhales his vitall ſpites.
Incontinent the ranks are broke, and Latines put to flight
Caſt backe their ſhieldes, and headlong horſes pricke to cille right.
The Troians then, and firſt Aſilas ſharpe the chale purſue,
And now to gates they nere were come, the Latines then anew
A mighty noiſe extoll, and horſes neckes about do wrie.
The Troians turne their backes, and largely yeelding raynes, do ſlie.
Like as the ſea with altring courſe that forth doth running freat,
Somtimes it ſlowes to ſhore, & rockes with rouling waues doth weat,
And ſoming on the ſand and beach, along doth tumbling glide:
Somtime doth ſwiſtly ebbe, when force doth ſayle, and backe doth ſlide
From rockes and ſhore with bailing ſtreame, and ſailing flood it fallies.
The Tyrrhens twiſe the Rutils chale in fight vnto the walles,

A doubt:
full batel.

And

The eleuenth Booke

And twice repulst looke backe, and backes with bucklers broad defend,
 But when they to the fight a fresh and third assault descend,
 The ranks together run, and man to man doth stiffly strike.
 Then shoutes are heard of such as fall, and in the blood wart thicke
 Both men and armour deeply waultring fall, and steedes halfe dead.
 The battell growes, when Orsiloch sir Remulus did dread
 Himselfe to set vpon, into his horse a speare he thrust,
 And vnderneath the couriers eare the head leapes sticking lust.
 Then strait the steede enraged stands on end, and by doth throw
 His legs with breast erect, nor in no wise could bide the blow.
 He falles vnhorst to ground, Catillus driues to earth downe right
 Iolas stout of minde, of stature eke a goodly knight.
 And great in armes Herminie hard, whose head with golden heare
 Lies bare with shoulders bare, nor of his wounds doth stand in feare,
 So great in armes he lies, y speare prickt through his shoulders quakes
 And twice throughgirt his backe, his deadly payne twice double makes.
 Coare blood on euery side is shed, by fight are numbrs slaine,
 And by their wounds ech seekes a glorious death for to obtaine.
 And now this manly Amazon in slaughter much doth ioy
 In midst of fight, whose pap, least ble of war should her annoy
 Cut of vnto Camilla quierd was in tendre yeares.
 Her slender shafftes about she shotes from quier which she beares.
 Sometime her sharpned are vntierd she takes into her hand,
 Sometime her golden bow, the toles of chaste Dianas band.
 And if perchaunce repulst, she do retyze pursued in chase,
 Her bowe she turnes behinde, and strikes her followers in the face.
 About her chosen mates do ride, Larina, and Tulla bright
 Pure virgins, with Tarpeia weilding glittering are in fight
 Italian trulles, and chaste Camilla of speciall purpose those
 For honours sake, for time of peace, for trustie seruice chose.
 Like as Amazones of Thracie land when waters thay
 Of Thermoodon beat, with armour painted passing gay,
 About Hyppolita their Queene, or when the virgin stout
 Penthesilea home in charret comes, the semell rout
 With shrilles shrill reioysing cries, and shields like moones cut out.
 Whom dost thou first, who last, O virgin fierce, by force down throw?
 O O, how many corpes slaine on ground dost lay full low?
 Eumenie first of Clytie father bozne, whose naked brest

Slaught-
 ers com-
 mitted by
 Camilla.

Against

of *Aeneidos*. 10. 11. 12.

Against her there that stood with lance of fir tree through both threst,
 He floods of blood out spring, fallet, and earth with teath doth teare,
 And where he fell upon his wound, lies tumbling dying there:
 Pert on him Lyrisshe, and Pegase throwes, but Lyrisshe while
 His bridell raignes he raught, from horse to ground he doth requile.
 But Pegase cunning him to ayde, with feeble hand forth held,
 Both ioyntly headlong wise with dubled fall to ground the feld.
 To these Amastus neare she lates, vnto Hippodasut,
 And couching downe vnto her speare from far doth fetch her run.
 At Terreis, and Harpalis, and Demophoon stout,
 And Cronie strong, and many a captaine more of Troian rout.
 And looke how many shiuering shafts forth from her side she drel,
 So many carcases to ground of Troian knights she thre w.
 There Ornitus a far in armour straunge, and hunter wise,
 Upon a proud Apulian steede about the battell lies,
 Whose necke, and shoulders broad an hyde late had from Drex backe
 Did cover, on his head the large wyde gaping iawes there sticke
 Pluckt from a wolfe, with grinning, glittering greedy teeth full white.
 A clounish club in hand he bare, he throngs in thickst of fight,
 In stature all the rest by heght of head he doth excede.
 Him she (no: was it when their foes retierd a glorious deede)
 Strikes through, & thus she speakes with hateful hart as there she stood.
 Thoughtst thou some beast in chase thou, Tyrren, hadst within a wood?
 The day is come when as a womans armour shal refute
 Thy boasting brags, yet no small fame to this thou maist impute,
 That by these hands thou dying with Camillas lance art slayne.
 Orilochus, and Butes next, two bodyes mighty mayne
 Of Troian rout, but Butes her against with dart she strake,
 Which forth a way betwixt his helmet braue and gorget brake
 About his necke that glittering thynes, his shield hung downe his sides
 And sepning from Orilochus as though she fled, doth ryde
 The carriere round, and craftely she keepe the middle place,
 And whilst he her pursues, therwhiles she followeth him in chase,
 And through his armour strong, the fleshy, and bones, an are she beats
 High rising at her blowe, and whilst he twatling much entreates,
 She dubleth stil the wound, & with warm braines his face he weats.
 Here with comes in, and at first sight affraid much he stands
 Or: Aunus sun of Appenine, a martiall man of hands,

And

The eleventh Booke

Ligures
wer great
dissemblers
and liers.

And not among the Ligures warst, whilst fates did him permit
By subtile colourd shifts vnto ech purpose fine to fit,
When he perceand from fight he could no wise escape away,
By treacherous traine he thought, and gloasing guile her to assay,
And thus began. A woman thou it to a trustie steede
Thy selfe thou do commit, is it a great or valient deede
Forsake thy horse, and match on ground thy selfe to mee betake,
And vnto equall fight on foote thee quickly ready make,
Then shalt thou know to whom this glory fond due praise shall bring,
He said, but she enraagd whom grieve with sharpe desier did sting,
Vnto her mate her steede she toke, in armes on ground she stands
With blade on foote forth drawne, and bucklar pure fast hent in hands,
The yonker then supposing thus by craft he her had quit,
Away strait swiftly pricking flies, not lingring euer a while
His nimble steede with raignes he quickly turnes, and the see him flies,
His peartly praucing beast with spottes of Steele apace he plies.

The
Ligures
flayne.

O Ligur baine, and to no purpose brag, and proud of hart,
In baine sir subtile thou assayest to trie thy cuntrie's art,
No slypprie shift shall thee aluie to crafty Aunus laue.
These words the virgin spake, and fierce on foote a spring she gaue,
And swiftly soone outran the horse, and fast the raignes she raught,
And at him strake, and glad on enemies blood reuenge she wrought,
Much like a falcon faire from lottie to woe his flight that takes,
And at a twigging doue aloft to cloudes swift towering makes,
When her at soule hath tane with talantes sharpe her guts pulles out,
The goarie blood, and fethers plumed sit the ayer about.
These things the father of gods and men in heauen that sits on hie
Doth heedfully behold, and warly weigbes with watching eie.
Then Tyrthen Tarchon stout to entre fight he did prouoke,
And with no gentle rage of frantike anger forth him stroke,
Wherfore in thickest of slaughters great, and rankes enfold to sit,
On horsebacke Tarchon th'ongs, and sundry voyces listes on hie.
The wings he hartneth on, and by his name ech man doth call,
And such as were repulst, he makes a fresh to fighting fall,
What feare is this? that neuer will repent your folish flight
O Tyrrens darters sit? what daunt within your harts doth light?
A woman stragling you pursues, and doth discomfit quight.
Vnto what end these swordes and weapons do you beare in hand?

of *Aeneidos*. 957

Not so at Venus games; nor warres by night you lingring stand,
 Nor when God Bacchus crooked pipe to dauncing you doth call,
 And vnto costly cates, and tables lade with wine to fall.
 That is your ioy, that your delight, when as the prophet good
 With sacrifice, and fatted oke, doth call you to the wood.
 This said, into the thickest foes himself forth thronging flinges,
 And mad, he meetes with Venulus, whom chaunce against him brings.
 There raught from of the horse with his righthand he held his foe,
 And forceblye him wzinging to his breast, away doth goe.
 A noyse vnto the heauen they rayse, the Latines furne their eyes
 Upon this fact, and Tarchon swift about the field he flies
 Both bearing man and armour still away, and from his speare
 The head he wrested off, and euery place he searcheth wheare
 A deadly wound he may bestow, he wrestling doth rebell
 To saue the sword from out his throate, and force by force repell.
 And as the Eagle fierce which in the ayre aloft doth flie,
 When by some snake hath snatcht that late a sleape on ground did lie,
 And gript him fast within his fote, enclaspt with talents round,
 The snake about him wzingling winding weades with grieve of wound,
 And scales doth roughly rayse, and angred with her mouth doth hisse.
 With crooked beake he wrestling nippes her nerethelesse for this,
 And flying forth his wayes aloft with wings the ayre doth beat.
 Done otherwise his pray from Tyburt ofte sir Tarchon great
 Triumphant beares away, their captaynes dede, and happy chaunce
 The Lydians do following pursue: then swift with launce
 Camilla comes, whom Aruns due to death by sleight full flie
 Doth ride about, the fittest side for his behoufe to trie.
 And looke through thickest rankes whereas the virgin fiercely flew,
 Sir Aruns thither hies, and secretly her steppes doth biew.
 What way the conqueresse returnes, and fote from foes doth bend,
 That way the youth by stealth his nimble reignes about doth wend.
 And now this way, now that agayne, and round about the place
 With fatall, certayne, speare in hand doth following after trace.
 By chaunce vnto Cybele sacred priest, sir Chlorie hight,
 From far aboue the rest in Phrygian armes did shyne full bright.
 A soming courser forth he prickt, whose breast, and buttockes wide
 A skinne beset with brasen studdes, and glittering gold did hide,
 Himself in purple sad, and scarlet pure full fine besene,

Aruns
 murder-
 er of Ca-
 milla.

The eleuenth Booke

In Lyttan bow his shaftes he shot in creake made that beene.
His golden bow from shoulder twanges, a guilden helme he beares.
A yealous silken waide, with boughting bosomes wide he weares,
Whose lappets ratling large in knot of costly gold were tyde,
His coate with needle broided was, his sturdie thies did hyde
A skirt of purple silke and gold in forrein countrey wrought.
The virgin him, for cause his armour braue wherin he fought,
And Trojan spoyles on temples hang she would for honours sake,
Or else herselfe in huntres wise, with gold full braue would make
With blinde desire pursues, and all incensd through thickest rout,
With greedy womans lust of spoyles, she flies the field about.
When Aruns long in wait that lay, had fit occasion spied,
A whirling dart he threw, and thus vnto the Gods he cried.
Most mighty god Apollo guyde of dead Soractis hill,
Whom we aboue the rest adore, to whom soe smellinge still
Of Pinetrees hugie flames we seade, and through whose only might
Thy seruants dare to walke on fiery coales hot burning bright.
O father graunt that by our toles this shame be tane away,
Almighty since thou art : not for the virgins spoyles I pray,
Nor monument I seeke, nor pillage proude from her to take,
Some other deede hereafter this shall me right famous make.
But let this cruell plague fall downe with dint of this right hand,
And I deuoyde of fame will hence returne to natie land.

Apollo heard his wish, and part to graunt he was content,
And part to be disperst in flickring aire abroade he sent,
That Quene Camilla fierce with deadly wound down slayn should bee.
He graunted, but with safe returne his natie soyle to see
He did not graunt, that voyce he bid the winds abroade confound.
Then when the whirling dart forth throwne in aire had raisd a sound,
Both armies gan attend, and eyes vnto the Volcan Quene
They all do cast, the minds no whit the things she wrought that beene,
Nor ayer, nor yet the sound, nor dart aboue full swift of flight,
Till vnderneath her sacred pap the fatall launce doth light,
And deeply entring in at full in virgins blood doth bayne.
Her fearefull female guard togeather runs, and doth sustayne
Their fainting ladies corpes, fast Aruns flies before them all,
Whom as did ioy refresh, so feare admirt did much appall.
And now he dares no more vnto her dreadfull launce to trust,

Camilla's
Bayne.

of Æneidos.

Not yet into the sight of her agayne himself to thrust.
 And like a Wolfe before the hatefull hunters him doe chase,
 Vnto the wast forlorne hils forth hies him selfe apace,
 When he some heardsmā stout, or heckser great of grease, and lim
 Deuoured hath, and guiltie of that fact, and deepe full grime
 His trembling tayle betwene his legges lets fall, and woods doth seeke:
 Sir Aruns so him out of sight withdrawes in maner leeke,
 And with his sight content amidst the thickest himselfe doth hyde.
 She dying drawes the dart which in the wound did deepe abyde,
 The mortall tole in wound full wide stickes fast within her syde.
 Shee faintes for want of blood, her eyes to death yeld by their due.
 Strait from her face departs the stayned cheekes, and purple hie,
 And dying thus to Acca trustie virgin fellow sayes,
 A virgin to Camilla true before the rest alwayes,
 With whom she wonted was her cares and sorowes all impart,
 And thus to her began to speake with sayling fainting hart.

Untill this time, O sister Acca deare, of force I was,
 A cruell mortall wound my life abridges now, alas,
 And althings round, me seemes, looke rustie dustie darke as hell.
 Flie hence, and doe with speede, my message last to Turnus tell,
 That he to battayle come, and keepe the Troyans from the towne.
 And now farewell, and with that worde the raignes she yeelded downe,
 Herselfe to earth not willing sinkes, and waring cold, but wyne
 By smale and smale herselfe out of her corps, and then resignes
 Her lithie head, and neck to death, and armour doth forsake,
 Her ghost flies fast with grieve and great disdayne to Lymbo lake.
 Forthwith a mightie noyse the golden starres in heauen doth touch,
 And since Camillas death the battell fierce encreaseh much.
 They thicke come running on, both all the bandes of Troyans stoute,
 And Tyrren captaynes, with Euanders winges th' Archadian rout.

And now Dianas dearling bright, Nymph Opis sits on hie
 Upon the toppe of loftiest hilles, the battayle to descrie.
 And when from farre she saw in raging noyse of youthfull trayne,
 With dolefull death, and wound vnwoorthy far Camilla slayne,
 She fet a sigh, and deepe from out her brest these words she sayd.
 Too deare O virgin, thou too deare a cruell price hast payde,
 That thou the valient Troyans durst prouoke in open sight.
 That thou Dianas grace in woods didst serue forsaken quight

The comes
 sict of
 death
 with life.

The eleuenth Booke

It nothing thee auailles, or that our quiner thou didst weare,
 Or glittering golden bow vpon thy tender shoulders beare.
 Howbeit thy noble Quene meanes not to leaue thee boyde of fame,
 Nor that thy drierie death shall lurking sleape for lack of name,
 Amongst all nations farre and wide, or vnreruenged bee.
 Thy corps with mortall wound that did defile, what euer bee,
 With death deseru'd shalbe requit. Beneath on hill full hie
 The tumb of old Deceannus king raisd by aloft doth lie
 With mightie mount of auncient Laurels ground, an Alex tree
 With glumnysh darkish shade bespreads the same, that none may see.
 Here first this goddesse sayre, with passing speedy course doth light,
 And from this hillock farre at Aruns aimes within her sight.
 Whom when she glittering saw in armes, and vainly puffed with pride,
 Why fliest thou hence (qu she) approach, thy steppes do hither guide,
 Come nere that now must die, and due desart receaue agayne
 For Quene Camillas death, and with Dianias shafts yslayne,
 So vile a wight so worthy a death for fact so foule must bide?
 She said, and strait in Thracian huntresse wise, from by her side
 A golden flight forth of her quiner pluckes, her bow she bendes,
 And drawes him deepe vntill the nockes mete iust at both the endes,
 And both her handes do leuell stand, and arrowhead doth flight
 The bowhand, and the string round to her eare she drawes by quight.
 Immediately the singing shaft, and whirling aire doth crack.
 Sir Aruns heard, and fast at once the shaft within him stack.
 Him yelding by the ghost, and fetchng deepe his finall grone
 His mates forgetfull in the field abroad do leaue alone,
 And Opis strait with winges to lofty heauen doth take her flight.
 First at their ladies death doe flie Camillas horsemen light,
 And Rutils run anioapt, and fierre Atinas flies apace,
 And captaynes all are quayld, and standarbearers forst in chase.
 For rescue runne, and to the towne doe fast on horseback hie.
 None dare the Troians stout, that following after fast do flie
 With settled soote withstand, nor yet in warlike armes resist,
 But bowes vnbeent on shiuering shoulders beares with fainting list,
 And coursers with their howes the rotten dustie fieldes do shake,
 Vnto the walles an whirlewind black with tumbling dust doth rake.
 And matrones toting out the loops their breasts there beat strait waies
 And forth a womans shritch by to the starres in heauen they rayse.
 Where those that first into the open gates most swiftly prest,

At Camilla
 As death
 Her soule
 was put
 to flight.

of *Aeneidos*.

The mingled ennies power in thickest routes did most molest,
Ne wofull death they doe escape, but at first entraunce in,
And euen within their citie walles, and when as hould they bin,
Throughgirt with speares they die, some shut the gates, and do debar
Free entrance to their mates, nor dare for life the dōres vnspare
Though wofully without the gates they wayle, a direfull death
Amongst defendants falles, and such in armes as yeld their breath,
And such as were shut out before their parents weeping eyes,
When cruell force constraynes, some headlong into ditches flies,
Some blinded with the dust, and giuing spurre, and yelding raigne,
Against the gates, and rampiers hard of poasses doe run amaine.
The matrones from the walles when they beheld Camilla dead,
Their trembling dartes cast forth (for so their countrey loue them lead)
And stauies of oke ysteele, and poales of length forebrent at end,
And dare the dread of death assay, whilst they their walles defend.

Slaughte
ter of the
Latines.

Therwhiles within the wodes, an heauy message Turnus frapes,
And to the valient youth amazing great doth Acca rayse.
How that the Volscans vanquisht are, Camilla slaine in fight,
And ennies fast appproching come, and all in battaile quight
Haue ouerthrowne, that feare vnto the citie walles doth goe.
He then enraagde (for why the power of loue would haue it soe)
The hilles posselt of late, and thickets sharpe doth strait forsake,
Who scarce was now come forth, and large abroade the fields did take,
When Lord Aeneas to the forest wide himselfe doth speede,
And hilles doth ouertrace, and from thick woods doth forth procede.
So both vnto the walles in hast with all their power doe flie,
And both the marching troupes not many paces distant lie.
But when the smoaking fieldes with dust Aeneas did behold,
And marching bandes in battaile ray of towne *Laurentum* old,
And Turnus did from farre Aeneas p̄full countnance vieu,
And frampling of their seete, and neighing of their horses knew:
Immediately they had their armies toynd, and battaile tried,
Had not sir Phoebeus bright with purple mantle brauely died
His horses dipt in seas, and bringing night expulst the day.
They pitch their tentes before the towne, and trenches deepe do lay.

Nighte
keepe
them frō
battaile.

DEO GRATIAS.

Finitum Londini, Per Thomam Twynum 14. Iunij. 1573. Opus 20.

Dierum plus minus, per interualla.

S. iij.

THE

THE TWELFTH BOOKE of the *Æneidos* of Virgill.

The Argument.

When the Latines were vanquished; Turnus seeing all his helpe to bee reposed in himselfe, contrarie to the perswasion of Latinus, and the Quenes manifolde teares: determineth to fight hande to hand with Aeneas, and sendeth such word vnto him by Idmon his messenger. Aeneas is therewith pleased, and with solemne othes on both sides they make the league, whiche Iuturna through perswasion of Iuno in the shape of Camertes, disturbeth. First of all, Tolumnius the Southsayer, that by a false shew promised victorie to his side: striketh through with a Dart one of Gilippas sunnes. Aeneas likewise, seeking meanes to appease the tumulte: is wounded by an arrow vncertaine by whom it was shot, and is constrained to leaue the battaile. Which Turnus vnderstanding, supposing he had gotten a great occasion of good successe: maketh great slaughter on his foes. Venus cureth her sunne with Dyranny of Ida. Aeneas, amended: commeth agayne forth, and rescueth his mates, and namely calleth for Turnus in fight. But Turnus still withdrawing himselfe, (for Iuturna his sister in shape of Metiscus the wagoner, carrying him alwayes aside would not suffer him meete with Aeneas in batayle) hee determineth to besiege the towne, and leading his army neare to the walles casteth fire vp to the Turrets, & houses. Then Amata supposing that Turnus was slayne: through extreame sorrow hangereth her self. These thinges being told vnto Turnus by Sages seeing that he must needes fight, or suffer his confederate towne come into his enemies hands before his face: voluntarily prouoketh Aeneas to the combate according to the tenure of the league. In which fight Aeneas hauing the victorie, and being almost moued to take compassion, and graunt life to his enemy: yet when he saw the gyrdle vpon his shoulder which he had taken from Fallas, whom he had slaine before, sodaynly moued with anger: thrusteth him to the hart.



With daunted force, & fight vnlucky late, whē quaild to bee
His Latines stout of poye, most valient Turnus Prince
did see,
Himself a marke to eche mans eyes, outrageous gan to
boyle
And rise in rage, much like a Lyon fierce of Affrick soyle,
Whose breast, whē first with dint of hunters speare is wounded deepe,
He then prepares himselfe to fight, and curled lockes doth keepe

With

of *Aeneidos*.

With wrath erected on his neck, the hunters launce with pawes
 Fast sticking bold he breakes, and foming frets with bloody iawes.
 None otherwise the rage of furious Turnus forth doth breake,
 And to Latinus King thus gan with troubled mind to speake.
 In Turnus is no stay, why dastard Troyans should forsake
 Their word there is no cause, nor breake the bargayne they did make.
 Him will I matche, bying sacrifice, our league come vnderstand.
 The Dardan Lord will I send hence to hell with this right hand,
 That runaway from *Asia* land, let Latines keepe them still,
 And countries common shame with sword alone cut off I will,
 Or quite he vs shall ouerthrow, and wife *Launia* haue.
 To whom with sober mode *Latinus* than this answere gaue.
 O most couragious youth, how much the more thou dost excede
 In valyant hart, so much the more is meete I should indeede
 Giue graue aduise, and charely for chaunces all prouide.
 Thou hast thy father *Daunus* realmes, and many a towne beside
 Winne with thyne hand, *Latinus* welth, and courage hath likewise,
 In *Latium* land and in *Laurentum* soyle right large that lies,
 Are many moe vnmarried dames, and not of basest line.
 Now giue me leaue the truth in open wordes for to vntwine,
 And print it deepe in minde what I hereof to thee shall show.
 On eny of her auntient loues my daughter to bestow
 I was forbid, so all the goddes and men to me haue told.
 Bold yet for loue of thee, and for our kindreds sake as bold,
 And for our heauy spouses teares, all promise made I brake,
 And from my sunne his wife, my selfe to wicked armes haue take.
 Since which time, *Turnus*, thou hast scene, what chaunces did ensue,
 What warres, what payns to thee as cheefe amongst the rest there grue.
 Twise ouerthrowne in battayls great, scarce in the towne we keepe
 The hope of all *Italia* land, and *Tyber*s channell deepe
 Yet with our blood doth warmed run, and fields with bones looke white.
 O where turne I so oft? what madnesse moues my minde so light?
 If *Turnus* die, and straight for them as for my peeres I send,
 Why rather doe I not whilst he doth liue, this quarrell end?
 What will my cousins *Rutiles* say, what all *Italia* land
 If thee to death I should betray (which chaunce the Gods withstand) }
 Which dost our daughter craue, to ioyne with vs in wedlocke band?
 Regarde the doubtfull happes of warre, and do some pitie take

This
 was *Fau-*
nus fores
 warning.

The twelfth Booke

Upon thine auntient fire, whom wofull warres do carefull make,
And Ardea countrey deare, full far from hence doth now disioyne.
But Turnus all these wordes cannot perswade for to resign,
His rage which wareth more, and still in healing doth augment.
But whē he once could speake, these wordes from out his mouth he sent.

O father deare, this care which you in my behalfe do take,
Cast off at my request, no; be so carefull for my sake,
And suffer me in steede of prayse a famous death obtayne.
For we our darts do throw, and swordes do draw not still in bayne,
And strength in hands we haue, & from our woundes blood runneth red.
Far shall his mother be, that flying him with clowd shall spred,
And bayne in flickering shade withdraw her selfe some out of sight.

But now the Quene at nouell guise of battle much affright
With weeping like to die, her sonne in law in armes she hent.
O Turnus, by these teares of mine, or euer if thou were bent
Amatas honour to preserue (for hope of elder yeares
Thou art, and of our rest alone, and honour which vpbeares
The state of Latine realme, our shakned house on thee doth lie)
Graunt me this thing, with Troians skoute thou do not battell trie,
For whatsoeuer chaunce in this conflict thou dost sustaine
O Turnus I sustayne the same, and lothsome life refraine
Therewith determined I am, for sunne in law to see
Aeneas shall I not abide, and captiue Quene to bee.

The be-
wite of
Lavinia.

Lavinia then with teares her mothers talke did vnderstand,
With burning blushing cheekes, whom colour much had out of hand
With heat inflamed, by which to her face swythwith did spred,
Like as when Iuery white by chaunce is staine with scarlet red,
Or purple roses pure with Lilies white lie mixt in place,
Such was the virgins hue, such were the colours in her face.
Him loue disturbeth much, and on the mayde his eyes he staves,
And burnes to battell more, and to Amata shortly sayes.
O mother, do not now with wofull teares me thus pursue,
He giue me cause hereby to dread that lucke shall light ascue.
In Turnus power, if destinyes will, it lyeth not death to fly.
Go Idmon, tell the Phrygian king this message by and by
Which will not please him wel, when first to morow in welkin bright,
In purple charret drawne the morning cleare shall rise in sight,
His Troyans swyth he do not lead agaynst the Rutil bandes,

The

of Æneidos.

The Troians still do hold, and Rutils eke their blades in hands.
But in that fight with our two blood shall ended be the strife,
And in that field be tride, who shall Lauinia wed to wife.

When he these words had said, and hied him thence to court apace,
He calles for stēdes, and ioyes to see them some before his face,
Which to Pilumnus once for present gaue Orithyia faier,
In whitenesse passing driuen snow, in swiftnes nimble aier.
The keepers quicke there stand about, and them with handes prouoke,
With sounding blowes on breast, & curled manes w combes do stroke.
Anon his gorget gay with gold and siluer damaskt bright,
And scarlet worke ywrought, about his necke he fitteth tight.
His sword and target next, and ruddie plumes of feathers bzaue,
The sword which vnto Daunus old sumtime god Vulcan gaue,
And fiery flaming hot in lake of scix did deepely quent.
Then strait a mighty speare, which to an hugie pillar hent
Erect amid the house, with valient force in hand he toke,
Sir Actor of Aruncans spoyle, and fiercely forth it shook
Thus crying out, O speare, whom neuer yet I cauld in vaine,
The time is come when thou with mee this brunt must nēdes sustaine.
Thēe mighty Actors hand somtime; but now doth Turnus hold.
His carcass graunt that I may ouerthrow in battaile bold,
And with a valient hand from of the necke the gorget teare
Of thatsame Cocknie Phrygian knight, and drench in dust his heare,
And lockes with bodkins frised fine, and moyst with Myrrhe, & oyles.
These furies forth him pricke, and from his face with rage that boyles
The sparckles sprincling flie, and eyes with flaming fier do glow.
Like as a mighty Bull sendes forth his voyce, and loud doth low
When first he comes to fight, and proues his hornes in rage to whet,
And spying far a trē, himself therto doth cloasly set,
And rough with stroakes prouoking windes the grauell flings about.
Polesse therwhiles in mothers armour strong Aeneas stout,
Himself to war prepares, and sharpe prouokes himself with ire,
And ioyes the war with league so ended is, his great desier.
Then to his mates, and faire Iule he comfort great doth bring,
Instructing them in destnies all, and legates to the king
He bids with certaine answere to returne, and to declare
The whole conditions of the league, what they in ordre are.

Orithyia,
daughter
to Eriethe-
us, wife to
Boreas.

The dawning next the hilles with light had scarcely ouer spred,

The twelfth Booke

When first sir Phœbus steedes forth of the sea did lift their hed,
And from their loftie nostrils wide did blow the broad daylight
When strait before the citie walles they measure for the fight
An equall plaine, both Rutilmen, and Troyans mixt a vie,
And fiers in the midst they make, and altars build on hie,
Of earthen turues yframd, vnto the equall gods to stand.
And fast some water fetch, some crackling fier bzing in their hand,
In surplice white of linen clad, and temples compact round
With wreath of Veruine soote, and holly herbes together bound.
The Latine armie issueth forth, and bandes with darts that fight
In clusters thicke to gates do throng, and Troyans armie bright
With Tyrrhens armd in sundry sort, with speed they forth do flie,
Nonother wise in armour prest, then if that by and by
They should to battayle fierce descend, and thicke in thousands told
The captaines scoure about, in scarlet braue, and gliftringe gold:
The osspyng of Assaracus, Mnesthée, Asylas wilde,
Messapus eke a tamer scout of stædes, Neptunus childe.
And when at certain signe into their place they drewe them all,
Their pykes they pitch on ground, & downe their shields they let to fall.
The matrones then with great desire to see, and rascall rout,
And men vnweldy old, the turrets hie, and tops about
Of houses do bestride, and loftie ridge of gates do clim,
And vp the walles they slide, and couch them thicke vpon the bzm.

But Iuno from a loftie hill, that now *Albanus* hight,
(For then it was deuoyd of name, renowne, and glorie quight,)
Downe looking all the rampe at length, and breadth she did behold,
And both the armies viewd, both Latines stout, and Troyans told,
And *Laurent* towne, and strayt to *Turnus* sister gan to speake,
One Goddesse to her seere, that standing lakes, and floods that creake
Doth ouerrule. This honour great, the king of heauen aboue
For maydenhode bereft bestowed on her in dulcet loue.

Iunos talk
to Iuturna

O Nimphe, the glozy great of streames, beloued most of mee,
Thou knowest of all Latine ladies bright, how only thee,
That to almighty Ioue ingreatefull bed ascended haue
I do esteeme, and willingly a place in heauen I gaue.
Now lerne thy grieve, and do not mee henceforth, *Iuturna*, blame.
So far as fortune would permit, and destinies graunt the same,
Both *Latium* state, and *Turnus*, and thy walles I did defend.

But

of *Aeneidos*.

But now the youth with partiall fates I see to battaile wend,
Now fatall destinies day, and cruell force, at hand they be,
He may I with mine eyes abide this fight, or league to see.
Thou, if thou canst devise some meanes, thy brother to aduance,
Assay, perhaps in time poore wretches may haue better chaunce.
Scarce had she said, but strait in teares forth faire Iturna brake,
And thise or fouertimes her cumly brest with fist she strake.
This is no time for teares (O Iuno then) but make some speede,
And Turnus saue from death, if meanes may be deuise, indeede.
And do them strait to war prouoke, and breake the league they make,
Let mee be authour of the daide, this said, she did forsake
Her doubtfull much, and troubled soze with wofull wound of mind.

Therwhiles the kings (Latinus with an hugie traine assignd,
In charret drawne w four horse rides, whose auncient temples round
With glittting beames of gold in numbre twelue about were bound,
The Sun his grandfiers badge, in charret drawn w two horse whight
Forth Turnus comes, with launces twaine broad armd with iron bright
On th'other side Aeneas, founder first of Romane blood,
With burning bucklar bright, and heavenly armour strong and good,
And next Iulus younge, of mighty Rome the second hope)
Forth of their tentes proceede, a priest besene in purest cope,
A youngling yelt of brestled sow, and twining sheepe vntwight
Brings forth, and hales the beastes vnto the altars burning bright.
They turning then their faces forth vnto the rising sun,
Do sprinkle bran and salt about, the sciters round do run
About the temples of the beastes, and wine on altars lay.
Then lord Aeneas with his sauchon bright forthdrawne, doth pray.
Beare witnes of my words, O Sun, and thou Italia land,
For whose alonly sake these trauailes great I toke in hand,
And thou almighty loue, and thou nolesse, O Iuno bright,
More gentle goddesse now I trust, and Mars of warlike might,
Who as it seemes most best to thee, all bloodie warres dost guide,
You Springs and Riuers eke I call, and what soere doth bide
Religious to heauens high, or blueish sea belowe :
If so on Turnus happy lucke the conquest do bestowe,
Tis meete that to Euanders towne we conquered goe againe,
Iulus shall depart the realme, and from all war refraine
The vanquisht Troyans shall henceforth, nor armies herafter take,

The con-
ditions of
the truce.

The twelfth Booke

No: yet molest this land with war, that they shall hap to make.
 But if through force of armes to vs the conquest lotted be,
 As so I hope it shall, and gods vs graunt the same to see,
 I neuer shall Italians force the Troyans to obey,
 No: do I seeke to be their king, but this, that ioyntly they,
 Inuauquish't nations may in euerm-lasting league abide.
 My selfe will gods, and reliques tende, Latinus warres shall guide,
 My fatherlaw his wonted crowne shall weare, my mates, they shall
 Build vp a towne for mee, and by Lavinias name it call.

The sun
 & Moone
 are Latons
 chil-
 dren.

Thus lord Aeneas first, then next bespake Latinus old.
 His eyes to heauen he castes, and vp to starres his hands doth hold.
 Aeneas, by the same both land, and sea, and starres I sweare,
 And by Latons impes, and Iane that faces two doth beare,
 And power of gods infernall grim, and cruell Plutoes seates,
 Let Ioue heare this, that breakers false of leagues with thundze beates,
 I touch the altars here, and fiers that stand before vs all,
 And all the heauenly powers herof to record I do call,
 No day shall once this peace disturbe, or concord frustrate make,
 Now ere the case do fall, no: cause mee willing it forsake,
 Not though the land into the sea he threwe, and drencht vs all,
 Or should enforce the loftie heauen in Lymbo low to fall.
 Like as this Mace (for in his hand by chaunce a mace he had)
 Greene leafe shall neuer burgein more, no: spray, no: pleasaunt shad
 Since first in woods it grew, and from the stocke was cut away,
 Now rote it lackes, the knife did cause both leafe, and bzaunch decay,
 Somtime a tree, howbeit the workmans hand, the same in gold
 Hath now incloasd, and genen it the Latine kings to hold.
 With suchlike words, among theselues their leagues they stablisch sure
 Amid the rout of all the lords, the beastes then sacred pure
 Within the flaming fiers they flay, and from them sprauling quicke
 Their trembling entrailles take, and altars heape with launces thicke.

The
 image of
 one in
 feare.

But now to Ratis crue this match right much vnmete doth seeme,
 And straight with wauering mindes in sort perplext. herof they deeme.
 But chiefly when more neare their far vnequall strength they view.
 His secret walkings forth augments the same, and low he threwe
 His eies on ground whilst he in sacring was, his heauy cheere,
 His hollow cheekes, and palenesse in his face that doth appeere.
 This talke when sad Iturna saw, now more and more encrease,

The

of *Aeneidos*.

The common peoples harts now quailing from this league to cease,
 Into the thickest thronges in semblant of Camertes face,
 Whose stocke right noble was of graundfiers old, and fathers race,
 And name with vertue fraught, himsele in armes of valient might,
 Into the thickest rankes he comes, enformd of all aright,
 And sundry rumours forth he blabs, and babling thus doth say.
 Is it not shame, O Rutils, things of so great waight to lay
 Upon the life of one? are not in numbze wee, or might
 Their matches? loe the Troyans all, and Archades in sight
 Here stand, the fatall armie, and Heiruria Turnus foe.
 Scarce haue they man for man, if them against in fight we goe.
 He to the gods aboue before whose altars now he praies
 By flickring fame shal die, and liue in mouth of man alwaies.
 But we with losse of patine soyle, proud lordes for to obay
 Shalbe constraind while lingring now here in the fields we stay.
 With suchlike words the souldiours minds with rage he kindleth soze,
 And murmour great through out the field encreaseeth more, and more.
 The Laurent peoples mindes are changd, and Latines harts likewise,
 And those that late for truce from war, and saulstie did deuise
 With now for armes, & couenantes all full faine would frustrate make,
 And on king Turnus ruthfull case compassion great do take.
 To this a greater thing Iuturna ioynes, from heauen on hie
 A signe she downe doth send, that nothing could be found wherby
 Th' Italians mindes she more might moue, or more wth monsters guile.
 For why, the bird of mighty Ioue aloft on wing did toyle
 Amid the ayer, and fierce a shole of fearfull foules pursue,
 And twigging forth a pace fast on her flight the Eggle flue.
 When sodenly she stoopt downe to the streame, and sousing feld:
 A noble Swan to ground, and griping fast in talantes held.
 Th' Italian troupes their mindes herat erect, then all the rout
 Of foules from flight with noise returne (a straunge sight out of dout)
 And heauen with wings they do obscure, and thicke a cloud they make,
 And on their foe they fiercely set, and round the ayer they shake,
 And still so soze they him assault, till vanquisht with their might,
 For want of force he faintes, the pray out of his fote he quight
 Lets fall into the streame, and fast to skies doth take his flight.
 This warning great of gods the Rutils then with shout accept,
 And strait their handes prepare to fight, and forth Tolumnie leapt

A false
 token frō
 aboue,

}

A pro

The twelfth Booke

A prophet proud that was, and first this this (q he) and cries
Tis long for which I lookt, and with my selfe I did deuise.
I both acknowledge, and embrace the power of gods, come all
O Rutils, and with mee your captaine strait to battaile fall,
Whom this vile straüger wretch in war like hartlesse birds doth feare,
And all your shore along with wofull sword, and fier doth teare,
He hence anon shal flie and to salt seas himself betake.

Do you with one consent your rankes strait thicke in ordre make,
And now your king forlorne by warlike prowes seeke to defend.

A todayn
tumult.

He said, and running forth his dart against his foes doth bend,
Forth flies the whistling Cornell dart, and ayer doth swiftly part,
Wherewith a clamour huge doth rise, the bandes with feare do start,
And stout couragious harts throug tumult great war fiery wood.
This whirling dart nine bodie faier of brethren where they stood
By chaunce direct against, (whom faithfull spouse, a Tuscan bred,
Unto an Archade, Gilippe bare of yore that her did wed)
And one of them strake throug the midst wheras his belt did sit,
Which now alway is to me, where fast the buckle holdes thong in bit,
A noble youth of beutie braue, in glittring armour strong,
And smit him throug the ribs, and laid him downe the sand along.
Then strait the valient brothers band with grieve accenst in ire,
Some draw their naked swordes, and some their sturdy dartes require.
And forth they headlong blindly run, and Laurent bandes anone
On tother side do fast appoach, and Troyans many an one
In rankes right thicke forth flie, Agillini, and Archads braue,
And all this only lust, to trie with dint of sword they haue.
The altars downe they drue, a tempest soze of wepons flies,
A troblous sturdy storne of iron and steele obscures the skies.
The Latines strait snatch by the Boules, and Censers burning bright.
Latinus takes with gods repulst and soiled league, his flight.
Some steeles from charrets do discharge, and mount on horses hie,
And with sharpe swordes drawne hent in hand forthwith do halt the nie
Messapus there, Aulestes king that princely crowne did beare
Of Tyrrhens all, that passing greedy was the league to teare
With courser stout doth ouerthrow, who yelding back, doth fall,
And (wretch) against the altars high behind that stood withall
Both head, and shoulders smites, Messapus fierce strait thither flies,
And with his launce much like a beame whilst there Aulestes cries,

And

of *Aeneidos*.

And humbly sues for life, from loftie steepe hee wounds him soze,
 And thus he speaks: That sure is thine, this sacrifice before
 The Gods of greater valew is, then that was slaine of of poze.
 Th' Italians thither ran, and spoyles from carcas panting raught.
 Sir Chorinee a flaming bzond from of the aultar caught,
 And to Ebusus summing fast, whilst he prepaard to fight
 Into his face the bzond he forst, his huge beard bzent a light
 And swealing made a stinke, he followeth still, and by the lockes
 With left hand held his foe, whom rolling and amaze he knockes
 Against the ground, and with his knee constraines him there to lie,
 And with his fauchon strikes him in the side. Then by and by
 Sir Alsus sheapheard earst that was and fierce in bolward fought
 With naked sword in hand, fast followes Podalire stoute,
 And large him lies vpon, whom Alsus with his sharpned are
 Raughtbacke, fro brow to chin with sturdy stroke right cleauing packs.
 Downe strait he falles, & armour large with goareblod doth embzue
 Vnto his eyes doth bitter rest, and deadly sleepe ensue,
 With still enduring night, and neuer moze the day to vie w.

But lord Aeneas by his righthand held vnarmed quite,
 With open head, and to his mates he cried withall his might.
 Where run you sirs: what discord great doth thus your minds invade?
 Stay your rage, the couenants all are drauone, and league is made.
 And I alonly lotted am King Turnus to assay,
 Let mee therewith alone, and all your feare expell away,
 With this righthand the league I stablish shall, and firmly tie,
 For by this sacrifice is Turnus due to mee to die.

Amid this tale, and when these words scarce yet were spoken all,
 Behold a singing shaft, with fluttring feathers downe doth fall,
 Vncerten by whose hand forth shot, or by what force forth thzoune,
 Or what chaunce Rutils praise hath brought, or els what god, vnknowne
 The glozie of so worthy deede lies hid in secret still,
 And no man for Aeneas wound himselfe be praised will.

When Turnus saw from out the fight Aeneas to depart,
 His captaynes much dismaid, with sodein hope doth fierce forthstart,
 For steeles and toles he calles, and proud by leaping mountes on hie
 Into his charret swift, and with his hands the raygues doth wzie,
 And many a worthy man to death forth flying mad doth send,
 And many leaues for dead, some crushd with wheelles he bzings to end,

Aeneas is
 wounded
 with an
 arrow.

The twelfth Booke

Or els in fight with darts forth flunge doth strike them in the back.
Like as when bloody Mars, in rage prick forth doth make to crack
The streames of Hebrus colde, and with his bucklar them doth tire,
And now to battayle prest sends forth his seedes incens't with ire.
They in the open playnes moze swift then winde, their way do take,
And with their stamping sette the vtmost coast of Thracie shake,
And round about dame Dreads right d'rie loke, and Angers face,
With Treason ioyntly ioynd, the traine of Mars, the land do trace.
Such one then Turnus quicke in thickest of throngs, his smoaking seedes
Hotgoth, and (wofull case) at ennies death vauntes in his deeds.
The swift horse shoue a bloody dew echwhere doth sprinkle round,
And stampe the goary blood like moztter mirt with sandy ground.
Now Sthenelus, and Thameris, and Phole he throweth to death,
Him meeting, and with him, him far, far both he reeues of breath
Imbrasus sunnes, sir Glauke, and Lades, whom Imbrasus olde
In Lycia fostred vp, and with like armour them did bolde,
In fight at hand to trie, or flight on horse the windes to win.

Eumedes
slayne by
Turnus.

On tother side Eumedes forth flies fast, thickest throngs within,
Right noble Dolons impe, in seates of armes a doughty knight,
Like graundsier in his name, in hart and hand his father right.
Who once for that to Greekish tentes a spie he should be sent,
Achilles charret craud to haue for paynes in trauaile spent.
Howbeit Tytides gaue him other hire for ventred paine,
His chaunce was not vnto Achilles horses to attaine.
Whom Turnus when from far in open field did once espie,
When first him had pursued with darts right light that fast did flie,
His coupled horse he staies, and from his charret downe descendes,
And to him dead almost, and throwne to ground he quickly tendes,
His fote on necke he sets, with righthand forth his blade he drew,
And deepely died it in his throat, and forth these wordes he threw.
Lo here the fieldes, and which in war proud Troian thou hast sought
Italia measure liyng now, such recompence is wrought
To such as mee to war prouoke, so walles they do erect.
Nert him he Brutes laies, at whom a launce he did direct,
Then Cloree stout of lym, Sibaris valient wight of hand,
Daretus and Therfiloch fierce, that stiffe did him withstand,
Tymoetus eke that on his necke from coltish side downe fell.
And as the nozthern Thracie winde (in semblantwise to tell)

When

of Æneidos.

When forth it bloustring blowes, and deepe *Ageum* sea doth rayle,
 The billowes forth do roule, and to the shoare do take their wayes
 As whirling windes do daine, the cloudes flit fast in heauen on hie :
 So Turnus where he takes his course the throngs fast thence do flie,
 And headlong troupes retire, a courage fierce him forth doth prick,
 The wauering ayre his flittring plumes beares back in creast y sticke.
 This peartnes Phegee might not bide, nor pride of stomack bold,
 But to his charret steppes, and some raignes in hand doth hold
 Of swift forth running feedes, and turnes their heads another way
 Whilst proud he forth is drawn, and on their manes doth hanging stay:
 A mightie launce forth flung him groueling to the ground doth cast,
 And armour double lynd with plate through gorget thick doth brast,
 And pearcing to the quick, the vpmost skinne with wound is rast.
 But he with bucklar bent before his breast makes at his foe,
 And sharpe sworde drawne in hand for more assurance forth doth goe,
 Whom there the charret wheele downe dings, and artree swift in flight
 Thro'wes to the ground, and Turnus chasling, soone doth downe alight, Rhegee is
slayne.
 And twirt the gorget brim, where the helmet closelye stands
 His head he smites away, & leaues the corps vpon the sands.
 These bloody slaughters fierce in field whilst Turnus victour wrought,
 Therwhiles Mnestee with good Achates both Aeneas brought
 Still bleeding to his tent, with yong Ascanius by his side,
 And leaning to a speare with limping pace doth slowlye stride.
 He frettes, and forcing strives the shaft and head forth whole to halle,
 And askes their best aduise, and sayn would know their iudgements all,
 Where it were best the wound wide ope to launce, and arrow hid
 To cut quite out the flesh that so to warre returne they did.
 And now Iapis came to Phcebus deare the rest about,
 Iasus sunne, with whom surprisd sometime in seruent loue
 Apollo gladly gaue him gifts his arts that he should know
 In thinges to come, in Musicks sweete in skill of shafts and bow.
 But he, the rather to prolong his bedred fathers dayes,
 Chose secret skill in power of hearbes, and Physicks noble prayse,
 And such like knowledge dumb deuoyd of honour, to frequent.
 Aeneas chaufing stode, and to a mighty launce him lent,
 With youths a troupe about him thich, and sad Iule his sunne.
 He at their feares unmoued stands, as earst he had begonne.
 Then auncient leach Iapis gyrdys an apzon him before

Physicke
 is with-
 out hono:
 in h field,
 where the
 destructio
 not the
 health of
 men is
 sought.

The twelfth Booke

Right Surgeonlike, and forth he sets his oyles, and salues in store,
 And erst he tries the powers of herbes, which him fir Phcebus taught,
 And trembling sundrie thinges applies, but all (God wote) for nought.
 And erst the sticking arrowhead with hand he doth assay,
 With nippers eke sometime from out the bones to draw away,
 But fortune will no way assigne, Apollo doth no good.
 And now the rage within the field still growing wareth wood,
 And fierce doth more arise, and now the mischief comes at hand,
 And all the aire about with smoking dust full thick doth stand.
 The horsemen neare approach, and on the tents darts fast doe fall,
 A wofull shout of Souldiers to the heauens flies vp withall,
 Of some that fiercely fight, and some in fight that now be slaine.

But Venus much appalde at this her sunnes vnworthie paine,
 Venus the Greene Dittaine from Ida sacred mount in Creta brings,
 fetch her sunne. The stalks with tender leaues, and blossom purple fresh that springes,
 An hearbe to Koebucks wild, and beasts not tame right welbeknown,
 Their backs whē full of darts do stick which hunters thicke haue thron.
 Disguysd in clowd obscure this hearbe Dame Venus thither brings,
 And into water vessels bright it secretly she flings,
 And steeping large thereof she makes, the vertue forth to take
 And of Ambrosies holesome, iuice therto doth sprinckling shake,
 Thereto she addes the fragrant sappe that Panax sote doth make.
 Anon the wound with this by chance Lapis auntient baynes
 Unwares hereof, and loe in sodaine sort, fle all the paynes
 From out his body quite away, the blood was stanchd straight,
 And gently followeth the shaft with hands alonly waight,
 And by and by his former strength returns to euery lim.
 Then quickly fetch his armour strong (Lapis calls) for him,
 Why stand you still: and first doth him incense against his foes.
 Not by mans helpe (Lapis cries) this cure thus forward goes,
 Lis not, Aeneas, my right hand that the thus late preserues,
 A greater god it is that thee to greater dooes reueres.
 He graeue then of sight his legges in golden armour ties
 All compass round, and lets he hater, then for his swaue he cries.
 But when he fitted was of shield, and armd in euery place,
 All complete as he stode, Ascanus yong he doth imbrace,
 And by his beuer list, and sweetely kissing, thus he saies,
 Learne courage bout of mee my child, and perill paynes to take.

of Æneidos.

Of others happie chaunce to haue, this righthand shall defend
Thee in this warre, and after this to greater honours send.
And see that thee when riper yeares haue made a perfit man,
Thine auncetours most famous facts in mind thou carie than,
Let sler Aeneas, and thine vnckle Hector thee incyte.

His fathers
exhorta-
tio to the
child.

When he these wordes had spoke, forth of the doores he walked right,
Of mightie lim, and in his hand an hugie launce he bare,
Then Antheus and Mnesthee both with thronging troupes forth fare.
And all the routs do raking run and leaue the tents vnkept.
A smoultring smoaking dust, along the campe with fete is swept.
And all the ground about with weight of steps then trembling leapt.
Then Turnus saw him marching towards fast with great aray,
Th' Italians eke beheld the same, and through their bones straightway
A sodayne shiuering ran, Iuturna first of Latines side
Perceauing knew the noyse, and soze affright away she hide.
He flies him forth in open field, his host he leades apace,
Much lyke a bloustring storme, that from the sea to land doth trace,
When dropping cloudes dissolued fall, then husbandmen do wyng,
When long before (alas) they see what harmes the flaw will bring,
For downe it turnes the trees to ground, and cozne it layes along,
And althing sweepes to earth, the windes before to shoares do throng,
And cracking ratling sound do make, as rushe they huffe about.
Euen so his bandes agaynst his foes the Troyan captayne stout
Leades forth, and they themselues in wedges thicke doe flocking throw.
To Thymbree there with sword Osirie lent a deadly blow.
Sir Mnesthee then Archetie slew, Achates did behead
Syr Epulo, and Gias sharpe sir Vfens left so: dead.
Then falles Tolumnie calcar slayne to ground, that first in hast,
And furious frantick moode his dart agaynst his foes did cast.
A yelling shoute then to the heauens they throw, and all affright
The vanquisht Rutils turne their dustie backs in sodayne flight.
But he none dayning whom he meetes withall on ground to throw,
On horseback none nor to inuade, nor yet on fote below
Though flinging dartes they follow after fast, but he alone
In midst of all the dustie mist, and thickest thronges ech one
For Turnus seeks about, and him in combat doth require,
Iuturna then Virago fierce, whose mind was set on fire
With painting dread, her brother Turnus wagoner that hight

All coun-
sel, worke
to the
counselier.

The twelfth Booke

Metiscus dothone from out his place and charge she tumbleth quight,
 And from the Summer far away she leaues him on the ground,
 And vp she leapes, and lithie raignes with hand she turneth round,
 Resembling shape, and voice, and armour of Metiscus stout.
 Like as the swallow black, that stately courts doth flie about
 Of lords, and princes great, and lofty buildings largely tries,
 And for her prattling younge doth feeding seeke on gnats, or flies,
 Sumtime in entries wide, sumtime about deepe standing lakes,
 With tendre houering wings her skirring flight swift forward takes:
 So doth Iuturna through the thickest of foes her horses chace,
 And euery coast about with flying charret swiftly trace,
 Sumtime her brother here, and sumtime there she daunting sholwes
 In quarters far and neere, nor lets him giue nor suffer blowes,
 No lesse Aeneas seeks with him to meete through crooked waies,
 And through his thickest astoined hoast, and quailed Latine rayes,
 And loud him calles by name so oft as him he hath in sight.
 And looke how oft he ment him to pursue with horses light,
 So oft Iuturna strait the charret steedes away both turne.
 Alas, what should he doe: his hart in vaine with rage doth burne,
 His pensue minde is much distract with diuerse doubtfull cares.
 Messapus then that in his hand by chaunce so hapning beares
 Two lithie quiuering darts, well tipt with steale, full swift of flight,
 The one he shaking gripes, and forth it flings with leuell right.
 Still stands Aeneas strait and to his shield him self both fit
 Downe skouping low, howbeit the flying dart his helmet smit,
 And downe his lustie plume of from his creast to ground it threwo.
 Then strait this rage arose, and courage great by Treason grew,
 The steedes when turnd awry he saw, and charret backward raught.
 Then Ioue, and altars all of broken league he there besaught.
 At last he throngs into the thickest, and there in lucky fight
 Right dreadfull bloody slaughter makes, he spareth none in sight,
 And all incensd with ire, vnto his rage he gaue the raygues,
 What god to mee will now at large this pine, and wofull paynes,
 And sundry slaughters sore, and death of dukes in verse vnfold,
 That were by Turnus made in course, and Troyan captayn bold?
 With such fell force these nations stout, O Ioue, was it thy wil
 They thus should meete that should hereafter liue in concord ail?
 Aeneas pausing nothing long but Suero out of hand

Iuturna
 keepeth
 her bro-
 ther Tur-
 nus from
 meeting w
 Aeneas.

(That

of *Aeneidos*.

(That only stroke did cause the flying Troyans still to stand)
 He strake into the side, and where most spæde of death doth rest,
 Betwæen the short ribs deepe his sword he draue into his brest.
 Then Turnus turnes Amycus downe, and Diore by his side,
 Two Troyan brothers deere, and forth on foote to them doth stride,
 And at Amycus when he gan approach, a dart he threwo.
 Diore with his sword he strake bright glittring which he drewo,
 And both their heads he cut from corpes, and bloody sprincling yet,
 Upon his charret top with egre mode aloft he set.
 Aeneas Tale and Tanais slaies, and next Cethegus strong,
 All three at one assault, and sad Onytes liues not long
 Of Thebans auntient stock, and of Peridia mother deere.
 Then Turnus, brothers twaine from Lycia sent to Troy pære,
 Menætes eke Archadian youth, that war did feare in vaine,
 And neare to Lerna fishie brinckes an handycraft did traine,
 A simple house hee kept, and princes welth did neuer know,
 His father hired had a litle lande, and that did sow.
 And like as flaming fiers that kindled are in diuerse wayes
 In drie and crackling woods, or on the boughes of ratling Bayes,
 Or as the swift, and soming streames from loftie hilles that fall
 A raging roaring raile, and forth to sea they run withall,
 Ech findeth out his way, and downe they drie whatso withstands:
 No slower forth Aeneas flies, and Turnus stout of hands,
 And both within the battaile bide, now now they fret with in,
 Their breasts w courage brast, whose valient harts no force can win.
 And now to wound ech others folke they fret with deadly fode.
 Aeneas there, Murghanus proud of graunsiere great that stode,
 And antique names of noble Belsiers old was wont to showe,
 And Pedigrues far set from all the Latine kinges arowe
 He reues downe with a rocke, the stony tempest layes him lowe,
 And vnder horses fette and charret flings, the whirling wheele
 Him prostrate ouerrunnes, and stædes do stampe with shoes of stæle,
 The swift forth flinging hooe with mightie poyle oft strikes him hard,
 And of their master throwne to ground the horse take no regard.
 Then Turnus with sir Hilus meetes that headlong running ran,
 And through his temples armd with gold his dart he forced than,
 The dart sone through the helmet flies, and strait in braines it stækes.
 No, not thy hand stout Cretes valient most of all the Greekes

The lust
 courage
 of Aeneas
 & Turnus.

The twelfth Booke

From Turnus could acquight, nor yet Copentus Gods him saue,
When once Aeneas came in place, but soone his brest he gaue
Direct agaynst Aeneas launce, the speare on him both fall,
Nought to the seely wretch his brassen shield preuaile at all.

Acolus is
slayne.

And thee likewise, sir Acolus, Laurentum fieldes did see
Quite ouerthrowne, and flatly prostrate on the ground to bee.
There now thou lyest *Gratian* hoast whom neare could ouerthrow,
Nor yet Achilles fierce, that Priams kingdome layd full low,
This was thy time of death predest, nigh *Ida* thou wast borne,
In *Lyrnesse* didst thou dwell, in *Laurent* fieldes thou liest forlorne.
And now the armies all were bent, all whole the Latine rout,
And al the Troian crue, *Mnesthee*, and sir *Sergestus* stout.
Me Lapus, like a tanner good of stodes, *Aylas* strong,
And Tuscan rankes, and old *Euanders* swift Archadian throng,
Eche man now for himsele with all his might there doth his best.
No stay, nor rest, to cruell fight eche one is ready prest.

And
the
towne
is
assailed.

There, to Aeneas then his mother saire this mynd did send,
That to the citie walles with speede he should his armie bend,
And with a sodayne mischiese all the Latines harts affright.
Then while for Turnus round about the hoast he cast his sight,
The towne he there beholds deuoyd of warre to stand at rest,
And *Erast* a greater force of warre doth kindle in his brest.
For *Mnesthee*, and *Sergestus* then he calles, and *Serest* strong
His valyant captaynes all, and all the heape of Troian throng
Togither runs, he takes an hill, they shieldes nor weapons lay
From out their hands, but from aloft to them thus gan to say.

Let be no stay in that I bid, loue on our side doth stand,
And sodayne though I charge, let none it slackly take in hand.
This towne the cause of all the warre, and king *Latinus* land,
Unlesse they do submit themselues, and graunt for to obey,
I meane to sack, and rase vnto the ground this present day.
Forsooth shall I attend till Turnus please with me to fight:
And then agayne his leasure wayt, when he is vanquisht quight?
This towne is cheefest cause, my mates, and head of all the sore,
Goe set me fire at once, and do the league with flame restore.
He sayd, and strapt with one consent a warlike wedge they make,
And thicke vnto the walles in clustring thronges they forth do rake.
The ladders sodaynly appeare, and firebrands burning bright:

The town
assailed.

Source

of *Aeneidos*.

Some runne vnto the gates, and whom they meet they slay downright,
 Some sling forth darts, and welkin hie with weapons do obscure.
 Aeneas there amongst the first his hand vpholding pure
 Vnto the walles, both much in wordes blame old Latinus king,
 And Gods to record calles, that they to warre agayne him bring,
 That twise Italians wart his foes, and brake their covenants twise.
 Then strait among the citizens a discord great doth rise.
 Some bid vnlock the towne, and open wide the gates to set
 To call the Troyans in, and king Aeneas in to set,
 Some armour take, and still persist the walles for to defend.
 Like as a swarme of Bees that in a rock deepe hollow pend,
 By chance some sheapheard glad hath found, and bitter smoke applies:
 They fearefull then within, about through waren castles flies,
 And with hot humming sound themselves to anger do prouoke,
 Out flies from forth their hole apace in heapes the filthie smoke,
 The hollow cane beneath with noyse confusde doth rumbling sound,
 Which into open ayre abroad at last doth bzim rebound.

Vnto the Latines ouer this a misadventure great
 Befell, that all the towne with teares, and sorrowe disrepleat,
 For when the Quene beheld the foe to draw the citie nie,
 The walles to burne, and vp to loftie houses fire to lie,
 No power of Rutils neare at hand, nor Turnus to resist,
 Unhappy dame, that Turnus had bene slayne in fight she wist.
 And mated much in mind with grienous feare, she cries, alas,
 That of these mischiefes all herself the cause, and worker was.
 And all with ruthfull rage incensd, she blabbes forth many tales,
 And dyingripe with nayles her purple robes in ragges she hales.
 Then on a keame within the pallaice hie a cord she ties,
 And hanges herself thereon, and (sie for shame) there so she dies.
 Which wofull chaunce, when once the Latine women vnderstode,
 And first Lauinia bright, her daughter deere, as frantick wood
 Her golden lockes she rent, and roset cheekes with nayles she tare,
 And all the rout in semblantwise right frantickly did fare.
 The houses nie with noyse resound, and all the towne about
 This wofull flame doth flickering flæte within and eke without,
 Their courage they let fall, his princely robes Latinus rents,
 His hoarie head (good man) and auntient beard with durt he sprents
 Amazed at his Ladies death, and at the cities fall.

Amata
 hangerh
 herself.

The twelfth Booke

And griened much, himself he blames, that he did neuer call
Aeneas to him pzince of Troy, his sunne in law to bee.

A corsey
to Turnus

Therwhiles lord Turnus warriar stout, in open fields doth see
A few poore scattred souldiers whom he slowly doth pursue,
For why his steedes with courage lesse to run he now doth vie.

There to his eare a doubtfull noyse the whirling ayre hath brought.

He listning stood, and with attentive eare the sound he raught

Of Laurent sacked towne, and of their pitious clamour thoe.

Alas, why is the citie thus dismayd with grievous woe?

O what great outcrie might this be that doth the citie rayse?

He sayd, and therewith welnigh mad, the charret raignes he stapes.

To whom his sister then, as she Metiscus countenance bare,

And of his running charret raygues, and steedes had tane the care,

With these like words replies. Nay rather let vs follow now

The Troyans, Turnus, here, where conquest ginnes on vs to bow,

There others are that with their handes the citie will defend.

Aeneas on Italians sets, and cruell force doth bend,

Let vs likewise with slaughter vile the Troyans make to smart,

So thou with equall number slayne, and honour shall depart.

Whereto thus answerd Turnus then.

O sister deare, I knew ere this how thou by subtile flight

The league didst ouerthrow, and threwest thy self into this fight.

And now in bayne thou seekst me to deceaue, O Goddesse pure.

But who from heauen thee downe to come, such trauels to indure

Requested, such aduentures wild to bide, and vncontrould?

Was it because thy brothers wretched death thou wouldst behold?

For where about now do I go? what chaunce may me betide?

That to my rent, and to my estate some succour may prouide?

My selfe Murrhamus saw of late that me by name did call,

Who whilst he liued was to me the best beloued of all,

Of limme a mighty man, and slayne likewise with mighty wound.

Unhappy Vfens eke, lest he our shame should see, on ground

Now dead he lyeth, the Troyans both his corps, and armes enioy.

The houses spoyle (that mischief yet remaynd, and great annoy)

Shall I abide to see? and Drances wordes not proue vnttrue?

And shall this ground fainthearted dastard Turnus flying vie?

Is it so vile a thing to die? O hellish hegges below

Come help I pray for heavenly powers no fauour me will show,

Deepe
despera:
tion.

To

of *Aeneidos*.

To you my soule deuoyde herein of crime shall downe descend
No deale vnworthie of the graundfiers great of all my kend.

Scarce had he sayd, when loe sir Sages lockt on coming steede,
Flies through the thickest foes, whose face deepe wounded soze did bléde
With dint of arrow falling swift, and thus he crying spake.

In Turnus, thee, is all our hope, on thine some pitie take,

Aeneas rageth now in armes, and threathneth to confound

The turrets of *Italia* land, and ritie burne to ground.

And now the fire to houses flies, the Rutils bend their eyes

On thee, and all the seely Latine power doth so like wyse.

Latinus king is much in doubt, and murmur great doth make,

Whom he may cal his sunne in law, or what league he may take.

And ouer this, the Quene most true to thee, her death hath wrought

With her owne cruell hand, and light of life esteemde at nought.

Befoze the gates Messapus strong, ioynt with Atinas stout

Alone sustayne the force, and all the rankes them round about

Do stand full thick, and yron throngs of dartes do daunt their face,

And thou thy charret here alone in desert fieldes dost trace.

Then Turnus at the diuerse shape of dangers stoined staid,

And downe his eyes he kest to ground, and whulking nothing said.

And there at once great grieve and shame his heauie hart both freat

Deepe lodgd within, and madnesse mirt in brest with sorow great,

And loue incenst with rage, and priue touche of enemies might.

But when from mind he darknesse draue, and brought agayn the light,

His flaming eyes with yre vnto *Laurentum* walles he rold,

And from his charret hie the godly towne he did behold.

When loe the flashing flames aloft the battlements had caught

Of Turnus noble tower, and vp to heauen they crackling raught.

A tower right strong of wood, the prince himselfe it built alone,

And choules had vnderlayd, and ladders made to mount thereon.

Ah sister (then q he) my death draues neare hold thee content,

Where gods, and spitefull fortune call, to follow I full am bent,

And with Aeneas hand to hand to mate, and what our payne

Augmenteth else with losse of lothsome life, that to sustayne.

And, sister, after this thou shalt not see me play the part

Of coward knight, but giue me licence now with all my hart

I the beseech, befoze my finall rage, to rage a while.

He sayd, and as his raging mind with inward wrath did boyle,

One mis-
chief cum-
meth on e
backe of
another.

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won m
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Hee bes-
cummeth
desperate,

The twelfth Booke

From charret downe into the open fieldes his leape he takes,
And forth through foes he throngs, his sister sad he there forsakes,
And through the thickest of all the host holdes on his frantique pace,
And on ech side the ray of enemies rankes he doth displace.
Like as a rocke that from a loftie mount doth headlong fall
Enforst with rage of wind, or els with thowres, and water gall.
O! when long yeeres with auintient tract of time the hold doth lose
The hugie hill falles downe with wondrous force, and forth it goes,
And proudly springs on ground, and woods, and beastes, and men, and all
Before it tumbling turnes, and rousing runnes forth like a ball.
So through his vanquisht host forth Turnus mad in hast doth flie,
Where all the ground about with blood doth deeply drenched lie,
And whirling deadly dartes in th'ayer aboue do make a cloud.
He beckensh with his hand, and with his mouth thus crieth aloud.
Stay stay O Rutils now, and Latines hold your hands, no more,
What euer chaunce befall, tis due to mee though it goe sore.
Tis myeter I the broken league with smart deseru'd should vie,
And in your stead myself a lone with blade the quarrell trie.
They strait withdrew theselues, and roushly they made him by & by.
But lord Aeneas, Turnus name whence once in eare he toke,
The sturdy citie wals, and turrets high hee then forsooke.
And lingring laied aside, and all attemptes left out of hand,
He leapes for ioy, and thundring there doth great in armour stand,
As much as Athos mount, or Erix hill, or rough with wood,
And whom with snowie top all yeere to stand it doth him good
Old Appeninus hill, that to the lofty cloudes doth rise.
Then Rutils all, and Troyans all do bend their heedfull eies,
And all th'Italian troupes likewise, both those the walles on hie
That keepe, and those with engins great to breake the walles that plye,
And armour downe from shoulders lay. Latinus mased stands,
When such two mighty men he sees of kin, so stout of hands,
In places so far distant borne mete there with so great might,
And fully bent their force to trie in single handed fight.
Then they when first in empty field ech other gan to vie,
With traaverse swift about, ech one his dart at other threwe.
Then strait to hand they come, their swords and fargates meeting dash,
There might you here y ground to grone, their blades w blowes do clash
Thickedoubled set, god chaunce, and prowis fast ioynt in one are mixt,
And

They
draw now
to the
combat.

of *Aeneidos.*

And like as when contention falles two mighty Bulles betwixt,
On top of hugie syle mount, or hill Tabernus hie,
That for dominion euermore, and mastership do trie,
With hornes they do invade, the fearfull keepers stand aside,
And all the flocking heard about deepe silent doth abide,
The hefers mumbling soft do make, who now shall rule the roast,
And whom the heard shall follow as they feede about the roast.
They with all force, with moztall wound ech other seeke to smight,
And with their perlous crooked hornes alone is all their fight.
Their soule black reaking blood, with channel large doth fall to ground,
And necke & shoulders bathes, the wood with noises loud doth sound.
None other wise Aeneas fierce, and stout lord Turnus meete
With targates redy bent, and round the ayer with noise replæte.
Then Iupiter in heauen above in equall balaince wayghes
Their destinies both, and from his sentence graue a while he staves.
And vnto either diuerse chaunce alots, who shall endure
More trauailes hard, and who the present death to die is sure.

There Turnus vauntes himself and hoping well, with all his might
A sturdy blow he sets, and on his toes he riseth right.
The stroke lightes home, the Trojans shout, & Latines shake for feare,
And both the armies roundabout amazzd standgaping there.
But loe, the false and brittle sword is broke, and at that blowe
His Maister quite dercaud, and broad in sinuers small it flowe,
And quite vndone he was, had not he tane himself to flight.
Thence fast he flies more swift then winde, beholding there in sight
A strange sword hilt, his stout righthand like wise of weapon bare.
Report doth goe, that when to battle first he did prepare,
And mounted first his charret hie forst forth with feare and ire,
His fathers sword he then mistoke, and as hast did require
His wagoner Metiscus sword for his he toke in steele,
Which while the Trojans lie in fight, full well perfourmd the deede.
But when to armour made by god Vulcanus come it was,
The mortall sword at first flew broken strait like brittle glasse
And litle shiners round about lay shining in the grasse,
There Turnus in his flight, the broad wide fieldes do trate about,
Now here he turnes, now there, and courses round sets in and out.
On every side a ring of Trojans thicke incloase him round,
Here standes the citie wall, there lyeth a vale of sennie ground.

Turnus
sword
broke in
pieces.

The twelfth Booke

No lesse Aeneas then (howbeit full deepe with arrowe smit
His faultring failing knees him fast to runne will not permit)
Him after hies, and foote to foote at heeles him brgeth nie.
Like as the Deare, that to the pleasaunt soyle apace doth hie,
And there in meash of hugie net entrapt, doth quaking feare,
When hunter rough with crie of cruell hounds fast drawes him neare.
He at the sturdie toyle, and bankes full hye right soze agast,
A thousand wayes doth turne and wend, the noble hound doth hast
And gaping comes at heeles, and now doth pinch, or like to pinche
He snoppes his talwes, and is deceauid his bit by halfe an inche.
Then riseth round a shout, that shoares and lakes the same rebound,
And all the heaven about with thumping thundze doth resound.

When Turnus flying fast his Rutils all doth sozely blame,
And soz his tryed sword he cals to euery one by name.
Aeneas present death doth threat, and great destruction there
If any do appoach, and them still trembling moze doth feare,
And threatneth soze the citie towne to rase vnto the ground.
And still (though wounded) draweth him neare, and now five courses
About they finishd had, and back five courses had begunne
Both this way now, then that, noz for no trifle tis they runne,
But soz King Turnus life they strue (alas) and soz his blood.
By chaunce thereby with bitter leapes an Olive wild there stode,
Which vnto Faunus God auowred was, a ioyfull tre
Where such as safe from shiptwack soule, and dzenching saued bee
Are wont their offrings vp to hang, and garments knowne at full.
This tre without respect at all the Troyans vp did pull,
That without let wherein to fight the whole field they might haue.
There stuck Aeneas dart, him force in casting thither draue,
The roote it holding fast he bends him downe, and there assayes
Thereout to pul the speare, to cast at Turnus on his wayes
As forth he skuddes, whom he in running could not ouertake.
Then Turnus raging mad with feare, his prayer thus gan make:
O Faunus pitie take I pray (o he,) thou worthe Ground
Hold fast the dart, your honours if I euer saued sound,
Whom otherwise Aeneas crue by warre haue made profayne.
He sayd, and to the gods his sute he did not make in vayne.
For though he struing much at clunged stemme long time did stay,
Yet by no strength Aeneas could his speare pull thence away.

Thus

of *Aeneidos.*

Thus whilst he fiercely forcing stands, and still both pluck and straine
Into the wagoner Metiscus shape transfournd againe
Iuturna faire, his sword vnto her brother doth restore.
That Venus at this Nymphes so bold attempt disbainning sore,
Dre w nere, and from the roote beneath the dart she plucked out.
Then they with weapons armed both, and warr with courage stout,
This trusting sword, the other fierce with speare Aeneas bent
Enraged both, with deadly fude ech one at other went.

Therwhiles th'almighty king to Iuno speaking thus he told,
That from a yello w cloud aboue, the battell did behold.

Jupiter
speaketh
to Iuno.

What shall the end herof be wise? what now remaineth? say.

Aeneas is a god thou knowest, thy selfe canst not deny,
And that to heauen he longs, and to the starres to be extold;

What dost thou worke? or in what hope abidst in clouds so cold?

For is it meete a god with mortall wound defilde should bee?

O; els (for what Iuturna could she do were not for thee?)

The sword restoord to Turnus bee, and force to bassalles grow

Leaue of at last at our request, lay downe thy courage low,

For let such priute Kancos fret thee more, this care and smart

Let them (good Iuno) from thy swete and pleasaunt mouth depart.

Woe to the last are come, the Troyans bere by sea and land

Thou mightst, and bloody wicked warres to raise was in thine hand;

And houses to deface, and monesfull mariages to make,

But farther to attempt I thee forbid. Ioue thus bespake,

And goddesse Iuno with a louly countnance thus replied.

Almighty spouse, since first your heauenly pleasure I espied,

Both Turnus, and the earth, and all I left against my will.

Iuno ans-
wereth
Jupiter.

Ne should you see me now in ayer alone to sit so still,

And suffre thus such worthy vnworthy things, but armd in fier

In thickest throngs would thrust, and on the Troyans weake mine ire.

Iuturna I confesse her brother sad I could to aide,

And for his life (alas) I bid what could, should be assaid.

Yet weapons none I wold her take, nor yet to bend her bowe,

I sweare by dreadfull springs, whence streame of styx along doth flowe,

The only true, and dreadfull oth that heauenly gods do make.

And now I do giue place, and lothsome warres I quite forsake.

But yet this one thing now, which destinyies course doth not deny

For honours sake of thine, and for all Latium graunt I pray.

That

The twelfth Booke

That when (wherto I hold) in perfect peate they wedlockes knit,
 And holsome lawes appoint, with lasting leagues of friendship smit,
 Of Latine old inhabitours thou wouldest not chaunge the name,
 Nor Troyans to be cauld, nor Teucers yet permit the same,
 Nor let the chaunge their speech, but weare their weedes they ware of
 Let *Latinum* still abide, and Albane Kings for evermore, (poze,
 Let Romane offspring be of power through great Italian might,
 Troy downe is faine, and with the name now let it perish quite.

To whom the king of gods and men thus answered smiling milde,
 Thou art my sister deere, and old Saturnus second childe,
 Why dost thou then such hugie waues of rage roule in thy breast?
 But goe to, from this late sprung grieffe set whole thy hart at rest.
 I graunt thy sute, and willingly thereto I do agree.
 Ausonians their tongue shall keepe, and customes as they bee,
 And as it is their name shall byde, in body only mixt
 Shall Troians bee, no difference more them both shalbe betwixt.
 Their maners, and their sacred rites I will appoint them all,
 And I will cause all nations still they Latines them shall call.
 This stocke that of Ausonian blood commixt shal shortly rise,
 In vertue men shall passe, and passe the gods that dwell in skies.
 Unto thee honour doe no nation shall so much as thay.
 Dame Iuno gaue a nod, and glad her minde she turnes away,
 And from the aier departes, and leaues the cloud where she did stay.

When this was done, the father of Gods a new deuise doth proue,
 How from her brothers aide Iuturna Nimphe he may remoue.
 Two wofull plagues there beene, that by right name men Furies call,
 Whom with Megera hellish heg Night darck, and dreadfull, all
 At one birth brought to light, and with like stings of serpents fell
 Them all did arme, and like winges gaue that shift windes do excell.
 These Ioue before, and in the seat of Pluto dreadfull king
 Attending stand, and wofull feare to mortall men do bring
 If dryie death at any time, or sicknes vile to beare
 Ioue do commaund, or cities naught with bloodie warres to feare.
 Of these then one from heauen Ioue downe doth send with speedy flight,
 And to Iuturna with yll lucke bids flie her to affright.
 Away she goes, and vnto earth with whielewind slitteth fast,
 Noncetherwise then when a shaft swift forth with bowstring cast
 In deadly poyson dipt, through clouds apace doth skudding fling,
 Which

The Fu-
 ries are
 childre of
 the Night

of Aeneidos. 101

Which mortall shaft some Parthians bow enforst, or Cydons string,
The singing tole through shadow flies, that none perceave it may:
So went this child of Night, and so to earth she took her way.

When Trojan host at hand, and Turnus troupes she did espie,
Transformed to a foule herselfe she chaungeth by and by,
Such as are wont on grisly graues, and desert rouses to sit
By night, and in the darke their wofull tunes do charme, and chit.
To this foule forme thus turnd, at Turnus face she skirring cries,
And strikes his targat with her winges, as here and there she flies.
This new feare then his drouping lims, with dread did cause to quake,
His heare rose by an end, his trembling voyce in iawes fast stak.

She turneth
her selfe to a
Sphinx.
Dwle.

But when the Furies hatefull smutch from far, and wings she knew
Iuturna wofull wight, her heare from of her head she drew,
And with her nailes her face she rent, with hands she beat her breast.
Ah Turnus now (quoth she) what may she do that loues the best?
What way may now thy sister worke, or what meanes is so strong,
That I may practise it, thy wofull life for to prolong?
Myselfe against such monsters to oppose am I of might?
Nay nay, the battayle now I leave, nor mee with feare affright
Do any more you filthy foules, and hags of Limbo loide,
Your hellish sound, and clapping of your wings I well do know.
And well I wot the proud beheastes of Ioue so great of might,
How for my Daydenhood berest doth he me thus requight?
Why gaue he mee eternall life, and death did take away?
So that by mortall end these lasting griefes I might delay,
And with my brother deere now downe descend to shadowes dead,
If like as he (which would to God) a mortall life I lead.
No pleasure of my pleasures all shall pleasant be to mee
O brother Turnus deere, and all for lacke, and losse of thee.
What ground (alas) will gape below my corpes therein to take,
And bring me downe (a Goddess though I be) to Limbo lake:
Tis much she said, and strait her head in mantell blue she hid
Soe sighing, and anon she threw herselfe the streame amid.

Iuturnas
complaint.

Aeneas forcing forth a mighty speare in hand doth shake
Of sturdy timber framde, and with great courage thus he spake.
What staving now is this? why, Turnus, dost thou lingre thus?
In fight we must not tarry, but neare at hand in fight I wus.
Transforme thy selfe to every shape, or els thy best assay

The twelfth Booke

By force of armes, or els by craft to rid thyself away.
Or with vnto the lofty starres by flitting wings to flie,
Or couerd els within some hollow caue in ground to lie.
He shaking then his head, not these thy bitter words do mee
Nought make a feard, but gods me fray, and Ioue my foe (q hee.)
He said no more, but strait a mighty stone he there behelde,
A mighty auintient stone, that then by chaunce within the felde
There for a Bounde did lie, all strife twirt lands for to appease.
Scarce could twelue chosen men that on their shoulders list with ease,
Such men I meane, as now a dayes the earth to light doth bring.
This vp in hand he caught, and at his foe doth fiercely fling
Aysling vp therewith, and forth his beale he set withall.
But he noz when he came, noz when he went to minde doth call,
Or when he lifted vp his hand, noz when the stone he threw.
His knees do fayle, and through his blood a chilly shivering flew.
The stone then rowling through the empty ayer his way did take,
But forth at full it did not flie, noz yet the marke it strake.
And like as in a dreame when sleape by night hath cloasd our eies,
Sometimes in vaine great coursers swyth to run we do deuise,
And in the midst of all our force anon begin to fayle,
Our tongue is tied, & through our body quite our strength doth quayle
That make no noise we can, noz able are one word to say.
To Turnus so, what euer manfull meanes he doth assay,
Successe the cruell Furie doth deney. Then in his minde
A thousand thoughts arise, his eies he backe doth cast behinde,
And on the Rutils, and the Towne he lookes, and doubtles for feare,
And trembles when he thinkes at hand to come the fatall speare,
Nor knowes which way to wend, noz how against his foe to flie,
His charret noz his charret guide he can no where espie.
Whilst thus he doubtles, Aeneas forth his speare doth shake in sight,
And vauntadg watcheth with his eie, and strait with all his might,
As far he flings it forth. Not so doth cast the hugie stones
The engin great, that walles of townes to breake is made for nones.
Nor with such clap & lightning bright fro heauen high swyth doth brall.
The murthering speare fierce flies, and whirlwindlike, doth sit as fast,
And through his armour braue of proofe it beats, through bucklar bright
With seauen thick lininges layd, into the thigh it strake him quight.
Then Turnus wounded downe to ground with dabled knees doth fall.
The

of Æneidos.

The RAILS toofull shoutes doe rayse, and round the hilles withall
 Resounding make, and all the woods the noyse beat back agayne.
 He then on ground, his yelding eyes, and hand of pardon sayne
 Entreating by both hold, and sure I haue deseru'de (q hee)
 For pardon aske I none, vse now thy chaunce at will on mee.
 But if regard of aged fire, thy mind sumdeale may such,
 (For vnto thee of late thy father Anchises old was such,)
 Vpon king Daunus auncient yeares do thou some pitie take,
 And me, if so thou meane deuoyde of vitall life to make,
 Restoare vnto my friendes, for thou hast wunne, these hands of mine
 The Latines saw to yelde, and faire Launias now is thine,
 No farther let thy rage procede. Fierce there in armes did stand
 Aeneas casting down his eyes, and still he stayd his hand.
 And more and more the gentle speeche to swage his minde began:
 When loe, (alas) the lucklesse Belt that on his shoulders than
 Alost with buckles glittering bright with gold that garnisht were
 Appeared, which he knew right well, that Pallas young did beare,
 Whom Turnus with a mightie wound had slayne not long before,
 And now the pillage of his foe vpon his shoulders wore.
 But when with eyes those tokens great of græfe he did behold
 And spoyles with rage incens'd, in furie wood, and vncontrol'd,
 Ah wretch (q he) thinkest thou, that wearing spoyles of mine, from mee
 Thou so shalt scape? Now Pallas with this wound, now Pallas thee
 Doth offer by, and on thy wicked blood reuenge doth take.
 This saying, deepe him to the hart with naked sword he strake
 Incens'd with ire, the native heat his limmes doth strait forsake,
 His ghost flies fast with græfe, and great disdayne, to Lymbo lake.

Di Tolu-
tio of life.

DI O G R A T I A S.


Initium Londini, Per Thomam Twynum 6. Iulij. 1573. Opus 20.

Dierum plus minus, per intervalla temporum.

V M a i s t e r

Maister Phaers Conclusion to his interpretation of the Aeneidos of Virgill,

by him conuerted into english verse.

 H V S far forth (good Readers) as well for defence of my countrey language (which I haue heard discominended of many, and esteemed of some to bee more then barbarous) as also for honest recreation of you the Nobilitie, Gentlemen and Ladies that studie no Latine, I haue take some trauaile to expresse this most excellent writer, as farre as my simple abilitie extended. And if God send me hie and leysure, I purpose to let forth the rest, vnlesse it may like some other that is better armed with learning, to preuent my labours, whereof I assure you, I woulde bee right glad, contenting my selfe sufficientlye with this, that by me first this gate is set open. If now the yong writers will vouchsafe to enter, they may finde in this language, both large and abundant campos of varietie, wherein they may gather innumerable sorts of most beautifull flowers, figures, and phrales, not only to supplie the imperfection of me: but also to garnish all kinds of their own verses with a more cleane and compendious order of meeter, than heretofore commonly hath bene accustomed. And if any further helpe I may doe to that purpose, I shall more gladly bestow my trauaile hereafter, if I may knowe that these my beginnings be of you gentlye taken and imbraced. Trusting that you my right worshipful maisters and students of Vniuersities, and such as be teachers of children and readers of this Auctour in Latine, will not bee too much offended, though euerye verse aunswere not to your expectation. For (besides the diuersitie between a construction and a translation) you know there be many mysticall secretes in this writer, whiche vttered in English would shew little pleasure, and in mine opinion are better to bee vntouched, than to diminishe the grace of the rest with tediousnesse and darkenesse. I haue therefore followed the counsell of

Horace

The Conclusion.

Horace, teaching the duetie of a good interpretour, *Qui quæ desperat nitefcere posse, relinquit*, by which occasion, somewhat I haue in places omitted, somewhat altered, and something I haue expounded, and all to the ease of inferiour readers, for you that are learned need not to be instructed. I meane not to preiudice any that can do finer, only I desire you to beare with my trauayle, and among other to pardon my first booke, wherein I found this new kinde of fingering somewhat straunge vnto mee, and to saye the truth, I had neuer any quiet from troubles, to confer or peruse that booke, or any of the rest, as I most desired. You may therefore accept them, as things roughlye begunne, rather then polished, and where you vnderstand a fault, I desire you, with silence patiently passe it, and vpon knowledge giuen to me, I shal in the next setting forth indeuour to reforme it. And if any with this will not be cōtented, then let him take it in hand, & do it anew himselfe, and I nothing mistrust, but hee shall finde it an easier thing to controll a peece or two, than to amend the whole

of this interpretation. Thus I commit yon to God

gentle Readers, and I pray you correct

the errors escaped in the
printing



Vj

THE



THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE of *Æneidos*, supplied by Maphæus Vegius, Laudensis.

The Argument.

So soone as Aeneas had slayne Turnus, the Rutilians submitting themselves are receiued into the mercy of the Conquerour, not without deserved reproches for resisting the prouidence of the Gods, concerning his arriual and sailing in Italy. Then Aeneas taketh pallas belt frō about Turnus, which was partlie the cause that he slue him, determining to send it for a token to king Euander. After this honour being duly performed to such as wer slain in fight, Aeneas congratulath to his sunne Iulus and mates, their happie victories, and quiet peace purchased at last, after so many tempestes and troubles. But king Latinus bewailing the death of Turnus, with confutation of the fond enticements of Ambition, and vncertainty of honour and kingly estate, sendeth the dead body vnto Daunus his father, who most pitifully lamenteth the rashnesse and haplesse successe of his sunne, as also the destruction of his citie Ardea, which being consumed with fire, is transformed into a byrd of that name. Immediately Latinus sendeth Dracours vnto Aeneas, Drances being cheefe, who after discommendation of Turnus whom he hated, and the excuse of king Latinus touching the breach of couenants, desireth him into the citie and palace, where with great solicitude Latinus coupleth vnto him in marriage Lauinia his daughter, and only childe, both Trojans and Italians muche reioycing at this league of amitie. Shortly after, Aeneas buildeth a citie, whiche by the aduise of his mother Venus, hee calleth after his wiues name: and king Latinus bring, hee succeedeth him in the crowne and gouernment. And when he had reigned full threë yeares, his mother Venus cleansing him from contagion of mortalitie in the river Numicius neare Laurentum, she carrieth him by into heauen, and translateth him into the number of the starres.



When Turnus in this final fight downethrowne, his stirring ghost

Had yelded vp into the aire, in middest of all the host

Aeneas valient victour stands, god Mauiors chāpion bold.

The Latines stōynisht standing, from their hartes great groanes vnfold,

The representation of me discōfited in battell.

And deepely from their inward thoughts reuoluing cause of care, Their daunted minds they do let fall: Like as thick woods that are

of *Aeneidos*.

Of bignesse huge, lament their losse when first their leaues do fall
Through furious force of northren blastes, of greene that spoiles the all.
Their weapons then on ground they pight, and on their swords do rest,
And from their shoulders lay their shieldes, and battle do detest.
The frantike loue of warre, erewhile well liked, now they hate.
No pleasure of the victour they refuse, nor captiue state.
But pardon craue, and rest require, all mischiefes to abate.
Like as when two couragious Bulles together run in fight,
With stoare of blood redoubling stripes, the heards there prest in fight
As they pertayne, enclyne ech to their bull, but if one quayle,
They earst which lou'de their soyled guide, to him that did preuayle
Submit themselves, & though great greefe their harts no doubt possesse,
Do willingly yeld vp themselves as subiects naithelasse :
The Rutils so, though sorowes great their harts did then molest,
Through feare of thus their captayne slayne, in mind did then protest.
The victour armes for to pursue, and Trojan Duke obey,
And leagues to craue, and peace eterne from warres for to enioy.

On Turnus corps Aeneas sitting then, thus mildly spake.
What furie great from modestie thy minde so madly brake,
That Troyans by the heastes of Gods, and dame of loue on hie
Ariuing here, thou wouldst not let to dwell in *Italie*,
O Turnus, but in vayne from proroiso houses wouldst expell?
Learne loue to feare, and what the Gods do will, to like that well.
For mightie loue in wrath will burne, and what thing worthe blame
Is done, the Gods will not forget for to reuenge the same.
Loe here the end of all thy rage, whereby gaynst faith and right
Disturbing leagues, the Trojan bands thou didst prouoke to fight.
Loe here the finall day, which vnto such as shall be bozne
In time hereafter may a mirrour be, not loue to skorne
That they presume in vayne, and hatefull broyles of warres to breede.
But in thine armour now reioyce : A noble corps indeede
Here Turnus dead thou liest, but yet *Lauinia* rost the deare.
No shame that with Aeneas hand yslayne thou liest heare.
Now Rutils hence conuay your Lord, his armour, and the man
I frankly yelde, do honours to the dead the best ye can.
As for the weightie belt, which vnto *Pallas* did belong,
To king *Euander* will I send, that comfort great among
For death of foes he may conceine, and ioy for Turnus slayne,

The punishment
of perius
etc.

The thirteenth Booke

And you Ausonians these thinges repose in mindfull brayne,
Henceforth to learne some iuster cause of battaile to ensue.
By starres I sweare, that neuer seild nor armes I did pursue
In willing minde, but forced forth through this your frantick mode,
With Troyan strength your headlong force at wish and wil withstode.

Aeneas sayd no more, but to the loftie walles with cheare
His steppes did turne, and to the Troyan houses drew him neare.
Him after all the troupe of Phrygian youth reioycing trace,
And wightfull seedes with force of nimble foote prick forth apace:
Reproving soze the Latines all by dastardes loathsome name,
With shouts and noyses great, that ayre and skies resound the same.

Thanks
to God to
be yielded
beforedu-
tie to me.
And though the bodics yet vntombde to burne with great desire
Within his mind doth rise, and his dead mates to walke with fire:
Aeneas yet reuoluing greater matters in his brest,
To yeld the Gods their honours first right due he deemed it best.

Then Heickfers sat, as countries guise hath taught, forthwith they kil,
And hogges they cast on heapes, and sheepe they driue the temples til,
And traped earth with streames of blood shead forth they purple staine,
And intrailles forth they pluck, & from the flock their felles they straine,
And corples forth they cut, and broches lay to rost at fire.
Then wine in boules they forth do fill, as custome doth require.
And gifts to Bacchus vp do heape, and with full cuppes adore
His sacred alters fuming fat with cense and flesh good store.
Then in the houses shoutings loude they make, and loue betwene
They doe ertall, and Venus the, and the Iuno Quene
More friendly and more louing now with great prayse they confesse.
And Mars himselfe, and all the troupe of Gods both more and lesse
Are there recited, and with laud extolled to the skie.

But Lord Aeneas peere of price to all the standers bie,
His doubled handes in humblewise did stretch into the aire,
And clasping fast his childe hee spake thus to Iulus faire.
O sunne, thy fathers only hope, whom through distresses strange
My selfe haue led, with destnies diuerse drawne enforst to range.
Loe, rest at length is found, loe now that day the last of payne
And troubles great that bringes an ende, most pleasant now we gaine.
Which day most wished still, when me to warres hard happe did call,
By Gods good will, I know, to the I oft did tell, would fall.
And now when first the morning bright shall shine with purple weede,

Unto

Unto the Rutil walles I thee will send aduantage in dæde.
Then to the Troyan nation next he turnd and deepe from out
His brest these words he drew, and mildly spake to all the rout.

O Dates, y through sharp dangers thick & oft haue past, through boyls
Of warres so great, through winters many fierre and bitter toyles,
Through what was fearefull, greuous, wofull, huge, and what vniust,
Unfortunate and cruell too, pluck vp to better lust

Your minds as now, the ende is come, here shall that end be first
Of mischiefes all, and wished peace be settled vs betwixt

And these the men of *Latium*. Then shall Lauinia deere
My wife, whom I in battaile fierre haue won, to Troyans cheare
Aduance our stock with itayle blood commirt to bide for aye.

This one thing Dates, the Ausonians, with equall minds, I pray,
To beare and vse, and eke my sire in law *Latinus* King

For to obay, for he the scepter shall enioy, this thing
I haue determined in minde: but you in warres and fight

Learn godlinesse of me, and trace therein my steppes aright.
What glory great is gaynd thereby to vs, you playnly see.

But by the heauen and glittering starres I sweare, eterne that bee:
I that preserued haue your lines befoze from dangers hard,

Will after this requite your toyles with greater far reward.
Such talke he treated then, and sundry chances in his brest

Forpassed did reuolue, not smally reckoning of his rest
Through trauaile late obtaynde, and tender loue in brest he bare

Unto his Troyans, whome to haue escape from dangers rare
He did reioyce. And like the Hen her broode that clucking guides,

When in the ayze a kyte that soaring round in compasse glides
She doth espie, which stouping swift to ground with greedy bill

With furie seekes to pray, and threatneth all the birds to kill.
The combed Dame then touchte at heart, doth streit herselfe aduance,

Affrighted with the sodayne feare, and chickens heanie chaunce.
She whets her bill, and with her greatest force withstands her foe,

Untill with sturdie strength she make him voyd away to goe.
Then cackling thence, she hastes to seeke the earst disturbde with feare,

And flockes them much amaze, such lone she to her younge doth beare.
None otherwise Anchisus sunne with words, and gesture milde

The Troyans did appease, while former feares, and dangers wilde
Outwozne he doth reuolue in minde, and ioyes by troubles long,

Which
Obteyned

Recitall
of calamities
maketh rest
the more
pleasaut

The care
fulness of
Aeneas by
compari-
son.

The thirteenth Booke

Obteyned yet at length, which though in bearing bread him wrong
In former times, the memorie thereof yet brings delight.
But Lord Aeneas farre excellling all in vertue bright,
Due thanks vnto the Gods for gifts receiued earst he payes,
And Iupiter almightie God extolles with worsthe prayse.
Wherwhiles the great and wofull corps, the Rutils thicke in throng,
Duke Turnus bodie dead haue brought to towne in pompe along
With heauie harts perplext, and sheading streames of trickling teares,
The clamour great with greefe had filled some Latinus eares.
All tired now, and casting sundry chances in his brest.
Who after that he heard the mone encrease with mournfull quest,
And Turnus with a mightie wound yslayne did there behold,
His teares he could not stay, but meekely al the troupe controld.
And with his handes and speeches sad deepe silence did commaund.
And like as when the foming boare with tuskes fierce forth that stand,
Some noble Hound the chafe of all the kennell, through hath stuck,
The barking crue doth back retire dismayd with dreadfull luck,
And thronging thicke about their maister round do make their mone,
And howlings great send forth with dread and greefe commixt at one.
But then the maister holding vp his hands and bidding hush,
Their noyse they straight restrayne, and silent sit at present push.
The Rutils so, in voices whist did inward sorrow presse.
Then king Latinus shedding teares, his words thus to adresse
From heart deepe drawn began. What troubles great, what often change
Do mens affaires assay, & tolle their minds with whirlewind strange:
O foolish fancie sayne to rule, and scepters brittle pride.
O frantike madnesse graft in men desirous realmes to guide.
To what distresse dost thou enforce mens blinded harts to run,
And glorie got with dangers great our puffed minds to wun:
How many treasons, deaths, and perils dread of mischieses sell,
How many gleaues and swords before thine eyes (if thou couldst tell)
Attending wait on thee: O deadly poyson dulcet sweete,
And worldly honours pestilent. O wofull traуayles mate
For such as crownes do weare, that cost them deare, and heauie sway
Of charge, which neuer suffers them to liue a merry day,
Nor any time of rest permits. O wofull princely state,
And miserable chaunce of kinges subiect to dread and hate.
What hath it, Turnus, thee auaild the whole Ausonian land

He bewai
leth the
inconstā
cie of For
tune, and
the tickle
estate of
honour.

With

of Æneidos.

With tumultes great to stir, and Troians armd thus to withstand :
 And to infringe the covenantes first of sacred peace and rest :
 Whence could so great impatience invade thy saely brest :
 That warres with stocke of Gods, by will of high Ioue hether brought
 Wouldst make, & from our seates, prouoking vs, to driue hadst thought :
 And cause my daughter breake the faith to lord Aeneas swozne,
 And warres to raise, which I gainsayng, should haue bin forborne :
 What madnes great thy senses so did sot : How often thee
 To batteill prest, and mounted faire, all glittering bright to see,
 Haue I assayd to stay, thy iourney purposoe to restraine,
 And fearing blamed haue thee parting oft, but all in vaine.
 Herof my gaines the citie shewes with houses halfe downe rent,
 And mighty seildes about with Latine snowhite bones besprent.
 And *Latium* spoild of all the strength, and hugie slaughters made,
 And rivers staine with blood of men that ruddy running fade.
 And feares long time continuïng, and labours hardly rid,
 Which I my selfe, old man, haue oft with danger great abid.
 But Turnus dead here now thou liest where is thy noble pride
 Of youthly yeeres, thy minde surpassing high : where doth abide
 The honour of thy countenance, thy persons cumly grace
 Where is it now become : From Daunus eies what teares down trace,
 And sorowes sharpe his hart assalt, shalt, Turnus, thou procure :
 What streames of teares, what bitter greefe all *Ardea* to endure :
 But yet with dastard shameful wound thee slaine he shall not finde.
 Which will no slender comfort bring vnto his carefull minde,
 That by Aeneas sword of Troy thy life thou hast vntwinde.

Discom-
modities
of war.

This said, the trickling teares on blubzed cheekes he downe let fall.
 And turning to the multitude, the corpes before them all
 Vnto his fathers wofull towne to beare he them did will,
 Where sacred honours due vnto the dead they should fulfill.
 Anon the body of the youth the Rutils thicke in throng
 Aduauncing vp did lift, and in a coffin laid along.
 Then ensignes braue they beare, & spoiles from Troians fane in fight.
 And headpeices, & scordes, and swordes, and sheildes and armour bright.
 Anon the charrets warme with *Phrygian* slaughter next ensue.
 Then weeping next Metiscus leades his horse, with traueill true
 That trained was, bedewd with teares, and wet with wofull mone,
 Which horse before had oft Lord Turnus victour borne, alone

Turnus
body sent
to his fa-
ther,

When

The thirtenth Booke

When slaughter great in furious mode he made vpon his foes.
 Then others marching on with turned weapons plodding goes.
 At last the rout of youtnes do weeping follow, large with teares
 Their breastes distilling wet, & whist the night forth wearie weares.
 This while Latinus king into the court his steps had bent,
 When much for funerall so great perplext in minde he went.
 The matrones all in troupe, the children younge, and fathers graue,
 Their teares downe trickling head, the town with shrikes doth yelling
 But Daunus nothing priute of such woes yet to remaine, (raue,
 Nor that his noble sun in final fight of combat slaine
 His haughtie ghost had yelded vp, and now with sad aray
 Dye neere the towne, his hart with other sorowes did affray.
 For at what time the Latine bandes in fight were put to wurst,
 And noble Turnus breathing blood imbued the feild accurst:
 That time an hugie fire the towne had caught, and walles on hie,
 And Ardea wofull Daunus cuntrey skorching made to frie,
 Which all to ashes was consumde, the flame it was so great.
 There was no meanes nor hope remaining left to saue the seat.
 I wot nere if the Gods would haue it so, or Destnies wild
 This token to foreshew that Turnus then in fight was kild.
 Forthwith the people much appald in minde, and soze affright
 Their breasts did beat, and mourning soze bewails this heauy plight.
 So did the matrones standing all a row with like desires,
 Where ech their vtmost did assay to shun the raging fires.
 And like as when the armie blacke of Antes prest hot at worke,
 That vnderneath some tree, or hollow roote wherin to lurke
 Their dwelling pore haue made, if so by hap therto at length
 And are be set, and so the trunke be layd along by strength,
 On straglingwise anon they startle forth in troupes of striues,
 And swift to flight themselves betake fast trudging for their liues.
 And like the Snaile which creeping on an house with fire opprest.
 When first she feesles the heate, with strining long doth take no rest,
 With head and taile she toyles, all meanes of scaping to assay,
 The heat her skorching, wiles she none lets pas to get away.
 None other wise, the citizens with dangers like beset
 Bestur themselves, when present feare their troubled mindes did let.
 But Daunus old, with teeres, god man, accloyd, aboue them all
 To heauen his voice did list, and to the Gods for helpe did call,

Mischiefs
 linked to-
 gether.

This

of *Aeneidos*.

Then was there scene anon out of the thickest flame to rise
 A soule with clapping winges, aloft which mounting cut the skies.
 The signe and name reteining of the towne, which *Ardea* hight.
 So that which late with walles and towres did stand full steepe in sight,
 Transfourmed now into a birde with winges doth flie about.
 Amazed at this wonder all, and heastes of Gods no doubt
 Not small astoinde, their burdned backes and mouthes they stil do hold.
 But *Damnus* est his cuntries losse in heaute hart doth fold
 With raging flames consumed thus, and greifes in minde restraines.
 On necke of this, a fame forerunning quicke with rumour raignes,
 Which far and wide their mated mindes inuades with clamour newe,
 That hard at hand approaching comes a wofull corse in viewe
 With armed troupes accompanied, which *Turnus* body dead
 Are bringing home, whose life through fatall wound was lately fled.
 Astoined all hereat, for with as cuntry guise had taught,
 Thick threefold thrōging fired brands black burning forth they brought
 The seildes with flames do shine, and to the cummers side by side
 Themselues they ioyne, whom when thus al in ray the matrones spide
 Their hands for woe they lozing, and to the cloudes they lift their crie.
 But *Daunus* when he saw his sunnes dead corsele approaching nie,
 Still standing forth anon did cast with greife his ruthfull looke,
 And faring frantiklike into the throng himselse betoke,
 And on the wofull corse him there he kest, and held it fast,
 And thus when speech to him began returne, he spake at last.

Unfor-
 tunate
 south say.

O sun, thy fathers greife, and stay from wæried yeres bereft,
 Through dangers great mee dravne (poore wretch alas) where hast thou
 Where did thy valure stout of minde mee lead, but all in vaine
 In murdrous fight with cruell wound that thus at length art slaine?
 Is this the honour of thy strength, and glozie of our crowne?
 Is this our *Empires* maiestie, and state of great renowne?
 Such triumphes, sun, dost thou returning bring? is this the rest
 Which for thy father afflicted oft to win thou didst protest?
 Of all our sharpe sustained toiles so long, is this the end?
 Poore man, alas, how hastily fell fortune forth doth bend
 Our curelesse sliding time, and with what stur do *Destnies* run?
 For thou that late to honours high extold didst shine as sun,
 And greatest in all *Latium* land wast held, whom *Troian* bandes
 So oft in feild did fearfull seele, and flie thy furious handes;

Polu

(left: Affection
 mooued
 from the
 vncōstācy
 of worldly
 thinges.

The thirteenth Booke

Now Turnus here my childe thou liest, a wofull corse in sight.
 Thy head depriued is of speech, than which for betwix bright
 Not all *Ausonia* had the like, nor yet for speech thy pèere
 Softflowing, nor in peace that could himself more stoutly beere.
 Where is become thy glistering hue, and countenance cunly clère,
 And skin as white as snow, and dulcet eies prouoking chère?
 The honour of thine heauely sacred necke where is it fled?
 With so yll lucke haue these thy firstling toiles of Mars bin led?
 Was this thy longing soze at parting hence the warres to see,
 That in this wofull vile aray thou shouldst returne to mee?
 O hatefull death which dost alone the mindes puffed vp in pride
 With armes reuenging straine, and on our kind both far and wide
 All ruling beare the sway with equall law, and sparest none,
 But great and small doe weary hence away till all be gone.
 The vassals with their princes stout, the valient with the watch,
 The old and younge thou makest all alike, and ioynt to match.
 O death most wretched vile, what cause vnworthy so to rage,
 Enforced thee my sun to slay with wound, in tender age?
 Amata Quene thrice happy with thy death thou maist reioyce,
 That causes to auoide so great of greife, didst take the choyce,
 And burden hugie great of cares to beare, and chaunces sad.
 O heauely Gods, what farther greifes like this, or halfe so bad
 For mee poore wretched father do ye prepare? My sun ye haue,
 And quite to ashes lieth consumde my towne that *Ardea* brane,
 And now with wings she beates the aire: yet ouer this, as cheise
 Then wanting, added is of this thy bloody death the greife.
 Of all thy fathers luckles haps this is the fortune last.
 Of Destinies ill for this the custome is, this is their cast.
 Loke what poore soule vnto some hard mishap predestined is,
 On him all mischeifes feirce downe hudling fall, and do not misse.
 He said, and from his eies the trickling teares ran downe amaine,
 Deepe sighes from breast he drew, and hard at hart he prest the paine.
 As when the birde of loue, aloft in skies with talantes kine
 That skimming seekes her pray, when of some fawne with bloody tine
 Doth griping straine the tender corps, and off the flesh doth teare,
 The seely dambe amazed standes opprest with woe and feare.
 The morning next with shining beames the world had oversped,
 When his *Italian* powwer, good king *Latinus*, hard bested,

A short
 recapitulation
 of
 his
 sorrows.

of *Aeneidos*.

By fatall foyle and fainting all did se, and conquest wide
 To lord Aeneas fortune willing so, went on his side.
 Reuoluing eke the tumultes vile that bloody warres ensue,
 Right hugie heapes of carking cares in pensue minde he drew.
 When on his promist league he thought, and daughters wedding day:
 A thousand worthy men of choyce from all the troupes away
 He bids to call, the Troian prince of vertue most renowne
 Attending safely to conduct vnto *Laurētum* towne.
 To these full many Oratours in gownes, with equall charge
 Instructing much hee ioyneeth in this worke with charter large.
 That since by signes and warninges great of Gods it must be so,
 That Troian with *Italian* blood commixed needes do go,
 They would consent with willing mindes for to perforce the thinge,
 And Troian youth with ioyfull harts into the towne to bring.

Aeneas is
 sent for, to
 entre
 Laurētum.

Therwhiles himself the towne in order sets, and rabble rout
 Appeasing staies their mindes and rest both promise void of doubt,
 And sacred peace vnto them all for euer to endure.
 Then triumphes rightly due with shoutings loud he bids procure;
 And honours due to be done in Court for every state.
 And farther willes with cheerfull looke in hope of better fate
 Forgetting sorowes all, his sun in law they go to meete,
 And hartily from frendly breastes the Troian youth to greeke,
 And them with shoutings great to enterteine, and welcome make.
 Instructed thus, vnto the Troian tentes their way they take,
 Their heades entcompass round with sacred crownes of *Oline* spray.
 And to Aeneas courtise lord they come, and peace they pray.
 Whom hee into his stately court to entre doth desire,
 And cause of their repaire, with countenance milde, he doth require.

Then Drances well ystept in peeres his graue words thus began.
 (Who for the death *Turnus* prince did ioy not smally than.)
 Most worthy prince, the glory great and hope of auncient Troy,
 Whose peere for vertuous dedes and armes the world doth not enioy,
 Were conqerd men for pardon wee thee pray, and sue for grace.
 And all celestiall Goddesses, and Gods, and this thy face
 To witnes deepe we call, that king *Latinus* gainst his will
 All *Latium* land in tumultes mad vpstirde, with practice ill,
 And league broake of unwilling did behold, nor honour due
 To Troians did denie to yeld mist with fancie new.

But:

The thirteenth Booke

The
cause of
the war is
la'd upon
Turnus.

In ame-
plificatio
of Aeneas
praise.

But since the Gods so would, that thou his daughter deere shouldst wed,
Ther sun in law he calde, and well did with thy dulcet hed.
But whatsoeuer fierce outrage was done with martiall broiles,
Helweuer furies forst vs to vnrest, and painfull teiles,
All that did Turnus bedlent rage, and minde with feindes oppress
Through censored spite enforce, whose hatefull hart could take no rest,
The kingdomes of all Italy gainesaying, with yll mode
Asaying armies, he causde to entre feild, which the withstode.
But all the bandes did him againe request, that leauing war
He would the let enjoy thy promist wife, withouten iar.
This much did good Latinus king with dubled hands require,
Good aged man of balient hart, but hee with raging fire
Of war was kindled to to much, he could our treates ppenalle
To moue his mind, nor monishers great of gods ought make him qualle.
But rather more encent, wilde fires from flaming lawes did spue,
And frantickly himself, and vs, to causelesse warres he dūe.
Howbeit, for his foule attemptes due recompence he found.
For puerthpūte by the, he toare with teeth the loathsome ground.
Now let his sinfull soule go seeke darke Plutoes seates below,
And vnder Acheron for warres, and weddings there to know.
Thou better heire far succede vnto Laurentum land.
On thee Latinus familie, and comfort all doth stand.
Thee all the Italians wish aboue the golden starres to reigne.
Thee great in war, and great thy force in heavenly armes to streine
They do extoll, and with their voice aduante thy worthy fame.
The noble troupe of fathers old, and routes right graue of name,
The elder sort of feeble age, and lads of youthfull peeres,
The ancient dames, and tender babes, & maides not matcht with peeres
With one consent most willing thee desire, and do reioyce
For Turnus slaine by thy right hand, with loud triumphing voice,
The whole land of Ausonia most suppliant to thee
Doth make request, whom worthy most of sacred praise to bee
They do confesse, and all their eyes on thee alone are bent.
Latinus king this only due reward for numbers spent
Of peeres, his daughter hath to knit to thee in wedlocke band,
Who offspring great shal yeeld conuict of Troy and Italye land.
Wherefore come of with speede of Troians stout most noble guide,
Approch the towne the honours to receiue which we psonde.

When

The Aeneidos. 10th B

When he had sayd, with humming voice the same they matter all, nor
Whom lord Aeneas first with theresall countenance far from gall
Doth enterteining comfort thus in wordes not many spent, sang out
And on this wise from friendly breast declareth his intent.

I neither you, nor good Latinius king, in peace of yours yet when our
Accustomed to dwell, do blame at all, but I was sore distressed
Outrages all this day, I do not doubt, and bloodie battles made
Dio breach, whose hart so much with youthly love of praise did boile.
But howsoever, sirs, if then besell, I not refuse
With you to ioyne in wedlocke bandes but sacred league to chuse
Of peace eternally to last, I willingly do kisse your hand
My father law shall wearing still the crowne in quiet sit
And stately scepter hold in hand: My Troians shall for mee
A citie build, which by his daughters name shall called be.
And household mates I more will ad, and equal lawes ordeine
For aie to last, that love in ech to other may remaine
The whiles, that which remaineth yet to do, the bodies dead
Commit to fire, whom wofull chance of stant the war miste.
And when to morrow bright in christall shie shall first appere
Unto Laurentum to see we wil repaire with ioyfull chere.
He sayd, and with those wordes, their mouthes amazed all they staid,
With wondring at this worke of vertue great almost dismaid.
Anon, with all their force great mountes of wood they raise in piles.
Some underlay the bodies dead, some blow the flames the stobles on
Up flieth the smoke, which at the heauen with smatchie steme doth fill.
Then thousands sheepe from feilds, & swine full fat they bring to kill.
And heifers large they cast into the fires, the flames do clere
The feildes of corpses dead, the aire resounds with shouting chere.

Sir Phoebus now the morning next had brought with golden light,
When Troians and Italians commist in ioyfull fight
All mounted farr on horseback forth to take the way,
Unto that citie bragg well sent with walles and turrets gay
But Lord Aeneas first before the rest, then Drances old
Infourming him of matters many one which there he told
Iulus next his only child, then ripe with elder yeares
Alethes, and Ilionee right graue, and next appeares
Sir Mnesthee, and Serellus sharpe, and then Sergestus good
And Gyas stout, and strong Cloanthus knight of Troyan blood.

Then

The thirtenth Booke

Aeneas
king Lati-
nus da-
miete.

Then all the rout of Troians and Italians ensue.
Therwhiles aloft the walles full thicke the towncsmen throng to be,
And signes of great triumphing ioy and praise they reare on hie,
Expecting there the Troian traines approach with greedy eie.
And now they came at hand, whom king Latinus glad of there
Did well attended meete to enterteine them drawing nere.
But when in mids of all the troupes he running did espie
Aeneas prince of Troy. (ne did his sancte ghesse a wite,
For why he far exceld the rest in heighth, and portly grace,
And bare a Maiestie in looke, and honour in his face.)
And when so nere they came, that ech to other speake he might,
And heare ech others voyce, and ioynly hands in friendship smight,
Latinus first thus silence breaking, mildly gan recight.

Thou comst at length, he hath my fired hope my greedy minde
Deceiued ought. O most renowned duke of Dardan kinde,
Whom great behests of Gods through dangers dread so many threat,
Would haue in Italy, and in our houses here to rest.
Although the frantike furie soule of man, beyond all right
For breach of league hath wrought the wrath of Gods on vs to light.
Yea, many times vnwilling mee, when warres I did belie,
By craft he trained in, the dangers sharpe of Mars to trie.
This so was done indeede, but deere it cost, for why, in ire
The Gods disdaining sent reuenging paines on vs for hire.
But now come on most noble Troian lord, since all the spring
Of strife is gone, and cause of fact so vile and sunfull thing,
Accept thy wife, and marriage eke promised of yore.

The se-
cond offer
of Lauin-
a in mar-
iag

Some realmes I haue, and towne with walles full strong surrounded
A daughter eke of this my fired age the only stay.
And this my sunnlike sonne for native childe I take for aie.
To whom then good Aeneas thus replide: Most mighty king,
No cause in thee of all these bloody boiles, such warres to bring
I do beleue, accustomed in peace thy daies to spend.
Wherfore such cares atonce, good father deere, here let them end.
I now am come at last, and this with ioy whatever chance
For father heere mine I take, and once againe for to aduance
Anchises image old in thee I shall begin, and here
Most feruently in sunlike love to hold, with dutie deere.

Thus talked they betwene themselves, and into houses went

With

of *Aeneidos*.

With princely state bedeckt, where sayne to see with studie bent
The Matrones graue, and younger wedded wiues in thickest throng,
And fathers old, and youtnes more greene of yeres the wayes along,
Where gazing stood, the Troyan troupes of comly lim to see:
But most of all Aeneas mightie prince, of high degree
In birth, and cumly farre above the rest in princely face,
With ioyfull mindes they call, and peace obtaine do glad imbrace,
And fruites of rest long wished for do prayse. Like as a rayne,
And storme right huge y long fro cloudes resolute down pourd amayn
The husbandmen long time suspens hath kept, the crooked plowe
Hath rusting lyne at rest, when strength of beasts was wont to bowe.
But when sir Titan cleare in court right sayre, his horses white
Hath losing set at large, and skies with golden beames are bright,
Profusely they ioy, ech countrey lad another cheares.
Th' Ausonianis right so, in time so good when ioy appeares,
Their mindes all waged all. And now therwhiles Latinus king,
To loftie courtes, and Trauerfes of state did stalking, bzing
Aeneas by his side, and next Iulus bright of hne.
Next whom Italianis and Troians mixt in course ensue:
The court is filde with mirth of troupes that thick the thither due.
Therwhiles amidst the flockes of matrones graue and younger frie,
Lauinia the Virgin well attended due her nie.
Her chrystall eyes downe casting to the ground, whom there in place
When Lord Aeneas saw, so sad of looke, so fresh of face,
At first amazed gazing still he stood, (most strange to heare,)
And Turnus wofull chaunce reuoluing deepe him touched neare.
That with so great an hope, forth forth to warres, such bloody boyles
Had moued earst, and glad had vndertane such warlike toyles.
Then were the Princes both in wedlock band eternall knit,
And Hymen songes were sung, with prayles great for Princes fit.
Then shoutinges thrill, and mustrings loude of men mount vp to skies
Of such as with them well, whose voice the court through ringing flies.
Therwhiles, Aeneas vnto trustie Achates gaue in charge,
The giftes which once Andromache him gaue, and presents large
With speede to fetch, the garments partie wrought with silke and gold.
And which herself was wont, while Troyan state in wealth did hold,
To weare about her neck the coller rich beset with stones.
And more then these, the mighty drinking boule which Priam ones

Lauinias
cumming
and beaue-
tye des-
cribed.

The thirteenth Booke

In sighte of loue vnto his father gaue Anchises deare,
Achates made no stay, but soone these giftes with ioyfull cheare
Returning brought as he commaunded was : Latinus King
The costly boule receyued for reward, an hugie thing.
But bright Lauinia his wife, the golden garments gay,
And ie well ritche receiuing toke of gift without delay.
And eche doth other enterteyning græte with friendly minde,
And sundrie pleasaunt meanes to spend the time in talke they finde.

Descrip-
tion of a
princely
feast.

And now the time so late of day departing, asked meate.
When loe, the bourdes they lade with princely rates for men to eate.
And all the inner rooms with gorgeous furniture they fill.
Then all attending there, eche one to set him downe at will
On seates with purple spread they do request, on meates to fede,
And daynties to be set on board to serue hard hangers neede.
From chrystall Cwers water forth they poure mens hands to wash,
And set on bourdes good store of Marchet fine well clenste from trash.
The wayters then innumerable all, to seruing bent,
Themselues to sundrie chargies do deuide with one assent.
Some see the tables furnished with meate, some cuppes do tende,
And boules to fill wth wine : now here they wag, now there they wende
In troupes full thicke, and through the pallace great they wander wide.
But king Latinus on the lad Iulus all that tide
Contentise helde his eyes, his face and gesture marking all,
His grauitie in wordes which from his childish mouth did fall.
His iudgement ripe so far aboute his yeares : and question much
With him he did, and talking to and fro much matter such.
At length him swæteky kissing, hent in armes embracing long,
Reioyning, happie thrice for such reward obtaine among
The Gods immortall, Lord Aeneas there he did declare,
Whose happe was such a summe to haue, of wit and vertue rare.

When hunger asked was with meates, the slow forthsliding night
With pleasant talke to passe they do begin them to delight.
Sometime of Troyan chaunces hard to treat, and Greekish bandes.
Sometime of Laurent battailes fiercely fought with bloody handes.
Where were the bandes first ouerthrowne, and where they did repell
Their enimies, and who the onset first with courage fell
Upon the battayle gaue, and mounted sayre on warlike steeds.
His glittering blade did drench with death of foes that fast did blede.

But

of *Aeneidos*.

But chiefeſely Lord Aeneas there, and good Latinus old
 The antike deedes of noble Latine Lordings did unfold:
 And how Saturnus ſhunning faſt the ſword of Ioue his ſon,
 In *Italie* arriuing hid himſelfe, whereof begun
 The name of *Latium* vnto that land: and furthermoze,
 How all the people wild, that wont to dwell on hilles befoze
 He brought to better life, and gaue them lawes to rule them good,
 And taught them uſe of wine, and how to till their land for ſode.
 And next, how Ioue to this his fathers realme him after due.
 Whereas on Atlas daughter, hight Electra, bright of hue,
 He Dardanus begat, that pierſt with wrath his brother ſlue
 Iafius by name, and got him ſone to Phrigie boundes
 From Corytus, with nations wondrous ſtoze to till the groundes.
 And how right haute of minde for being ſunne to Ioue diuine,
 An Eagle braue her bare, the badge of noble Heſtors lyne.
 And was the firſt that did aduance their grandſires worthie fame.
 And eke the founde firſt of Troyan blood ſo great of name.
 With this, and ſemblant talke, the time betwene them long they ſpent.
 When mumbling loud men make, whole cheareful charms to laughter
 The loſtie roſes do reach, and all the pallace fill with din. (bent,
 Up riſe the Trojans then to daunce, and Latines thick in throng
 Themſelues adioyning come, and Troyan youths permitt among,
 At ſound of harpe they teimly tread their trickes with nimble ſtepe,
 And ſwiftly fetch their turnes with comly grace for dauncers meete.

And now this wedding feaſt, vnto the ninth day forth had run,
 When Lord Aeneas firſt a citie new with plough begun
 To meaſure put, then houſes vp they reare, and trenches wide
 With bankes they caſt on high. When loe, a thing right ſtrange they
 A thing right ſtrange to tell. A mightie flame bright ſhining light
 Lauinias head to touch, and to the cloudes to reach in hight.
 But Lord Aeneas ſtill aſtoined ſtoode, and by did caſt
 His folded handes to heauen, and praying thus he ſpake at laſt.
 O Iupiter, if euer Troyan wights by ſea or lande
 Thy warninges great haue willingly obayde, ne did withſtand.
 If we thy Godhead euermoze with dread, and altars to
 Haue worſhipped, and by what euer elſe remaines to do
 Or is behinde, with happy ſouthſay bring vs quiet reſt,
 Conſirme vs ſure in this, and end theſe toyles which we deſeſt.

The pere-
 grue of
 Troian
 Nation.

He layeth
 out the
 platform
 of a citie.

The thirteenth Booke

While this he sayd, there stode him closely by his mother deare,
 Confessing who she was, and thus she spake with gentle cheare.
 My sunne, leaue of this care of minde, and take for better blisse
 These signes of God for future ioy to thee, and not to misse.
 Now hast thou gotten rest, this is the end of mischieses all,
 And wished peace at length by tract of time to thee doth fall.
 Be da thou feare the flame that from thy dulcet spouses head
 To skies doth rise aloft, pluck vp thine heart full farre from dread.
 For she thy name with famous issue bozne shall send to skies,
 And Troyan captaynes moe bring forth to light that must arise.
 And valyant Pephues vnto thee shall bring from issue great,
 That all the world so wide with vertues prayles shall repleat,
 And with their mightie power full force shall wholly it subdue,
 And draw the spoyles thereof in Triumphe braue : whom glory true
 Right great, when they the Ocean haue passed, shall conuay
 To heauen on high : whom vertues sayne great actes for to assay,
 And to atchieue, through vertue them as Gods shall list to skies.
 As for this flame, thy noble Nations prayse before thyne eyes
 For future time it showes, by starry fire God gaue this signe.
 Wherefore, in lue of all this worthie prayse, this cite thine
 Which heare thou buildest, see that by thy wiues name thou it call.
 And ouer this, thy sacred household Gods from Troyan fall,
 From fire preserved, place within the walles of thy new towne,
 And giue them honours large for aie to last with great renoune.
 For these (a woundrons thing) this towne in lue shall hold so deare,
 That if remoued thence to other places far they were,
 Shall of their owne accord returne vnto their former place,
 Thrice happy man, whom with so good successe the Gods do grace.
 The Troyan Nation eke thou shalt deteyne in quiet peace.
 And when at length thy sire in law all aged shall de cease,
 Forewearing with many yeares, and pleasaunt fieldes of rest
 Among the shadowes shall possesse a place for quiet best,
 Immediately thou his crowne and scepter large shalt guide,
 And gouerne the Italians, and ordaine lawes beside.
 For Troyans and Italians commixt, and glad at last
 Thy selfe to heauen shalt send, the Gods decre thus standeth fast.
 She sayd, and into aire departing thin she went her way.
 Aeneas then, whom power so great of God did much affray,

He all is
 deth to the
 Romains
 conquest
 of Britain.

She com
 forth
 him with
 immorta
 litye.

Attained

of Aeneidos.

Assigned soze his Goddesse mothers heastes doth all fulfill.
 And now his Troians settled well in peace he rules at will.
 And king Latinus dying left his scepter, which anon
 Aeneas him succeeding did possesse when he was gone.
 And all *Italia* right large and wide did wholly sway,
 Now Troians and Italians like customes to obey,
 And manners did agree right willingly with one assent.
 And seruent loue in frendly breast was first not to relent.
 And equall lawes for both they ioyntly made with good entent.

Then Venus glad, in mids of heauen forth standing loue before,
 Spoke humbly there his feete embracing, thus gan him implore.
 Almighty sire, that althings dost alone from heauen direct,
 That all affaires and cares of men resoluing dost direct.
 While Troians were with luckles fortune drawne, I call to minde
 Thou promisedst them rest, and end of troubles all to finde.
 He hath thy promise, father deere, at all deceiued mee.

For that now all *Italia*, not iarring once perdee,
 For thre yeres space in sacred peace hath seene them to remaine.
 But farthermore than this, thou grantedst, loue, to me againe
 My great Aeneas to aduance vnto the loftie skie,
 And him of due desert to place among the starres on hie.

What is thy minde herin as now? For why, euen ripe by this
 Aeneas vertue longes to dwell aboue in lasting blis.

To whom the father of men and Gods, sweet kolling, from an hie
 These words drew forth fro breast: How much, good daughter Venus, I
 Aeneas stout, and Troians all incessantly did loue.

Whom perills est so great by land and sea forth thrust did thoue,
 Thou knowest wel, and moued oft, my childe, with loue of thee,
 I haue bin soxe, greening much in minde thy greafe to see.

Howbeit yet in tract of time, by Iunoes good consent,
 I haue them ended all: and now giue care to mine entent,

Which is, that I the capteine great of Troians to inuest
 In heauen haue now decreed, and sure he shall mee seeming best
 Increase the number of the Gods, and glad I do agree.

Thou what in him is mortall take away, and make him free,
 And ad him to the mighty starres that shine in loftie skies.

Yea, others that with vertue fraught herafter shall arise,
 And eke themselues adorne with praise eterne not to decay,

The thirtenth Booke

vertuous
deedes
make me
immortal.

Fulfilling eke the world with noble deedes of glory gay,
Those likewise will to the chies aduantage. All Gods said yee won this
To this, ne did dame Iuno Queene of Gods, once disagree. And said
But gaue aduice that to the heauehs Aeneas might ascend,
With other kindly wordes, which did to loue and freindship tend.
Then Venus through the flitting aire descending downe did glide,
And to Laurentium to wne she goes, here where to sea doth glide
Nymicie river breathed deepe in reede, and ouerhid.
The body of her son in waies, and mortall part she bid
The water then to cleane, and geue the happie soule on his
Late losed from the corple she bare aloft to dwell in skie,
And did amid the starres Aeneas place, whom Iulies line,
Their priuate God both call; adorning him with rites deuine.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Twynum, 26. Octobris, 1583.
Lewesiae apud Meridionales Saxones,
opus furtiuarum horarum plenum.

